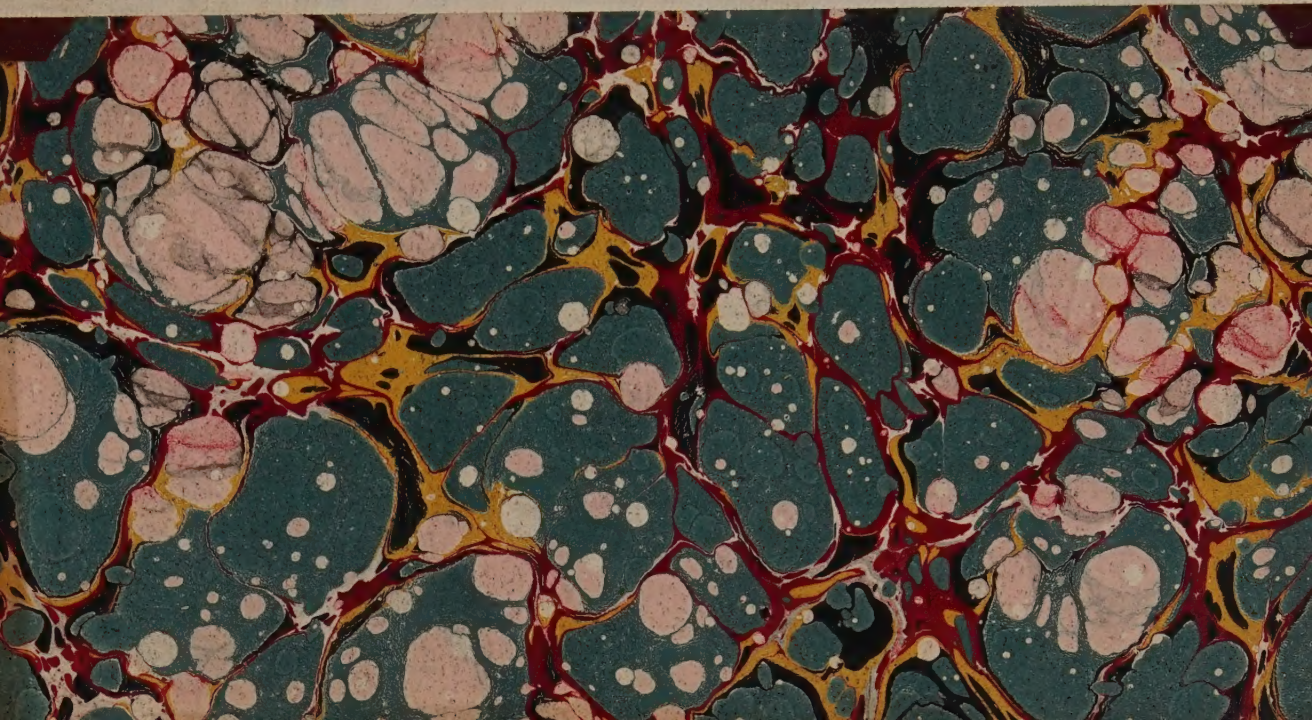

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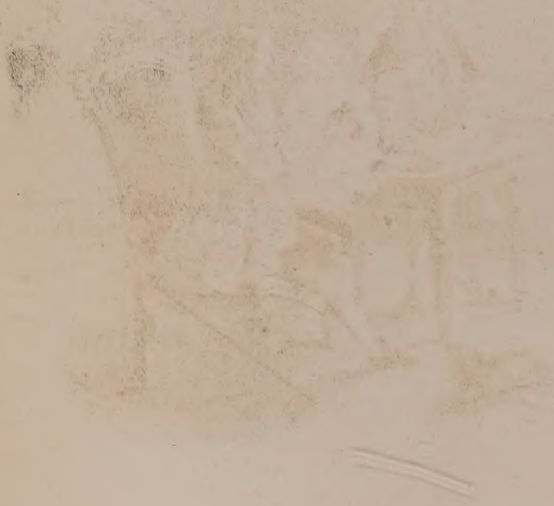

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Mary II and her Father.

VOL. VII.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

From the Norman Conquest.

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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY QUEEN VICTORIA,

THE LIVES

OF

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE, BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

Inscribed,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT,

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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LIVES

OF

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MARY II.[1]

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

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The personal life of Mary II. is the least known of all English queens-regnant. Long lapses of from seven to ten years occur between the three political crises where her name appears in the history of her era. Mary is only mentioned therein at her marriage, her proclamation, and her death.

[1] For the purpose of preventing repetition, the events of the life of her sister Anne, whilst she was princess, are interwoven with this biography.

Thanks, however, to the memorials of three divines of our church, being those of her tutor Dr. Lake, and of her chaplains Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, many interesting particulars of Mary II. before she left England, and of the first seven years of her married life in Holland, are really extant. These clergymen were successively domesticated with Mary for years in her youth, and chiefly from their evidence, and as far as possible in their very words, have these portentous chasms in her biography been supplied.

Mary II. was the daughter of an Englishman and an Englishwoman, owing her existence to the romantic love-match of James duke of York with her mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of lord-chancellor Clarendon. The extraordinary particulars of this marriage have been detailed in the biography of Mary's royal grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria.[1] The father of Mary had made great sacrifices in keeping his plighted word to her mother. Besides the utter renunciation of fortune and royal alliance, he displeased the lower and middle classes of England, who have a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station; the profligates of the court sneered exceedingly at the heir of three crowns paying the least regard to the anguish of a woman, while politicians of every party beheld with scornful astonishment so unprincely a phenomenon as disinterested affection. All this contempt the second son of Charles I. thought fit to brave, rather than break his trothplight with the woman his heart had elected; neither could he endure the thought of bringing shame and sorrow on the grey hairs of a faithful friend like Clarendon.

The lady Mary of York, as she was called in early life, was born at St. James's-palace, April 30, 1662, at a time when public attention was much occupied by the fêtes and rejoicings for the arrival of the bride of her uncle, king Charles II. Although the duke of York was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, few persons attached any importance to the existence of his daughter; for the people looked

[1] See vol. v.

forward to heirs from the marriage of Charles II. with Catharine of Braganza, and expected, moreover, that the claims of the young princess would be soon superseded by those of sons. She was named Mary in memory of her aunt the princess of Orange, and of her ancestress, Mary queen of Scots, and was baptized according to the rites of the church of England in the chapel of St. James's-palace; her godfather was her father's friend and kinsman, the celebrated prince Rupert,[1] her godmothers were the duchesses of Ormonde and Buckingham. Soon afterwards, she was taken from St. James's to a nursery which was established for her in the household of her illustrious grandfather, the earl of Clarendon, at the ancient dower-palace of the queens of England at Twickenham, a lease of which had been granted to him from the crown.[2] In the course of fifteen months, Mary's brother, James duke of Cambridge, was born, an event which barred her in her infancy from any very near proximity to the succession of the crown.

The lady Mary was a beautiful and engaging child. She was loved by the duke of York with that absorbing passion which is often felt by fathers for a first-born daughter. Sometimes she was brought from her grandfather's house at Twickenham to see her parents, and on these occasions the duke of York could not spare her from his arms, even while he transacted the naval affairs of his country as lord high-admiral. Once, when the little lady Mary was scarcely two years old, Pepys was witness of the duke of York's paternal fondness for her, which he commemorates by one of his odd notations, saying, "I was on business with the duke of York, and with great pleasure saw him play with his little girl just like an ordinary private father of a child."[3] It was at this period of her infant life that a beautiful picture was painted of the lady Mary, being a miniature in oils, on board, of the highest finish, representing her at full length, holding a black rabbit in her arms.[4] The resemblance to her adult portraits

[1] Life of Mary II.: 1795. Published by Daniel Dring, of the Harrow, Fleet-street, near Chancery-lane.

[2] Clarendon's Life. [3] Pepys' Diary, vol. ii. p. 215, 8vo.

[4] General sir James Reynett, the governor of Jersey, obligingly permitted

is strikingly apparent. As a work of art, this little painting is a gem of the first water, by the Flemish painter, Nechscher, who was patronised by James duke of York, and painted portraits of his infant children by his first consort, Anne Hyde. Some idea may be formed of the design, as it is introduced into the vignette of the present volume, which illustrates the anecdote above so naïvely told by Pepys, of his surprise at seeing the duke of York playing with his little Mary "just like any other father."

Lady Mary of York, when but three years old, stood sponsor for her younger sister, who was born Feb. 6, 1664; the duchess of Monmouth was the other godmother: Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather to the infant, who received her mother's name. She was afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain. The father of these sisters was at this epoch the idol of the British nation. After he had returned from his first great victory off Lowestoff and Solebay in 1665, he found that the awful pestilence called 'the great Plague' had extended its ravages from the metropolis to the nursery of his children at Twickenham, where several of the servants of his father-in-law had recently expired.[1] The duke hurried his wife and infants to the purer air of the north, and fixed his residence at York. From that city he found it was easy to visit the fleet, which was cruising off the north-east coast to watch the proceedings of the Dutch. The duchess of York and her children lived in great splendour and happiness in the north, and remained there after the duke was summoned by the king to the parliament, which was forced to assemble that year at Oxford.

The health of the lady Anne of York was injured in her infancy by the pernicious indulgence of her mother. The only fault of the duchess was an inordinate love of eating, and the same propensity developed itself in both her daughters. The duchess encouraged it in the little lady Anne, who used to sup with her on chocolate, and devour good

the author to see this portrait at his residence, the Banqueting-house, Hampton-Court, and has since, through the mediation of his accomplished sister, Miss Reynett, allowed a drawing to be taken from it.

[1] Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. ii.

things, till she grew as round as a ball.[1] Probably these proceedings were unknown to the duke of York, who was moderate, and even abstemious, at table.[2] When the life of the child was seriously in danger, she was sent to the coast of France to recover it. It is generally asserted that the little princess staid at Calais or Boulogne for about eight months; where she really went was kept a state secret, on account, probably, of the religious jealousy of the English. Anne herself, at six years old, must have remembered the circumstance, yet it certainly never transpired in her time, or even in the reminiscences of her most intimate confidante. The fact is, Anne of York was consigned to the care of her royal grandmother, Henrietta Maria. After the death of that queen at Colombe, her little English granddaughter was transferred to St. Cloud, or the Palais-Royal, and domesticated in the nursery of her aunt Henrietta duchess of Orleans, for there she is found by the only person who has ever noted her sojourn with her French kindred. Thus queen Anne, once a familiar guest among the royal family of France, had actually in her childhood played about the knees of her great antagonist, Louis XIV.

Anne lost her other protectress, her father's sister, the beautiful Henrietta duchess of Orleans, who had taken her under her own care on the death of queen Henrietta. Without entering here into the discussion of whether the fair Henrietta was poisoned by her husband, it is reasonable to conclude that, if such had been the case, he would scarcely have had sufficient quietude of mind to have amused himself with dressing up Anne of York and his own little daughters in the rigorous costume of court-mourning, with long trains and the streaming crape veils, then indispensable for French mourning, in which the bereft children sailed about his apartments at the Palais-Royal. Their ridiculous appearance excited the spleen of *la grande mademoiselle de Montpensier*, who details the visit Anne of York made to France, and the conversation which ensued between

[1] Ducness of Marlborough's Conduct.
[2] Roger Coke's Detection.

her and Louis XIV.[1] "The day after Louis XIV. and the queen of France went to St. Cloud to perform the customary ceremonial of asperging the body of Henrietta of England, duchess of Orleans, I paid a visit to her daughter, the little mademoiselle, at the Palais-Royal. I was dressed in my mourning veil and mantle. I found that my young cousin had with her the daughter of the duke of York, who had been sent over to the queen of England, [Henrietta Maria,] to be treated by the French physicians for a complaint in her eyes. After the death of the queen her grandmother, she had remained with madame, [the duchess of Orleans,] and now I found her with mademoiselle, the eldest princess of Orleans. They were both very little, yet monsieur, [Philippe duke of Orleans,] who delighted in all ceremonies, had made them wear the usual mourning veils for adults, which trailed behind them on the ground. I told the king of this ridiculous mourning garb the next morning, and described to him the mantles worn by his niece, mademoiselle, and the little English princess. 'Take care,' said Louis XIV.; 'if you rail at all this, my brother Orleans will never forgive you.'" The lady Anne of York must have left Paris and the palace of her uncle of Orleans in a few days after the death of her aunt Henrietta, for her absence is limited by her native historians to eight months.[2] She had entirely regained her health.

The remains of the old palace at Richmond, where queen Elizabeth died, were put in repair for the residence of the children of the duke of York while their education proceeded. Lady Frances, the daughter of the earl of Suffolk and wife to sir Edward Villiers, received the appointment of governess to the princesses of York: she was given a lease of Richmond-palace, and established herself there with her charge, and with a numerous tribe of daughters of her own.[3] Six girls, children of lady Villiers, were brought up there with the lady Mary and the lady Anne, future queens of

[1] Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier. Anne was nearly related to her, being daughter of her great-uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans.

[2] Roger Coke's Detection.

[3] History of Surrey, (Richmond). Collins's Peerage.

Great Britain. Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus, in the first dawn of existence, her schoolfellow and companion, although four or five years older than the princess. The whole of the Villiers' sisterhood clung through life to places in the households of one or other of the princesses; they formed a family compact of formidable strength, whose energies were not always exercised for the benefit of their royal patronesses.

The duchess of York had acknowledged by letter to her father, the earl of Clarendon, then in exile, that she was by conviction a Roman-catholic, which added greatly to the troubles of her venerable parent, who wrote her a long letter on the superior purity of the reformed catholic church of England, and exhorted her to conceal her partiality to the Roman ritual, or her children would be taken from her, and she would be debarred from having any concern in their education. He likewise earnestly exhorted her husband thus:—

"Your royal highness," wrote the great Clarendon,[1] "knows how far I have always been from wishing the Roman-catholics to be persecuted, but I still less wish it should ever be in their power to be able to persecute those who differ from them, since we too well know how little moderation they would or *could* use; and if this[2] [happens] which people so much talk of, (I hope without ground,) it might very probably raise a greater storm against the Roman-catholics. . . . . I have written to your duchess [his own daughter] with all the freedom and affection of a troubled and perplexed father, and do most humbly beseech your royal highness by your authority to rescue her from bringing a mischief on you and on herself that can never be repaired. I do think it worth your while to remove and dispel these reproaches (how false soever) by better evidence."

The duchess of York was at that time drooping into the grave; she never had been well since the birth, in 1666, of her son Edgar, who survived her about a year. The duke of York had revived this Saxon name in the royal family in remembrance of Edgar king of Scotland, the son of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore; he likewise wished to recall the memory of Edgar the Great, who styled himself monarch of the British seas.[3] In her last moments, the

[1] Harleian, No. 6854. It seems copied in James's own hand.
[2] James's intention of professing himself a Roman-catholic.
[3] Autograph Memoirs of James II. Macpherson's Appendix, vol. i. p. 58.

duchess of York received the sacrament according to the rites of the Roman church, with her husband and a confidential gentleman of his, M. Dupuy, and a lady of her bedchamber of the same religion, lady Cranmer. It is singular that the second appearance of the name of Cranmer in history should be in such a scene. Before this secret congregation the duchess of York renounced the religion of her youth, and was prepared for death by father Hunt, a Franciscan. "She prepared to die," says her husband,[1] "with the greatest devotion and resignation. Her sole request to me was, that I would not leave her till she expired, without any of her old friends of the church of England came; and then that I would go and tell them she had communicated with the church of Rome, that she might not be disturbed with controversy." Soon after, bishop Blandford came, and the duke left the bedside of his dying partner, and explained to the bishop that she had conformed to the Roman-catholic church. The bishop promised not to dispute with her, but to read to her a pious exhortation, in which a Christian of either church might join. The duke permitted this, and led him to his consort, who joined in prayer with him. Shortly afterwards she expired in the arms of her husband, at the palace of St. James, March 31st, 1671.[2] The duchess of York was interred with the greatest solemnity in Henry VII.'s chapel, most of the nobility attending her obsequies. Her obituary is thus oddly discussed by a biographer of her husband.[3] "She was a lady of great virtue in the main. It was her misfortune, rather than any crime, that she had an extraordinary stomach; but much more than that, that she forsook the true religion."

No mention is made of any attendance of her daughters by the bedside of the dying duchess of York. The duke of

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by the rev. Stanier Clark.

[2] Bishop Blandford has been greatly blamed for his liberality, but he acted rightly; for, by seeing and praying with the dying duchess of York, he satisfied himself that the religion she professed on her death-bed was not imposed upon her through any species of coercion, but was adopted by her own choice. Can there be any doubt, from the above-quoted letter of Clarendon, that Anne Hyde led her husband into his new religion?

[3] Life of James II.: 1702, p. 15.

York had been very ill since the death of his sister, the duchess of Orleans: he believed himself to be in a decline, and had passed the summer, with the duchess and their children, at Richmond. The mysterious rites of the Roman-catholic communion round the death-bed of the mother had, perhaps, prevented her from seeing the little princesses and their train of prying attendants. The lady Mary and the lady Anne were, when they lost their mother, the one nine and the other six years old; the duchess likewise left a baby only six weeks old, lady Catharine, and her eldest surviving son, duke Edgar, the heir of England, of the age of five years: both these little ones died in the ensuing twelvemonth. The death of the duchess of York was the signal for the friends of the duke to importune him to marry again. He replied, "that he should obey his brother if it was thought absolutely needful, but should take no steps on his own account towards marriage." The approximation of the daughters of the duke to the British throne, even after the death of their brother Edgar duke of Cambridge, was by no means considered in an important light, because the marriage of their father with some young princess was anticipated. Great troubles, nevertheless, seemed to surround the future prospects of James, for, soon after the death of their mother, he was suspected of being a convert to the religion she died in. All his services in naval government, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, and his victories won in person as an admiral, could not moderate the fierce abhorrence with which he was then pursued. His marriage with a Roman-catholic princess, which took place rather more than two years afterwards, completed his unpopularity. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the new duchess of York, was but four years older than the lady Mary of York. When the duke of York went to Richmond-palace, and announced his marriage to his daughters, he added, "I have provided you a playfellow."[1]

The education of the lady Mary and of the lady Anne was, at this time, taken from their father's control by their uncle,

[1] Letters of lady Rachel Russell.

Charles II. Alarmed by his brother's bias to the Roman-catholic religion, the king strove to counteract the injury that was likely to accrue to his family, by choosing for them a preceptor who had made himself remarkable by his attacks on popery. This was Henry Compton, bishop of London, who had forsaken the profession of a soldier and assumed the clergyman's gown at the age of thirty. The great loyalty of his family procured him rapid advancement in the church. The tendency of the duke of York to the Roman-catholic tenets had been suspected by the world, and Henry Compton, by outdoing every other bishop in his violence against him, not only atoned for his own want of education in the minds of his countrymen, but gave him dominion over the children of the man he hated.[1] A feud, in fact, subsisted between the house of Compton and the duke of York, on account of the happiness of one of the bishop's brothers having been seriously compromised by the preference Anne Hyde gave to the duke.[2]

As to the office of preceptor, bishop Henry Compton possessing far less learning than soldiers of rank in general, it was not very likely that the princesses educated under his care would rival the daughters or nieces of Henry VIII. in their attainments. The lady Mary and the lady Anne either studied or let it alone, just as suited their inclinations. It suited those of the lady Anne to let it alone, for she grew up in a state of utter ignorance. There are few housemaids at the present day whose progress in the common business of reading and writing is not more respectable. Her spelling is not in the antiquated style of the seventeenth century, but in that style lashed by her contemporary Swift as peculiar to the ladies of his day. The construction of her letters and notes is vague and vulgar, as will be seen hereafter. The mind of the elder princess was of a much higher cast, for the lady Mary had been long under the paternal care. Her father, the duke of York, and her mother, Anne Hyde, both possessed literary abilities,[3] and her grandfather, lord Claren-

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. [2] Memoirs of the Earl of Peterborough.
[3] Life of Queen Mary II. : 1695.

don, with whom her childhood was domesticated, takes high rank among the classics of his country. The French tutor of the princesses was Peter de Laine: he has left honourable testimony to the docility and application of the lady Mary, his elder pupil. He declares that she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and that all those who had been honoured with any share in her education found their labours very light, as she possessed aptitude and faithfulness of memory, and ever showed obliging readiness in complying with their advice. His observation regarding her knowledge of French is correct; her French notes are far superior in diction to her English letters, although in these latter very charming passages occasionally occur. Mary's instructors in drawing were two noted little people, being master and mistress Gibson, the married dwarfs of her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, whose wedding is so playfully celebrated by Waller.[1] The Gibsons likewise taught the lady Anne to draw. It has been said that these princesses had that taste for the fine arts which seems inherent to every individual of the house of Stuart, but the miserable decadence of painting in their reigns does not corroborate such praise.

From the time of their mother's death, the ladies Mary and Anne were domesticated at Richmond-palace with their governess, lady Frances Villiers, her daughters, and with their assistant-tutors and chaplains, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty, whose offices appear to have been limited to religious instruction. If these divines were not employed in imparting the worldly learning they possessed to their pupils, they at least did their utmost to imbue their minds with a strong bias towards the ritual of the church of England, according to its practical discipline in the seventeenth century. Every feast, fast, or saint's day in the Common Prayer-book was carefully observed, and Lent kept with catholic rigidity. Lady

[1] Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119; to which we must add that the dwarfs of Charles I.'s court, contrary to custom, were good for something. Gibson and his wife were among the best English-born artists of their era. He was just three feet six inches in height; she was a dwarfess of the same proportion. This little couple had nine good-sized children, and having weathered the storms of civil war, lived happily together to old age. Little mistress Gibson was nearly a centegenarian when she died.

Mary was greatly beloved by the clergy of the old school of English divinity before she left England. There was one day in the year, which the whole family of the duke of York always observed as one of deep sorrow: on the 30th of January, he and his children and his household assumed the garb of funereal black; they passed the day in fasting and tears, in prayers and mourning, in remembrance of the death of Charles I.[1]

The lady Mary of York was devotedly attached to a young lady who had been her playmate in infancy, Anne Trelawney. The lady Anne likewise had a playfellow, for whom she formed an affection so strong, that it powerfully influenced her future destiny. The name of this girl was Sarah Jennings; her elder sister, Frances, had been one of the maids of honour of Anne duchess of York, and had married a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. If the assertion of Sarah herself may be believed, her father was the son of an impoverished cavalier-baronet, and therefore a gentleman; yet her nearest female relative on the father's side was of the rank of a servant maid.[2] It is a mystery who first established the fair Frances Jennings at court; as for the younger sister, Sarah, she was introduced to her highness the little lady Anne of York by Mrs. Cornwallis,[3] the best beloved lady of that princess, and, according to manuscript authority, her relative. The mother of Frances and Sarah Jennings was possessed of an estate sufficiently large, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to make her daughters looked upon as co-heiresses; her name is always mentioned with peculiar disrespect, when it occurs in the gossiping memoirs of that day.[4] Sarah herself, when taunting her descendants

[1] Despatches of D'Avaux, ambassador from France to Holland, corroborated by Pepys, who mentions "that his master the duke of York declined all business or pleasure on that day." This fact is likewise fully confirmed by the Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon, uncle to the princesses Mary and Anne.

[2] Abigail Hill. See the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Lord Dartmouth; Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 89. "Mrs. Cicely Cornwallis *was a kinswoman* of queen Anne, and afterwards became superior of the Benedictine convent at Hammersmith,—the present convent, then protected by Catharine of Braganza."—Faulkner's Hammersmith, p. 242.

[4] Some stigma connected with fortune-telling and divination was attached to the mother of these fortunate beauties, Frances and Sarah Jennings. Count

in after-life, affirms "that she raised them out of the dirt." She was born at a small house at Holywell, near St. Albans, on the very day of Charles II.'s restoration, 1660; consequently she was four years older than the lady Anne of York. By her own account, she used to play with her highness and amuse her in her infancy, and thus fixed an empire over her mind from childhood. The princess Mary once told Sarah Churchill[1] a little anecdote of their girlhood, which they both agreed was illustrative of the lady Anne's character. The princesses were, in the days of their tutelage, walking together in Richmond-park, when a dispute arose between them whether an object they beheld at a great distance was a man or a tree,—the lady Mary being of the former opinion, the lady Anne of the latter. At last they came nearer, and lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced it was according to her view, cried out, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is." But lady Anne turned away, and persisting in what she had once declared, cried, "No, sister; I still think it is a tree." The anecdote was told by Sarah Churchill long years afterwards, for the purpose of depreciating the character of her royal friend, as an instance of imbecile obstinacy, that refused acknowledgment of error on conviction; but, after all, candour might suggest that the focus of vision in one sister had more extensive range than in that of the other,—Mary being long-sighted, and Anne near-sighted. Indeed, the state of suffering from ophthalmia which the lady Anne endured in her childhood, gives probability to the more charitable supposition.

The first introduction of the royal sisters to court was by their performance of a ballet, written for them by the poet

Anthony Hamilton, whilst doing justice to the virtues and goodness of her elder daughter Frances, who had married into his own illustrious house, notices that "she did not learn her good conduct of her mother," and that this woman was not allowed to approach the court on account of her infamous character, although she had laid Charles II. under some mysterious obligation. As to the father of Frances and Sarah Jennings, no trace can be found of him in history, without he is the same major Jennings whose woful story is attested in Salmon's Examination of Burnet's History, p. 533.

[1] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. folios 90–92: inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

Crowne, called Calista, or the Chaste Nymph, acted December 2, 1674. While they were in course of rehearsal for this performance, Mrs. Betterton, the principal actress at the king's theatre, was permitted to train and instruct them in carriage and utterance.[1] Although such an instructress was not very desirable for girls of the age of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, they derived from her lessons the important accomplishment for which both were distinguished when queens, of pronouncing answers to addresses or speeches from the throne in a distinct and clear voice, with sweetness of intonation and grace of enunciation. The ballet was remarkable for the future historical note of the performers. The lady Mary of York took the part of the heroine, Calista; her sister the lady Anne, that of Nyphe; while Sarah Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough) acted Mercury; lady Harriet Wentworth (whose name was afterwards so lamentably connected with that of the duke of Monmouth) performed Jupiter. Monmouth himself danced in the ballet. Henrietta Blague,[2] a beautiful and virtuous maid of honour, afterwards the wife of lord Godolphin, (the friend of Evelyn,) performed the part of Diana, in a dress covered with stars of splendid diamonds. The epilogue was written by Dryden, and addressed to Charles II. In the course of it, he thus compliments the royal sisters:—

> "Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
> Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
> Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
> To bind your friends, and to disarm your foes."[3]

The lady Anne of York soon after acted Semandra in Lee's Mithridate: it was a part by no means advantageous to be studied by the young princess. Her grandmother, Henrietta

[1] Colley Cibber's Apology. It is said that queen Mary allowed this actress a pension during her reign.

[2] This young lady had the misfortune to lose a diamond worth 80*l.* belonging to the countess of Suffolk, which the duke of York (seeing her distress) very kindly made good.—Evelyn's Diary.

[3] Life of Dryden, by sir Walter Scott, who, mentioning the verbal mistake by which Merrick quoted the line—

> "Whom you to *supplant* monarchs shall dispose,"

says, "that as the glorious nymphs supplanted their father, the blunder proved an emendation on the original."

The King's Library

Maria, and her ancestress, Anne of Denmark, were more fortunate in the beautiful masques written for them by Ben Jonson, Daniell, and Fletcher. The impassioned lines of Lee, in his high-flown tragedies, had been more justly liable to the censures of master Prynne's furious pen. Mrs. Betterton instructed the princess in the part of Semandra, and her husband taught the young noblemen who took parts in the play. Anne, after she ascended the throne, allowed Mrs. Betterton a pension of 100*l.* per annum, in gratitude for the services she rendered her in the art of elocution.[1] Compton, bishop of London, thought that confirmation according to the church of England, preparatory to the first communion, was quite as needful to his young charges as this early introduction to the great world and the pomps and vanities thereof. He signified the same to the duke of York, and asked his permission to confirm the lady Mary when she was fourteen. The duke replied, "The reason I have not instructed my daughters in my religion is, because they would have been taken from me; therefore, as I cannot communicate with them myself, I am against their receiving."[2] He, however, desired the bishop "to tell the king his brother what had passed, and to obey his orders." The king ordered his eldest niece to be confirmed, which was done by the bishop their preceptor in state, at Whitehall chapel,[3] to the great satisfaction of the people of England, who were naturally alarmed regarding the religious tendencies of the princesses.

Both the royal sisters possessed attractions of person, though of a very different character. The lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features. The lady Anne of York resembled the Hydes, and had the round face and full form of her mother and the lord chancellor Clarendon. In her youth, she was a pretty rosy Hebe; her hair a dark chestnut-brown, her complexion sanguine and ruddy,

[1] Langhorne's Drama, p. 2, edition 1691.

[2] Autograph Memoirs of James II.

[3] Roger Coke's Detection. The chapel belonging to Whitehall-palace, destroyed by fire.

her face round and comely, her features strong but regular. The only blemish in her face arose from a defluxion, which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood: it had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music, and performed well on the guitar,[1] an instrument much in vogue in the reign of her uncle, Charles II. The disease which had injured her eyes, seems to have given the lady Anne a full immunity from the necessity of acquiring knowledge: she never willingly opened a book, but was an early proficient at cards and gossiping. Sarah Jennings had been settled in some office suitable for a young girl in the court of the young duchess of York, and was inseparable from the lady Anne.[2]

King Charles II. thought proper to introduce his nieces to the city of London, and took them in state, with his queen and their father, to dine at Guildhall at the lord mayor's feast, 1675. They were at this time completely out, or introduced into public life, and the ill effect of such introduction began to show itself in the conduct of lady Mary. Like her sister Anne, she became a constant card-player, and not content with devoting her evenings in the week-days to this diversion, she played at cards on the Sabbath. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, being in her closet with her, led the conversation to this subject, which gave him pain, and he was, moreover, apprehensive lest it should offend the people. Lady Mary asked him "what he thought of it?" His answer will be thought, in these times, far too lenient. "I told her," he says, "I could not say it was *sin* to do so, but it was not expedient; and I advised her highness *not* to do it, for fear of giving offence. Nor did she play at cards on Sunday nights," he adds, "while she continued in England."[3] Her tutor had not denounced the detestable habit of gambling on Sabbath nights in terms sufficiently strong to prevent a relapse, for he afterwards deplored piteously

[1] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 370.

[2] Conduct of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9th, 1677, in manuscript; for the use of which we have to renew our acknowledgments to G. P. Eliot, esq.

that the lady Mary renewed her Sunday card-parties in Holland. It *was* a noxious sin, and he ought plainly to have told her so. He could have done his duty to his pupil without having the fear of royalty before his eyes, for neither the king nor the duke of York, her father, was addicted to gambling.[1] Most likely Dr. Lake was afraid of the ladies about the princesses, for the English court, since the time of Henry VIII., had been infamous for the devotion of both sexes to that vice. The lady Anne of York is described by her companion, Sarah Jennings, (when, in after life, she was duchess of Marlborough,) as a card-playing automaton, and this vile manner of passing her Sabbath evenings proves that the same corruption had polluted the mind of her superior sister.

When the lady Mary attained her fifteenth year, projects for her marriage began to agitate the thoughts of her father and the councils of her uncle. The duke of York hoped to give her to the dauphin, son of his friend and kinsman Louis XIV. Charles II. and the people of England destined her hand to her first cousin, William Henry prince of Orange, son of the late stadtholder William II., and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The disastrous circumstances which rendered this prince fatherless before he was born, have been mentioned in the life of his grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. William of Orange (afterwards William III., elected king of Great Britain) came prematurely into this world, November 4, 1650, in the first hours of his mother's excessive anguish for the loss of her husband. She was surrounded by the deepest symbols of woe, for the room in which William was born was hung with black; the cradle that was to receive him was black, even to the rockers. At the moment of his birth, all the candles suddenly went out, and the room was left in the most profound darkness. Such was the description of one Mrs. Tanner, the princess of Orange's *sage femme*, who added the following marvellous tale: "that she plainly saw three circles of light over the new-born prince's head, which she supposed meant the three crowns which he afterwards ob-

[1] Memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

tained."[1] No jealousy was felt on account of this prediction by his uncles, the expatriated heirs of Great Britain. James duke of York mentions, in his memoirs, the posthumous birth of his nephew as a consolation for the grief he felt for the loss of the child's father. The infant William of Orange was consigned to the care of Catharine lady Stanhope, who had accompanied queen Henrietta Maria to Holland in the capacity of governess to the princess-royal, his mother. It was in lady Stanhope's apartments[2] in the Palace in the Wood, at the Hague, that young William was reared, and nursed during his sickly childhood till he was ten years old. In after-life he spoke of her as his earliest friend. Her son, Philip earl of Chesterfield, was his playfellow. The prince had an English tutor, the rev. Mr. Hawtayne.[3]

More than one dangerous accident befell the Orange prince in his infancy. "You will hear," wrote his mother's aunt, the queen of Bohemia,[4] "what great peril my little nephew escaped yesterday, on the bridge at the princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home." At the following Christmas, the queen of Bohemia wrote again, January 10, 1654, "Yesterday was the naming of prince William's[5] child. I was invited to the supper, and my niece the princess of Orange. The little prince of Orange her son, and prince Maurice, were the gossips. The States-General--I mean their deputies, the council of state, and myself and Louise, were the guests. My little nephew, the prince of Orange, was at the supper, and sat *verie* still all the time: those States that were there were *verie* much taken with him." Such praiseworthy Dutch gravity in a baby of two years old was, it seems, very attractive to their high mightinesses the States-deputies. These

[1] Birch MS., 4460, Plut. Sampson Diary, written 1698, p. 71.

[2] Letters of Philip earl of Chesterfield.

[3] MS. Papers and entries in a large family Bible, in possession of the representative of that gentleman, C. S. Hawtayne, esq., rear-admiral.

[4] Letters of the Queen of Bohemia. Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 144; and Memoirs of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 47.

[5] Ibid., p. 159, prince William of Nassau-Dietz, who had married the little prince's aunt, Agnes Albertine.

affectionate mynheers were of the minority in the senate belonging to the Orange party. Notwithstanding the occasional visits of the deputies of the Dutch state, the prospects of the infant William were not very brilliant in his native land, for the republican party abolished the office of stadtholder whilst he was yet rocked in his sable cradle. It is true that the stadtholdership was elective, but it had been held from father to son since William I. had broken the cruel yoke of Spain from the necks of the Hollanders. The infant representative of this hero was therefore reduced to the patrimony derived from the Dutch magnate of Nassau, who had married a former princess of Orange, expatriated from her beautiful patrimony in the south of France. A powerful party in Holland still looked with deep interest on the last scion of their great deliverer, William, but they were, like his family, forced to remain oppressed and silent under the government of the republican De Witt, while England was under the sway of his ally, Cromwell. The young prince of Orange had no guardian or protector but his mother, Mary of England, and his grandmother, the widow of Henry Frederic, prince of Orange; who resided in the Old Court, or dower-palace, about two miles from the ancient state-palace of the Hague.

When William of Orange was a boy of eight or nine years old, he still inhabited his mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague: he passed his days in her saloons with his governess, lady Stanhope, or playing with the maids of honour in the ante-chamber. A droll scene, in which he participated, is related by Elizabeth Charlotte, princess-palatine, afterwards duchess of Orleans. The queen of Bohemia, her grandmother,[1] with whom she was staying at the Hague, summoned her one day to pay a state visit to the princess of Orange and her son. The princess Sophia,[2] who lived then with the queen of Bohemia, her mother, (not in the most prosperous circumstances, as she had made a love-match with

[1] Elizabeth Charlotte was the only daughter of Charles Louis, eldest son of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

[2] The mother of George I. elector of Hanover, afterwards (as her representative) George I. king of Great Britain.

a younger brother of the house of Hanover,) took upon herself to prepare her little niece for her presentation to the princess of Orange, by saying, "Lisette, [Elizabeth,] take care that you are not as giddy as usual. Follow the queen, your grandmother, step by step; and at her departure, do not let her have to wait for you." This exhortation was not needless, for, by her own account, a more uncouth little savage than the high and mighty princess Elizabeth Charlotte was never seen in a courtly drawing-room. She replied, "Oh, aunt! I mean to conduct myself very sagely." The princess of Orange was quite unknown to her, but she was on the most familiar terms with the young prince, William of Orange, with whom she had often played at the house of the queen of Bohemia. Before this pair of little cousins adjourned to renew their usual gambols, the young princess Elizabeth Charlotte did nothing but stare in the face of the princess of Orange; and as she could obtain no answer to her repeated questions of "Who is that woman?" she at last pointed to her, and bawled to the young prince of Orange, "Tell me, pray, who is that woman with the furious long nose?" William burst out laughing, and with impish glee replied, "That is my mother, the princess-royal."[1] Anne Hyde, one of the ladies of the princess, seeing the unfortunate little guest look greatly alarmed at the blunder she had committed, very good-naturedly came forward, and led her and the young prince of Orange into the bedchamber of his mother. Here a most notable game of romps commenced between William and his cousin, who, before she began to play, entreated her kind conductress, mistress Anne Hyde,[2] to call her in time, when the queen, her grandmother, was about to depart. "We played at all sorts of games," continues Elizabeth Charlotte, "and the time flew very fast.

[1] The mother of William III. chose to retain the title of her birth-rank in preference to her husband's title.

[2] Elizabeth Charlotte spells the name Heyde, but it is plain that this amiable maid of honour who took pity on the *gaucherie* of the young princess, was the daughter of Clarendon, the future wife of James duke of York, and the mother of two queens-regnant of Great Britain; for she was at that time in the service of the princess of Orange, or, as that princess chose to be called, princess-royal of Great Britain.

William of Orange and I were rolling ourselves up in a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. Without losing an instant, up I jumped, and rushed into the saloon. The queen of Bohemia was already in the ante-chamber. I had no time to lose: I twitched the princess-royal very hard by the robe to draw her attention, then sprang before her, and having made her a very odd curtsy, I darted after the queen, my grandmother, whom I followed, step by step, to her coach, leaving every one in the presence-chamber in a roar of laughter, I knew not wherefore."

The death of the princess of Orange with the smallpox, in England, has already been mentioned; her young son was left an orphan at nine years of age, with no better protector than his grandmother, the dowager of Henry Frederic. The hopes of the young prince, of any thing like restoration to rank among the sovereign-princes of Europe, were dark and distant: all rested on the good-will and affection of his uncles in England. The princess of Orange had solemnly left her orphan son to the guardianship of her brother king Charles. Several letters exist in the State-Paper office, written in a round boyish hand, from William, confirming this choice, and entreating the fatherly protection of his royal uncles. The old princess-dowager, Wilhelmina, has been praised for the tone of education she gave her grandson. He was in his youth economical, being nearly destitute of money; and he was abstinent from all expensive indulgences. He wrote an extraordinary hand of the Italian class, of enormously large dimensions; his French letters, though brief, are worded with that elegance and courtesy which contrasted with the rudeness of his manners. He was a daily sufferer from ill-health, having, from his infancy, struggled with a cruel asthma, yet all his thoughts were set on war, and all his exercises tended to it. Notwithstanding his diminutive and weak form, which was not free from deformity, he rode well, and looked better on horseback than in any other position. He was a linguist by nature, not by study, and spoke several languages intelligibly. His earnest desire to regain his rank prompted him to centre all his studies in

the art of war, because it was the office of the stadtholder to lead the army of Holland.

The prince of Orange spent the winter of 1670 in a friendly visit at the court of England, where he was received by his uncles with the utmost kindness; and it is said, that they then and there concerted with him some plans, which led to his subsequent restoration to the stadtholdership of Holland. William was nineteen, small and weak, and rather deformed. He seldom indulged in wine, but drank ale, or some schnaps of his native Hollands gin: he regularly went to bed at ten o'clock. Such a course of life was viewed invidiously by the riotous courtiers of Charles II., and they wickedly conspired to entice the phlegmatic prince into drinking a quantity of champagne, which flew to his head, and made him more mad and mischievous than even Buckingham himself, who was at the head of the joke. Nothing could restrain the Orange prince from sallying out and breaking the windows of the apartments of the maids of honour, and he would have committed farther outrages, if his wicked tempters had not seized him by the wrists and ankles, and carried him struggling and raging to his apartments. They exulted much in this outbreak of a quiet and well-behaved prince, but the triumph was a sorry one at the best. Sir John Reresby, who relates the anecdote,[1] declares, "that such an exertion of spirit was likely to recommend the prince to the lady Mary:" it was certainly more likely to frighten a child of her age. At that time he was considered as the future spouse of his young cousin. The prince left England in February, 1670.

The princess Elizabeth Charlotte declares, in her memoirs, "that she should not have objected to marry her cousin, William of Orange." Probably he was not so lovingly disposed towards his eccentric playfellow, for notwithstanding his own want of personal comeliness, this warlike modicum of humanity was vastly particular regarding the beauty, meekness, piety, and stately height of the lady to whom he aspired. None of these particulars were very pre-eminent in

[1] Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.

his early playfellow, who had, instead, wit at will, and that species of merry mischief called *espièglerie*, sufficient to have governed him, and all his heavy Dutchmen to boot. She had, however, a different destiny[1] as the mother of the second royal line of Bourbon, and William was left to fulfil the intention of his mother's family, by reserving his hand for a daughter of England.

Previously to this event, the massacre of the De Witts occurred,—the pretence for which outrage was, that De Ruart of Putten, the elder brother, the pensionary or chief civil magistrate of the republic, had hired an apothecary to poison the prince of Orange;[2] the mob, infuriated by this delusion, tore the two unfortunate brothers to pieces, with circumstances of horror not to be penned here. Such was the leading event that ushered the prince of Orange into political life. Whether William was guilty of conspiring the deaths of these his opponents, remains a mystery, but his enemies certainly invented a term of reproach derived from their murder; for whensoever he obtained the ends of his ambition by the outcry of a mob, it was said that the prince of Orange had "De Witted" his opponents.[3] Be that as it may, the De Witts, the sturdy upholders of the original constitution of their country, were murdered by means of the faction-cry of his name, if not by his contrivance; their deaths inspired the awe of personal fear in many, both in Holland and England, who did not altogether approve of the principles by which the hero of Nassau obtained his ends.

Europe had been long divided with the violent contest for superiority between the French and Spanish monarchies. Since the days of the mighty accession of empire and wealth by Charles V., the kings of France had rather unequally struggled against the powers of Spain, leagued with the empire of Germany. The real points of difference between

[1] She is the direct ancestress of the late king of the French, Louis Philippe.

[2] By poisoning his waistcoat! See the chapter entitled "De Witt and his Faction."–Sir William Temple, vol. ii. p. 245. The reader should, however, notice that republicanism was the legitimate government in Holland, and that William of Orange, as an hereditary ruler there, was a usurper.

[3] This term is even used by modern authors; see Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, p. 603.

Louis XIV. and the prince of Orange were wholly personal ones, and had nothing to do with either liberty or religion. William, who was excessively proud of his Provençal ancestry, was haunted with an idea more worthy of a poet than a Dutchman, being the restoration of his titular principality, the dominions from whence he derived his title, the golden Aurausia[1] of the south of France, seated on the Rhone. William demanded the restitution of the city of Orange from Louis XIV. after it had been resigned by his ancestors for two centuries, and the title of Orange had been transplanted, by the marriage of its heiress, among the fogs and frogs of the Low Countries. As William of Orange retained the title, and was the grandson of queen Henrietta Maria, and as such was one of his nearest male relatives, Louis XIV. had no objection to receive him as a vassal-peer of France, if he would have accepted the hand of his eldest illegitimate child, the fair daughter of the beautiful La Vallière, (who afterwards married the fourth prince of the blood-royal, Conti). William refused the young lady, and the whole proposition, very rudely, and it is difficult to decide which of these two kinsmen cherished the more deadly rage of vengeful hatred against the other for the remainder of their lives.[2]

The first hint from an official person relative to the wedlock of Mary and William, occurs in a letter from sir William Temple to him. "The duke of York, your uncle," wrote this ambassador, "bade me assure your highness, 'that he looked on your interest as his own; and if there was any thing wherein you might use his services, you might be sure of it.' I replied, 'Pray, sir, remember there is nothing you except, and you do not know how far a young prince's desires may go. I will tell him what you say, and if there be occasion, be a witness of it.' The duke of York smiled, and said, 'Well, well; you may, for all that, tell him what I bid you.' Upon which I said, 'At least, I will tell the prince of Orange that you smiled at my question, which is, I am sure,

[1] From the yellow stone of which the Romans built this town, not from the growth of oranges.

[2] Dangeau, and St. Simon's Memoirs.

a great deal better than if you frowned."[1] No impartial person, conversant with the state-papers of the era, can doubt for a moment that the restoration of their nephew to his rights as stadtholder was a point which Charles II. and his brother never forgot, while they were contesting the sovereignty of the seas with the republican faction which then governed Holland. Sir William Temple clearly points out three things that Charles II. had at heart, and which he finally effected. First, for the Dutch fleets to own his supremacy in the narrow seas, by striking their flags to the smallest craft that bore the banner of England, which was done, and has been done ever since,—thanks to the victories of his brother. "The matter of the flag was carried to all the height his majesty Charles II. could wish, and the acknowledgment of its dominion in the narrow seas allowed by treaty from the most powerful of our neighbours at sea, which had never yet been yielded by the weakest of them."[2] The next, that his nephew William, who was at this period of his life regarded by Charles and James affectionately as if he were a cherished son, should be recognised not only as stadtholder,[3] but *hereditary* stadtholder, with succession to children. Directly this was done, Charles made a separate peace with Holland, with scarcely an apology to France.[4] Next it appears, by the same authority,[5] that king Charles II., poor as he was, remembered that England had never paid the portion stipulated with the princess-royal, his aunt.

[1] Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. iv. p. 22, Feb. 1674.

[2] Ibid., vol. i. p. 250; edition 1757. [3] Ibid., pp. 247, 252, 258, 261.

[4] In the Atlas Geographicus, vol. i. p. 811, there is an abstract of the demands of the king of Great Britain in behalf of his nephew, after the last great battle of Solebay, gained by his uncle James duke of York. "Article VI. That the prince of Orange and his posterity shall henceforward enjoy the sovereignty of the United Provinces; that the prince and his heirs should for ever enjoy the dignities of general, admiral, and stadtholder." That this clause might entrench on the liberties of Holland is undeniable, but at the same time it redeemed the promise made by Charles to his dying sister "regarding the restoration of her orphan son as stadtholder, with far greater power than his ancestors had ever enjoyed." Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to truth than the perpetual assertion of the authors of the last century, that Charles II. and his brother oppressed their nephew, instead of being, what they really were, his indulgent benefactors.

[5] Temple's Memoirs, p. 251.

He now honourably paid it, not to the states of Holland, but insisted that it should be paid into the hands of her orphan son, his nephew, William of Orange, and this was done; and let those who doubt it turn to the testimony of the man who effected it,—sir William Temple.

After Charles had seen his bereaved and impoverished nephew firmly established as a sovereign-prince, with his mother's dowry in his pocket to render him independent, he recalled all his subjects fighting under the banners of France,[1] and gave leave for the Spaniards and their generalissimo, his nephew William, to enlist his subjects in their service against France. Great personal courage was certainly possessed by William of Orange, and personal courage, before the Moloch centuries gradually blended into the sweeter sway of Mammon, was considered tantamount to all other virtues. In one of the bloody drawn battles, after the furious strife had commenced between Louis XIV. and Spain in the Low Countries, the prince of Orange received a musket-shot in the arm: his loving Dutchmen groaned and retreated, when their young general took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waving it about his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Another anecdote of William's conduct in the field is not quite so pleasant. In his lost battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiments pertinaciously retreated. The prince rallied and led them to the charge, till they utterly fled, and carried him with them to the main body. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and his own Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "*Coquin! je te marquerai, au moins, afin de te pendre.*"—'Rascal! I will set a mark on thee, at least, that I may hang thee afterwards.'[2] This adventure leans from the perpendicular of the sublime somewhat to the ridiculous. It was an absurd cruelty, as well as an imprudent sally of venomous temper; there was no glory gained by slashing

[1] Temple's Memoirs, p. 250. Party historians have taken advantage of these mercenaries fighting on both sides, to make the greatest confusion at this era.

[2] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 399.

a man's face, who was too much of a poltroon not to demolish him on such provocation.

Among the British subjects who studied the art of war under William, whilst that prince was generalissimo for Spain, was the renowned Graham of Claverhouse, who afterwards made his crown of Great Britain totter. At the bloody battle of Seneffe, Claverhouse saved the prince of Orange, when his horse was killed under him, from death, or from what the prince would have liked less, captivity to Louis XIV. he rescued him by a desperate charge, and sacrificing his own chance of retreat, placed the little man on his own swift and strong war-horse. Like his great-nephew, Frederic II. of Prussia, William of Orange sooner or later always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved his life. How William requited sir John Fenwick, who laid him under a similar obligation the same day, or soon afterwards, is matter of history.[1] He, however, promised Claverhouse the command of the first regiment that should be vacant; but he broke his word, and gave it to the son of the earl of Portmore, subsequently one of his instruments in the Revolution. Claverhouse was indignant, and meeting his supplanter at Loo, he caned him. The prince of Orange told Claverhouse "that he had forfeited his right hand for striking any one within the verge of his palace." Claverhouse, in reply, undauntedly reproached him with his breach of promise. "I give you what is of more value to you than a regiment," said the prince, drily, "being your good right hand."—"Your highness must likewise give me leave to serve elsewhere," returned Claverhouse. As he was departing, the prince of Orange sent him a purse of two hundred guineas, as the purchase of the good steed which had saved his life. Claverhouse ordered the horse to be led to the prince's stables, and tossed the contents of the purse among the Dutch grooms.[2]

Most persons suppose that William of Orange had to bide

[1] Memoirs of Captain Bernardi, who was present. It rests not only on his testimony, but is an oft-repeated fact.

[2] Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron; published by the Maitland Club, pp. 274, 275.

the ambitious attack of Louis XIV. in 1674 single-handed. A mistake; he was the general of all Europe combined against France, with the exception of Great Britain, who sat looking on; and very much in the right, seeing the Roman-catholic power of France contending with the ultra-papist states of Spain and Austria, the last championized, forsooth, by the young Orange protestant, whose repeated defeats, however, had placed Flanders (the usual European battle-ground) utterly at the mercy of Louis XIV. William of Orange, with more bravery than was needful, was not quite so great a general as he thought himself. His situation now became most interesting, for his own country was forthwith occupied by the victorious armies of France, and every one but himself gave him up for lost. Here his energetic firmness raises him at once to the rank of the hero which he was, although he has received a greater share of hero-worship than was his due. He was not an injured hero; he had provoked the storm, and he was fighting the battles of the most culpable of papist states. We have no space to enter into the detail of the heroic struggle maintained by the young stadtholder and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid their country under water, and successfully kept the powerful invader at bay. Once the contest seemed utterly hopeless. William was advised to compromise the matter, and yield up Holland as the conquest of Louis XIV. "No," replied he; "I mean to die in the last ditch." A speech alone sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of the arduous war with France, just after the battle of Seneffe, William of Orange was seized with the same fatal malady which had destroyed both his father and his mother in the prime of their lives. The eruption refused to throw out, and he remained half dead. His physicians declared, that if some young healthy person, who had not had the disease, would enter the bed and hold the prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the pustules to appear, and the hope of his country be thus saved. This announcement produced the greatest consternation among the attendants of the prince; even those who had

had the disease were terrified at encountering the infection in its most virulent state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment might be fatal. One of the pages of the prince of Orange, a young noble of the line of Bentinck, who was eminently handsome, resolved to venture his safety for the life of his master, and volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, when tried, was completely successful. Bentinck imbibed the disease, and narrowly escaped with life: for many years, he was William's favourite and prime-minister. Soon after William's recovery from this dangerous disease, his royal uncles, supposing the boyish thirst of combat in their nephew might possibly be assuaged by witnessing or perpetrating the slaughter of a hundred thousand men, (the victims of the contest between France and Spain in four years,) gave him a hint, that if he would pacify Europe he should be rewarded by the hand of his cousin, the princess Mary. The prospect of his uncle James becoming the father of a numerous family of sons, prompted a rude rejection in the reply, "he was not in a condition to think of a wife."[1] The duke of York was deeply hurt and angry[2] that any mention had been made of the pride and darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in her fifteenth year; "though," continues Temple, "it was done only by my lord Ossory, and whether with any order from the king and duke, he best knew." Lord Ossory, the brave son of Ormonde, the renowned ducal-cavalier, commanded the mercenary English troops before named. He was as little pleased as the insulted father at the slight cast on young Mary.

The Dutch prince experienced a change in the warmth of the letters which the father of the princess Mary had addressed to him, since the rude answer he had given to a very kind intent. It had, besides, been signified to him by Charles II., when he proposed a visit to England, "that he had better stay till invited." These intimations made the early-wise politician understand, that the insult he had offered, in an effervescence of brutal temper, to the fair young princess whose rank was so much above his own, was not likely to be soon forgotten

[1] Temple, vol. ii. p. 294. [2] Ibid., p. 295.

by her fond father or her uncle. With infinite sagacity he changed his tactics, knowing that the king of Great Britain, (whatsoever party revilings may say to the contrary,) though pacific, really maintained the attitude of Henry VIII. when Charles V. and Francis I. were contending together. Young William of Orange needed not to be told, that if his uncles threw their swords into the scale against his Spanish and Austrian masters, all the contents of all the dykes of Holland would not then fence him against his mortal enemy Louis, whom, it will be remembered, he had likewise contrived to insult regarding the disposal of his charming self in wedlock. With the wise intention of backing dexterously out of a pretty considerable scrape, the young hero of Nassau made an assignation with his devoted friend, sir William Temple,[1] to hold some discourse touching love and marriage, in the gardens of his Hounslardyke-palace, one morning in the pleasant month of January. "He appointed the hour," says sir William Temple, "and we met accordingly. The prince told me that 'I could easily believe that, being the only son that was left of his family, he was often pressed by his friends to think of marrying, and had had many persons proposed to him, as their several humours led them; that, for his part, he knew it was a thing to be done at some time or other.'" After proceeding in this inimitable style through a long speech, setting forth "the offers made to him by ladies in France and Germany," he intimated that England was the only country to which he was likely to return a favourable answer; and added, "Before I make any paces that way, I am resolved to have your opinion upon two points; but yet I will not ask it, unless you promise to answer me as a friend, and not as king Charles's ambassador." He knew very well that all he was pleased to say regarding "his paces," as he elegantly termed his matrimonial proposals, would be duly transmitted to his uncle, both as friend and ambassador, and that the points on which he called a consultation would be quoted as sufficient apology for his previous brutality. "He wished," he said, "to know somewhat of the person and disposition of the

[1] Temple, vol. ii. pp. 325, 334.

young lady Mary; for though *it would not pass in the world* [*i.e.*, that the world would not give him credit for such delicacy] for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet, for himself, he would tell me without any sort of affectation that *he* was so, and to such a degree that no circumstances of fortune and interest would engage him without those of person, especially those of humour and disposition, [meaning temper and principles]. As for himself, he might perhaps not be very easy for a wife to live with,—he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age; that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, *'twas* what he *shouldn't* be able to bear, who was like to have enough abroad in the course of his life. Besides, after the manner in which *he* was resolved to live with a wife —which should be the very best he could, he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and education; and that if I [sir William Temple] knew any thing particular in these points of the lady Mary, he desired I would tell him freely."[1] Sir William Temple replied, that "He was very glad to find that he was resolved to marry. Of his own observation he could say nothing of the temper and principles of the lady Mary; but that he had heard both his wife and sister speak with all advantage of what they could discern in a princess so young, and more from what they had been told by her governess, lady Villiers, for whom they had a particular friendship, and who, he was sure, took all the care that could be in that part of her education which fell to her share." Who could have believed that the first exploit of the young prince—then making such proper and sensible inquiries regarding the temper and principles of his wedded partner, with such fine sentiments of wedded felicity on a throne— would be the seduction of the daughter of this governess, the constant companion of his wife, who was subjected to the insult of such companionship to the last hour of her life? Sir William Temple—who, good man, believed most guilelessly all that the hero of Nassau chose to instil—thus proceeds:[2] "After two hours'

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336. [2] Ibid., p. 336.

discourse on this subject, the prince of Orange concluded that he would enter on this pursuit," that is, propose forthwith for his cousin Mary. "He meant to write both to the king and the duke of York to beg their favour in it, and their leave that he might go over into England at the end of the campaign. He requested that my wife, lady Temple, who was returning upon my private affairs in my own country, should carry and deliver both his letters to his royal uncles; and during her stay there, should endeavour to inform herself, the most particularly that she could, of all that concerned the person, humour, and dispositions of the young princess. Within two or three days of this discourse the prince of Orange brought his letters to lady Temple, and she went directly to England with them. "She left me," said sir William Temple, "preparing for the treaty of Nimeguen," where, by the way, the Dutch and French were equally desirous of peace, although William of Orange contrived to eke out the war, in behalf of his Spanish master, for full three years.

The prince of Orange was better able to negotiate for a wife, having lost his grandmother in 1675, who had possessed the Palace in the Wood, and other immunities of dowagerhood at the Hague. This princess was remarkable for a gorgeous economy; she had never more than 12,000 crowns per annum revenue, yet she was entirely served in gold plate. Sir William Temple enumerates her water-bottles of gold, the key of her closet of gold, and all her gold cisterns; every thing this grand old dowager touched was of that adorable and adored metal. It was as well, perhaps, for young Mary, that her husband's grandmother had departed before her arrival. It may be doubted whether the young bride inherited all the gold moveables. William had a bad habit of shooting away all the precious metals he could appropriate, in battles and sieges. The "plenishings" at Whitehall, although only of silver, were coined up, and departed on the same bad errand, in the last years of his life.

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person

to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Harwich, after a stormy passage, October $\frac{9}{19}$th of the same year. Having disposed himself to act the wooer,[1] "He came," says sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles, Charles II. and James duke of York, were enjoying the October Newmarket meeting." Charles was residing in a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired: lord Arlington, the prime-minister, waited on him at his alighting. "My lord treasurer Danby and I," continues sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming *down* to the king. He whispered to us both 'that he must desire me to *answer for him*,[2] and for my lord treasurer Danby, so that they might from that time enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance;' which was a wise strain considering his lordship's credit at court at that time. It much shocked my lord Arlington."[3] This means that William demanded of Temple an introduction to Danby, with whom he was not personally acquainted; but with such kindred souls, a deep and lasting intimacy soon was established.

The prince of Orange was very kindly received by king Charles and the duke of York, who both strove to enter into discussions of business, which they were surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So king Charles," says Temple, "bade me find out the reason of it." The prince of Orange told me "he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the peace." The fact was,

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 519, et seq.

[2] This seems a technical term for 'introduction,' being a sort of warranty that the person introduced was "good man and true."

[3] We have the testimony of M. Dumont, of Les Affaires Etrangères de France, that not the slightest evidence exists among the documents there implicating the personal honesty of Arlington, Clifford, or the other members of the cabal. These are "dogs to whom a very bad name has been given," perhaps worse than they actually deserved.

he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good-nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the Protestant heiress of England to force the continuance of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her, and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said, (laughing, like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at a delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real,) "he supposed his whims must be humoured;"[1] and, leaving Newmarket some days before his inclination, he escorted the Prince to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his fair niece.

"The prince," proceeds his friend Temple, "upon the sight of the princess Mary was so pleased with her person,[2] and all those signs of such a 'humour' as had been described to him, that he immediately made his suit to the king, which was very well received and assented to, but with this condition, that the terms of a peace abroad might first be agreed on between them. The prince of Orange excused himself, and said "he must end his marriage before he began the peace treaty." Whether he deemed marriage and peace incompatible he did not add, but his expressions, though perfectly consistent with his usual measures, were not very suitable to the lover-like impatience he affected: "His allies would be apt to believe he had made this match at their cost; and, for his part, he would never sell his honour for—a wife!" This gentlemanlike speech availed not, and the king continued so positive for three or four days, "that my lord treasurer [Danby] and I began to doubt the whole business would break upon this *punctilio*," says sir William Temple, adding,[3] "About that time I chanced to go to the prince at supper, and found him in the worst humour I ever saw. He told me 'that he repented coming into England, and resolved that he would stay but two days longer, and then be gone, if the king continued in the mind he was, of treating of the

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., p. 429.

peace before he was married. But that before he went, the king must choose how they should live hereafter; for he was sure it must be either like the 'greatest friends or the greatest enemies,' and desired me 'to let his majesty know so next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon it.' "[1] This was abundantly insolent, even supposing William owed no more to his uncle than according to the general-history version; but when we see him raised from the dust, loaded with benefits, and put in a position to assume this arrogant tone,—undeniable facts, allowed even by the partial pen of Temple,—the hero of Nassau assumes the ugly semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled manikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humour.

Careless, easy Charles, who let every man, woman, and child have its own way that plagued him into compliance, was the very person with whom such airs had their intended effect. Sir William Temple having communicated to his sovereign this polite speech of defiance in his own palace, Charles replied, after listening with great attention, "Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world. I will trust him: he *shall* have his wife. You go, sir William Temple, and tell my brother so, and that it is a thing I am resolved on."—"I did so," continues sir William Temple, "and the duke of York seemed at first a little surprised; but when I had done, he said 'the king shall be obeyed, and I would be glad if all his subjects would learn of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion very freely upon all things; but when I know his positive pleasure on a point, I obey him.'[2] . . . . From the duke of York I went," continues Temple, "to the prince of Orange, and told him my story, which he could hardly at first believe; but he embraced me, and told me I had made him a very happy man, and very unexpectedly. So I left him to give the king an account of what had passed. As I went through the ante-chamber of the prince of Orange, I encountered lord treasurer Danby, and told him my story.

[1] Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 420, 421. [2] Ibid.

Lord treasurer undertook to adjust all between the king and the prince of Orange." This he did so well, that the match was declared that evening in the cabinet council.[1] Then the prince of Orange requested an interview with his uncle the duke of York, for the purpose of telling him "that he had something to say about an affair which was the chief cause of his coming to England: this was, to desire that he might have the happiness to be nearer related to him, by marrying the lady Mary." The duke replied "that he had all the esteem for him he could desire; but till they had brought to a conclusion the affair of war or peace, that discourse must be delayed."[2] The duke mentioned the conversation to king Charles in the evening, who owned that he had authorized the application of the prince of Orange.

Some private negotiation had taken place between the duke of York and Louis XIV., respecting the marriage of the lady Mary and the dauphin. The treaty had degenerated into a proposal for her from the prince de Conti, which had been rejected by the duke of York with infinite scorn.[3] He considered that the heir of France alone was worthy of the hand of his beautiful Mary. Court gossip had declared that the suit of the prince of Orange was as unacceptable to her as to her father, and that her heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch lord, on whom her father would rather have bestowed her than on his nephew. How the

[1] Memoirs of James II. edited by Stanier Clark.

[2] Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii.

[3] There is a story afloat, in a party book called the "Secret History" of those times, that the king of France (taking advantage of the reluctance manifested by the duke of York to the Orange match) proposed by his ambassador, that the young lady Mary should affect indisposition, and request to go, for the recovery of her health, to the baths of Bourbon, when she should be seized upon, and married directly to the dauphin; and he promised every toleration of her faith, and that the Protestants in France, (to humour the duke of York's passion for toleration,) should have unusual privileges. Neither the duke nor the king was to appear as consenting in the scheme. Another version is, "that Louis XIV. sent the duke de Vendôme and a splendid embassy to London, proposing to the duke of York to steal or kidnap the princess; but that Charles II. was averse to the scheme, and had her guards doubled and great precautions taken, and finished by marrying her suddenly to the prince."—Secret History of Whitehall, vol. i. 1678. There is not a particle of this tale corroborated by documentary history.

poor bride approved of the match, is a point that none of these diplomatists think it worth while to mention: for her manner of receiving the news, we must refer to the unprinted pages of her confidential friend and tutor, Dr. Lake. The announcement was made to Mary, October the 21st. "That day," writes Dr. Lake, "the duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's, (which was his family residence). He led his eldest daughter, the lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between her and the prince of Orange; whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day.[1] The next day the privy council came to congratulate the yet weeping bride, and lord chancellor Finch made her a complimentary speech. It appears that the prince shared in these congratulations, and was by her side when they were made. The day after, the judges complimented and congratulated their affianced highnesses,—lord justice Rainsford speaking to my lady Mary in the name of the rest; after which, they all kissed her hand."[2] The poor princess, in company with her betrothed, had several deputations to receive October 24th. These were the lord mayor and aldermen, the civilians of Doctors' Commons, and the commercial companies that her father had founded: she had to listen to speeches congratulatory on an event, for which her heart was oppressed and her eyes still streaming. The citizens gave a grand feast, to show their loyal joy at the pure protestantism of this alliance; her highness the bride, accompanied by her sister the lady Anne, and her step-mother the duchess of York, witnessed the civic procession from the house of sir Edward Waldo, in Cheapside, where they sat under a canopy of state, and afterwards partook of the lord mayor's banquet at Guildhall, October 29.[3]

The marriage was appointed for the prince of Orange's birthday, being Sunday, November the 4th, o. s. How startled would have been the persons who assembled round the altar, dressed in the bride's bedchamber in St. James's-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary. [2] Ibid.

[3] Life of Mary II., 1695: published at the Harrow, in Fleet-street. Sir Francis Chaplin commenced his mayoralty on that day.

palace, could they have looked forward and been aware of what was to happen on the eleventh anniversary of that date![1] There were collected in the lady Mary's bedchamber at nine o'clock at night, to witness or assist at the ceremony, king Charles II., his queen Catharine, the duke of York and his young duchess, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England; these, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton bishop of London, the bride's preceptor, who performed the ceremony, were all that were ostensibly present, the marriage being strictly private. The official attendants of all these distinguished personages were nevertheless admitted, forming altogether a group sufficiently large for nuptials in a bedchamber. King Charles gave away the sad bride, and overbore her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried her to the altar, saying to Compton, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can, lest my sister, the duchess of York here, should bring us a boy, and then the marriage will be disappointed."[2] Here was a slight hint that he saw which way the hopes of the Orange prince were tending. In answer to the question, "Who gives this woman?" king Charles exclaimed with emphasis, "*I* do," which words were an interpolation on the marriage service.[3] When the prince of Orange endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, he placed a handful of gold and silver coins on the open book: king Charles told his niece "to gather it up, and to put all in her pocket, for 'twas all clear gain!"[4] After the ceremony was concluded, the bride and the royal family received the congratulations of the court and of the foreign ambassadors, among whom Barillon, the French ambassador, appeared remarkably discontented. Sir Walter Scott certainly never saw Dr. Lake's manuscript, but by some poetical divination he anticipated Charles II.'s behaviour that night, when, in his Marmion, he affirms—

> "Queen Katharine's hand the stocking threw,
> And bluff king Hal the curtain drew;"

[1] When William of Orange invaded England, and dethroned his uncle and father-in-law, James II.

[2] Lake's MS. Diary.

[3] Lake's MS. Diary. Life of Mary II. 1695.

[4] Ibid.

for at eleven the prince and princess of Orange retired to rest, and all the ceremonies took place which were then national.[1] These were breaking cake and drinking possets, in the presence of all those who assisted at the marriage: king Charles drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and departed, shouting "St. George for England!" The next morning the prince of Orange, by his favourite, Bentinck, sent his princess a magnificent gift of jewels to the amount of 40,000*l*. The lord mayor came with congratulations to the prince and princess of Orange, and the same routine of compliments from the high officials that had waited on the princess previously, now were repeated to her on account of her marriage.

This Protestant alliance was so highly popular in Scotland, that it was celebrated with extraordinary and quaint festivities, being announced with great pomp by the duke of Lauderdale at Edinburgh, at the town Mercat-cross, which was hung with tapestry, and embellished with an arbour formed of many hundreds of oranges. His grace, with the lord provost, and as many of the civic magistrates and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses the prince and princess; next, of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle, all the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many voiders of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.[2]

Two days after the marriage, the bride was actually disinherited of her expectations on the throne of Great Britain

[1] Barbarous and uncivilized as these ceremonials were, in a MS. letter kindly communicated by Mrs. Shikelthorp of Wendling, in Norfolk, of the late lady Anne Hamilton, (widow of lord *Anne* Hamilton, and one of the ladies of queen Charlotte,) she notices that his majesty George III. and his queen were the first royal pair married in England for whom these joyous uproars were not prepared on their bridal evening. Horace Walpole fully confirms the same, by his account of the wedding of Frederick prince of Wales, father of George III.

[2] Life of Mary II.: 1695.

by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly, and likely to live. The prince of Orange had the compliment paid him of standing sponsor to this unwelcome relative when it was baptized, November the 8th. The lady-governess Villiers stood godmother by proxy for one of her charges, the young princess Isabella. The ill-humour of the prince of Orange now became sufficiently visible to the courtiers; as for his unhappy bride, she is never mentioned by her tutor Dr. Lake excepting as in tears. She had, when married, and for some days afterwards, an excuse for her sadness, in the alarming illness of her sister lady Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Lady Anne is not named as being present at her sister's nuptials, an absence that is unaccounted for excepting by Dr. Lake, who says, "her highness the lady Anne, having been sick for several days, appeared to have the smallpox."[1] She had most likely taken the infection when visiting the city. "I was commanded," added Dr. Lake, "not to go to her chamber to read prayers to her, because of my attendance on the princess of Orange, and on the other children:" these were lady Isabella, and the new-born Charles, who could have dispensed with his spiritual exhortations. "This troubled me," he resumes, "the more, because the nurse of the lady Anne was a very busy, zealous Roman-catholic, and would probably discompose her highness if she had an opportunity; wherefore, November 11th, I waited on the lady governess, [lady Frances Villiers,] and suggested this to her. She bade me 'do what I thought fit.' But little satisfied with what she said to me, I addressed myself to the bishop of London,[2] who commanded me to wait constantly on her highness lady Anne, and to do all suitable offices ministerial incumbent on me."

The parental tenderness of the duke of York had enjoined that all communication must be cut off between his daughters, lest the infection of this plague of smallpox should be communicated to the princess of Orange, as if he had antici-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary, Nov. 7.

[2] Compton, bishop of London, who was governor or preceptor to the princesses

pated how fatal it was one day to be to her. Dr. Lake was not permitted, if he continued his attendance on the princess Anne, to see the princess of Orange. "I thought it my duty,"[1] he says, "before I went to her highness lady Anne, to take my leave of the princess, who designed to depart for Holland with her husband the Friday next. I perceived her eyes full of tears, and herself very disconsolate, not only for her sister's illness, but on account of the prince urging her to remove her residence to Whitehall, to which the princess would by no means be persuaded." The reason the prince wished to quit St. James's was, because the small-pox was raging there like a plague. Not only the lady Anne of York, but lady Villiers and several of the duke's household were sickening with this fatal disorder; yet the disconsolate bride chose to run all risks, rather than quit her father one hour before she had to commence her unwelcome banishment.

Dr. Lake tried his reasoning powers to convince the princess of Orange of the propriety of this measure, but in vain. He then took the opportunity of preferring a request concerning his own interest. "I had the honour to retire with her to her closet," continues Dr. Lake,[2] "and I call God to witness, that I never said there, or elsewhere, any thing contrary to the holy Scriptures, or to the discipline of the church of England; and I hoped that the things in which I had instructed her might still remain with her. I said, 'I had been with her seven years, and that no person who hath lived so long at court but did make a far greater advantage than I have done, having gotten but 100*l.* a-year; wherefore I did humbly request her highness that, at her departure, she would recommend me to the king and the bishop of London, and that I would endeavour to requite the favour by being very careful of the right instruction of the lady Anne, her sister, of whom I had all the assurances in the world that she would be very good. Finally, I wished

[1] Lake's MS. Diary.

[2] Ibid. On that very day Dr. Lake mentions that he had completed his thirty-fifth year.

her highness all prosperity, and that God would bless her, and show her favour in the sight of the strange people among whom she was going.' Whereupon I kneeled down, and kissed her gown. Her highness of Orange gave me thanks for all my kindnesses, and assured me 'that she would do all that she could for me.' She could say no more for excessive weeping. So she turned her back, and went into her bedroom."[1]

"At three o'clock I went to the lady Anne, and, considering her distemper, found her very well, without headache, or pain in her back, or fever. I read prayers to her." This was on Sunday, November the 11th, the princess of Orange having been married a week. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her husband, and her own danger of infection, the bride carried her point, and clave to her paternal home at St. James's-palace to the last moment of her stay in England. Meantime, the duke of York kept her from seeing her sister Anne, who became worse from day to day as the disease approached its climax. "Her highness, lady Anne," says Dr. Lake, "was somewhat giddy, and very much disordered; she requested me not to leave her, and recommended to me the care of her foster-sister's instruction in the Protestant religion. At night I christened her nurse's child, Mary."[2] This was the daughter of the Roman-catholic nurse, of whom Compton bishop of London expressed so much apprehension: how she came to permit the church-of-England chaplain to christen her baby is not explained. The fifteenth of November was the queen's birthday, which was celebrated with double pomp, on account of her niece's marriage. From Dr. Lake, it is impossible to gather the slightest hint of the bridal costume, or of the dress of the bride, excepting that her royal highness attired herself for that ball very richly, and wore all her jewels. She was very sad; the prince, her husband, was as sullen. He never spoke to her the whole evening, and his brutality was remarked by every one there. Yet the artists and the poets of England had combined to make that evening a scene of

[1] Lake's MS. Diary. [2] Ibid.

enchantment and delight. All seemed replete with joy and mirth, excepting the disconsolate Mary, who expected that she should have, before she retired to rest, to doff her courtly robes and jewels, and embark on board the yacht that was to take her to Holland. On this account, the officials of the household of her father, and those of her own maiden establishment in England, were permitted to kiss her hand at the ball, and to take leave of her, which they did at eight o'clock in the evening.[1]

The epithalamium of this wedlock was from the pen of the courtly veteran, Waller, and was sung that night:—

"As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came,
A royal hero[2] no less brave,
Produced this sweet—this lovely dame.[3]

To her the prince[4] that did oppose
Gaul's mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleets (his high command)
Which triumph where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange with youth experience has,
In action young, in council old,
Orange is what Augustus was,—
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree[5] which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied
In royal blood, and virtue too,
Now Love has you together tied,
May none the triple knot undo."

The wind that night setting in easterly, gave the poor bride a reprieve, and she in consequence remained by the paternal side all the next day, November the 16th, in the home-palace of St. James. The perversity of the wind did not ameliorate the temper of her husband; he was exces-

[1] Lake's MS. Diary.
[2] James duke of York.
[3] Mary, his daughter.
[4] William of Orange.
[5] The orange-tree was the device of William, orange and green his liveries.

sively impatient of remaining in England to witness the continuance of festivities, dancing, and rejoicing. "This day," says Dr. Lake, "the court began to whisper of the sullenness and clownishness of the prince of Orange. It was observed that he took no notice of his bride at the play, nor did he come to see her at St. James's the day before their departure." Dr. Lake, and the indignant household of the princess at St. James's, it seems, blamed this conduct as unprovoked brutality; but that the prince was not angry without cause is obvious. Being secretly exasperated at the unwelcome birth of Mary's young brother, he was not inclined, as his marriage bargain was much depreciated in value, to lose the beauty of his young bride as well as her kingdom; he was displeased, and not unjustly, at her obstinacy in continuing to risk her life and charms of person, surrounded by the infection at the palace of St. James. The maids of honour of the queen, the duchess of York, and especially of the princess Anne, were enraged at the rude behaviour of the Dutch prince. They spoke of him at first as the "Dutch monster," till they found for him the name of "Caliban," a *sobriquet* which lady Anne, at least, never forgot.[1]

The lady Anne being dreadfully ill during the days when her sister's departure hung on the caprice of the wind, the paternal care of the duke of York deemed that any farewell between his daughters would be dangerous for each. He gave orders, that whenever the princess of Orange actually went away, the fact was to be carefully concealed from Anne, lest it should have a fatal effect on her.[2] The palace of St. James was still reeking with infection: several of the official attendants of the ducal court were dying or dead. The lady governess, Frances Villiers, was desperately ill: she was to have accompanied the princess of Orange on her voyage, but it was impossible.[3] Dr. Lake thus enumerates, with a foreboding heart, the disasters accompanying this marriage: "There were many unlucky circumstances that

[1] Letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough.
[2] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary [3] Ibid.

did seem to retard and embitter the departure of the princess of Orange,—as the sickness of the lady Anne, the danger of the lady governess, [Villiers,] who was left behind; and her husband, [sir Edward Villiers,] the master of the horse to the princess of Orange, he too was obliged to stay in England; likewise the sudden death of Mr. Hemlock, her nurse's father, which happened at St. James's-palace this night; the death and burial of the archbishop of Canterbury, her godfather;[1] the illness of Mrs. Trelawney's[2] father and uncle; as also Mrs. White's dangerous illness, who was appointed to attend the princess of Orange in Holland. God preserve her highness, and make her voyage and abode there prosperous!"[3]

The wind blew westerly on the morning of the 19th of November, and in consequence every one was early astir in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, in preparation for the departure of the Orange bride and bridegroom. The princess took leave of her beloved home of St. James, and came to Whitehall-palace as early as nine in the morning, to bid farewell to her royal aunt queen Catharine. Mary, when she approached, was weeping piteously, and her majesty, to comfort her, "told her to consider how much better her case was than her own; for when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen king Charles."—"But, madam," rejoined the princess of Orange, "remember, *you* came *into* England; I am going out of England."—"The princess wept grievously all the morning," continues Dr. Lake.[4] "She requested the duchess of Monmouth to come often to see the lady Anne, her sister, and to accompany her to the chapel the first time she appeared there. She also left two letters to be given to her sister as soon as she recovered." What a contrast is this tender heart-clinging to her family, to Mary's conduct after ten years' companionship with the partner to whom her reluctant hand had been given!

[1] Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, died November 9th, and was buried at Croydon on Nov. 16th, by the side of archbishop Whitgift, at his own desire.—Dr. Lake.

[2] Anne Trelawney, the favourite maid of honour of the princess Mary, was with her two years afterwards in Holland.—Sidney Diary.

[3] Dr. Lake's Diary, Nov. 16. [4] Ibid.

The wind was fair for Holland, the tide served, the royal barges were in waiting at Whitehall-stairs, and king Charles and the duke of York were ready, with most of the nobility and gentry in London, to accompany the princess and her husband down the river as far as Erith, where the bridal party were to dine.[1] Here Mary took a heart-rending farewell of her father and uncle, and in the afternoon she embarked at Gravesend with her husband and suite in one of the royal yachts, several English and Dutch men-of-war being in attendance to convoy the gay bark to Holland. The celebrated poet, Nat Lee, describes the embarkation in his poem on the marriage and departure of the princess of Orange; and as he declares that he was an eye-witness of the scene, it is possible that the parties grouped themselves according to his lines. Yet it is as evident that he knew nothing of the dangerous illness of the princess Anne; that must have been kept from the public, for he supposes that she was present. The following are the best of the lines of this now-forgotten historical poem:—

"Hail! happy warrior, hail! whose arms have won
The fairest jewel of the English crown!
Hail! princess, hail! thou fairest of thy kind,
Thou shape of angel with an angel's mind!
* * * *
But hark! 'tis rumoured that this happy pair
Must go: the prince for Holland does declare.
I saw them launch: the prince the princess bore,
While the sad court stood crowding on the shore.
The prince, still bowing, on the deck did stand,
And held his weeping consort by the hand,
Which, waving oft, she bade them all farewell,
And wept as if she would the briny ocean swell,
'Farewell, thou best of fathers, best of friends!'
While the grieved duke[2] with a deep sigh commends
To heaven his child, in tears his eyes would swim,
But manly virtue stays them at the brim.
'Farewell,' she cried, 'my sister![3] thou dear part,
The sweetest half of my divided heart;
My little love!'—her sighs she did renew—
'Once more, oh, heavens! a long, a last adieu.
Part! must I ever lose those pretty charms?'
Then swoons and sinks into the prince's arms."

[1] Dr. Lake: likewise Echard.

[2] The duke of York, her father.

[3] The princess Anne. Lee evidently supposes that she was present, instead of being, as she really was, on a bed of sickness at St. James's-palace.

This is somewhat common-place, and the theatrical farewell to the lady Anne the sheer invention of the poet. Other thoughts than those surmised by Nat Lee were working in the brain of Orange.

The duke of York ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom, for before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people. The wind changed by the time the Dutch fleet had dropped down to Sheerness, and remained contrary for thirty or forty hours. At the end of this time the king and duke of York sent an express to entreat the prince and princess to come up the river, and remain with them at Whitehall; instead of which they went on shore at Sheerness, and were entertained by colonel Dorrell, the governor. The next day, November the 23rd, they crossed the country to Canterbury, the princess being accompanied only by lady Inchiquin (one of the Villiers' sisters) and a dresser; the prince by his favourites, Bentinck and Odyke. Here an extraordinary circumstance took place; one witness vouches "that his authority was no other than the mouth of archbishop Tillotson himself, from whose narration it was written down."[1]—"The prince and princess of Orange, when they arrived at an inn in Canterbury, found themselves in a destitute condition for want of cash, as they had been unkindly and secretly thrust out of London by king Charles and the duke of York, from jealousy lest the lord mayor should invite them to a grand civic feast.[2] The prince, to relieve his wants, sent Bentinck to represent them to the corporation, and beg a loan of money." It is very plain that the corporation of Canterbury considered the whole application as a case of mendicity or fictitious distress, for the request was denied. However, there happened to be present Dr. Tillotson, the dean of Canterbury, who hurried home, gathered together all the plate and ready-money in guineas he had at

[1] Echard's Appendix and Tindal's Notes to Rapin; the latter, a contemporary, adds many aggravating circumstances, all false.

[2] That they had already been to this grand feast, October 29, we learn from Dr. Lake and the Gazette.

command, and bringing them to the inn, begged an interview with M. Bentinck, and presented them to him, "with the hope that they would be serviceable to their highnesses;" entreating, withal, "that they would quit a situation so unworthy of their rank, and come to stay at the deanery, which was usually the abode of all the royal company that came to the city."[1] The prince accepted the plate and money with warm thanks, but declined going to the deanery. Dr. Tillotson was presented, and kissed the hand of the princess. In this hospitable transaction no blame can be attached to Dr. Tillotson, whose conduct was becoming the munificence of the church he had entered.[2] Why the prince of Orange did not request a loan or supply by the express that his uncles sent to invite him affectionately back to Whitehall, instead of presenting himself and his princess in a state of complaining mendicity at Canterbury, is inconsistent with plain dealing. As he had been paid the first instalment of the 40,000*l.* which was the portion of the princess, his credit was good in England. The fact is, that the birth of the young brother of Mary had rendered this ambitious politician desperate, and he was making a bold dash at obtaining partisans, by representing himself as an ill-treated person. Nor were his efforts ultimately fruitless, if the following statement of

[1] This feature of the story is preserved by Birch, the biographer of Tillotson, and not by Echard or Tindal.

[2] Dr. Tillotson is, from the period of this adventure, intimately connected with the fortunes of the princess of Orange; therefore, for the sake of intelligibility, the following abstract of his previous life is presented. He was the son of a rich clothier of Sowerby, near Halifax, who was a strict puritan at the time of John Tillotson's birth, and became a furious anabaptist, which he remained, even after his son had conformed to our church on her restoration to prosperity. John Tillotson was born October 23, 1630; he became a learned and eloquent man, he was good-tempered, and much beloved in private life. It is nearly impossible to gather from his biography whether he had been a dissenting preacher, but as it is certain that he preached before ordination, doubtless he was so. The religion of Tillotson, before the Restoration, was of that species professed by independents who are on good terms with the Socinians. He was chaplain and tutor to the sons of Prideaux, attorney-general of Oliver Cromwell. Tillotson subsequently married Ebina Wilkins, a niece of Oliver Cromwell. When upwards of 2000 conscientious nonconformists forsook their livings rather than comply with the tenets of the church of England, our church actually gained John Tillotson, who, being possessed of great eloquence, attained rapid preferment, until he is found dean of Canterbury, in 1677. This account is abstracted from Dr. Birch's biography of archbishop Tillotson.

a contemporary be correct, and all circumstances corroborate it. "By this accident, Dr. Tillotson begun that lucky acquaintance and correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange and M. Bentinck, *as* afterwards advanced him to an archbishopric."[1]

The prince and princess of Orange lingered no less than four days at their inn in Canterbury, cultivating the acquaintance of their new friend Dr. Tillotson, and receiving the congratulations of the gentry and nobility of Kent, in whose eyes William seemed sedulously to render himself an object of pity and distress, for great quantities of provisions were given by them for his use. He left Canterbury, November the 27th, and went that night with the princess and her train on board the Montague at Margate, commanded by sir John Holmes, who set sail the next day. The ice prevented the fleet from entering the Maes, but the princess and her spouse, after a quick but stormy passage, were landed at Tethude, a town on the Holland coast, and went direct to the Hounslardyke-palace. It was remarked, that the princess of Orange was the only female on board who did not suffer from sea-sickness.[2] The princess, besides lady Inchiquin, (Mary Villiers,) was accompanied by Elizabeth and Anne Villiers: the mother of these sisters, her late governess, expired of the smallpox at St. James's-palace before the prince of Orange had finished his mysterious transactions at Canterbury.[3] The princess had likewise with her, in the capacity of maid of honour, Mary Wroth, or Worth, a relative of the Sidney family. Each of these girls disquieted her married life. Both the unmarried Villiers were older than herself, and she was eclipsed in the eyes of her sullen lord by their maturer charms. The prince of Orange fell in love with Elizabeth Villiers, and scandal was likewise afloat relative to him and her sister Anne, who subsequently married his favourite, Bentinck. Much wonder is expressed by lady Mary Wortley Montague, and likewise by Swift, who were

[1] Rapin's Hist. of England, folio, vol. ii. p. 683.
[2] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary.
[3] Birch's Life of Tillotson. Dr. Lake's MS

both her acquaintances, how it was possible for Elizabeth Villiers to rival the princess Mary in the heart of her spouse, for Elizabeth, although a fine woman, had not a handsome face. "I always forget myself, and talk of squinting people before her," says Swift, in his journal; "and the good lady squints like a dragon."

As soon as possible after the arrival of the princess of Orange at the Hounslardyke-palace, the States-General of Holland sent their *hoff-master*, Dinter, to compliment her and the prince, and to ascertain "when it would be seasonable for them to offer their congratulations in a formal manner?" The prince and princess did not make their public entry into the Hague until December the 14th, so long were the mynheers preparing their formalities, which were perpetrated with extraordinary magnificence. Twelve companies of burghers were in arms, drawn up under their respective ensigns; and the bridge of the Hague was adorned with green garlands, under which was written a Latin inscription in honour of the illustrious pair, of which the following is our author's English version:—

> "Hail, sacred worthy! blest in that rich bed,
> At once thy Mary and thy Belgia wed:
> And long, long live thy fair Britannic bride,
> Her Orange and her country's equal pride!"

Having passed the bridge, they were met by four-and-twenty virgins, who walked two-and-two on each side their highnesses' coach, singing and strewing green herbs all the way. When their highnesses came before the town-house, they passed through a triumphal arch, adorned with foliage and *grotesco* work, with the arms of both their highnesses; and over them two hands, with a Latin motto, thus rendered in English:—

> "What halcyon airs this royal Hymen sings!
> The olive-branch of peace her dower she brings."

In the evening, Mary was welcomed with a grand display of fireworks, in which were represented St. George on horseback, fountains, pyramids, castles, triumphal chariots, Jupiter and Mars descending from the skies, a lion, a duck and a drake (emblematic, we suppose, of dykes and canals), and a

variety of other devices, in honour of this auspicious alliance. The next day the *heer* Van Ghent, and a variety of other *heers*, whose Dutch names would not be of much interest to British readers, complimented their highnesses in the name of the States-General.[1] Though Mary's chief residence and principal court in Holland was at the Hague, yet she had several other palaces, as Loo, Hounslardyke, and Dieren.

Louis XIV. took the marriage heinously; for many months he would not be reconciled to his cousin-german the duke of York; "for," wrote he to that prince, "you have given your daughter to my mortal enemy." This was not the fault of the duke of York, for lord Dartmouth records an anecdote that the duke, on first hearing of this marriage, or perhaps after seeing the tearful agonies of Mary when she heard her doleful sentence of consignment to her cousin, remonstrated with his brother by a confidential friend, reminding his majesty that he had solemnly promised never to give away Mary without he, her father, gave his full consent to her marriage. "So I did, it's true, man!" exclaimed Charles, with his characteristic humour; "but, odd's-fish! James *must* consent to this!"

[1] Life of Mary II.: 1695.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Convalescence of lady Anne—Her father breaks to her the departure of her sister—Takes possession of her sister's apartments at St. James's—Death of her brother—News of the princess of Orange—Relapses into Sunday card-playing—Attends dissenting preachings—First communion of lady Anne—Her strange conduct—Anne's favourite lady, Mrs. Cornwallis, banished—Anne's love for Mrs. Churchill—Princess of Orange, her court at the Hague—Her chapel and Dr. Hooper—Prince of Orange persecutes her religion—Objects to her books—His unfaithfulness to her—Visit of her step-mother and lady Anne—Illness of the princess—Her father and his consort visit her—Her tender parting with them—Her conjugal troubles—Princess and the French ambassador—Princess causes Ken to marry Mary Worth to Zulestein—Rage of the prince—Insults Dr. Ken—Princess entreats him to stay—Seclusion of the princess—Residence of the lady Anne at her uncle's court—Her prospects of the succession—Suitors—Prince George of Hanover, (George I.)—His visit to her—His retreat—Mortifying reports—Her anger—Visits her father in Scotland—Her love for lord Mulgrave—Marriage of Anne with prince George of Denmark—Appoints Mrs. Churchill to her household—Lonely life of the princess of Orange—Palace restraint—Mourning on the anniversary of Charles I.'s death—Insults of her husband—Her grief—Final subjugation—Enlargement from restraint—Attentions to Monmouth—Her gaiety—Skates and dances with Monmouth—Death of her uncle, (Charles II.)—Accession of her father, (James II.)—His letters to her and her husband—Dr. Covell's report of the princess's ill-treatment—Deep grief of the princess—Departure of the princess's favourite maid, Anne Trelawney—Sympathy of the princess for the suffering French Protestants—Conjugal alarms of the princess—Solicits body-guards for the prince—Princess's sharp answer to W. Penn—Prince of Orange requests a pension for her—James II. refuses.

When it was certain that the princess of Orange was safely across the stormy seas, the duke of York himself undertook to break to the lady Anne the fact that her sister was actually gone, which he expected to prove heart-rending to her; perhaps he over-rated the vivacity of the sisterly affection, for the lady Anne "took the intelligence very patiently.[1] He had daily visited her in her sick chamber, and had taken the pains

[1] Dr. Lake's MS Diary. December 1st.

to send from thence messages as if the princess of Orange were still in England, being apprehensive lest the knowledge of her departure should give a fatal turn to the malady of the invalid. The duke might have spared himself the trouble of his fatherly caution: the lady Anne, being installed in the superior suite of apartments which her elder sister had enjoyed at St. James's,[1] was perfectly reconciled to the decrees of destiny. "Two days after the return of the royal yacht which had attended the bride to Holland," writes Dr. Lake, "the lady Anne went forth of her chamber, all her servants rejoicing to see her perfectly recovered." She went directly to visit her step-mother, the duchess of York, who was not recovered from her confinement.

The lady Anne had previously requested Dr. Lake to return thanks to God, in her chamber, for her recovery, and at this service had given, as her offering, two guineas for distribution among the poor.[2] This modest gift, as a thank-offering for mercies received, is probably an instance of the very obscure point of the offertory of our church according to its discipline before the Revolution, for the princess had not completed her fourteenth year, and we find, by Dr. Lake's testimony, that she had not yet communicated. The day on which she thus religiously celebrated her recovery was an awful one, for her governess, lady Frances Villiers, expired of the same malady from which she was just convalescent. Dr. Lake makes no mention of the grief of Anne for this loss, but merely observes that in the early part of December all the court were gossiping as to who should be the successor of lady Frances Villiers. The lady Anne appeared in a few days, perfectly recovered, at St. James's chapel. The death of the infant brother, whose birth had so inopportunely interfered with the sweetness of the Orange honey-moon, took place on December 12th: his demise rendered the princess Mary again heiress-presumptive to the British throne.

The earliest intelligence from Holland of the princess of Orange, gave great pain to her anxious but too timid tutor, Dr. Lake, who thus expresses his concern at her relapse into

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Dec. 4th. [2] Ibid., Dec. 10th.

her former evil habit of Sunday card-playing:[1] "I was very sorry to understand that the princess of Orange, since her being in Holland, did sometimes play at cards upon the Sundays, which would doubtless give offence to that people." He then mentions his efforts to eradicate that bad custom of the princess in England, which he had thought were successful, since she had abstained from the wrong he had pointed out for two years. How soon the princess of Orange returned to this detestable practice may be judged, since she only left England the 28th of November, and Dr. Lake records her Sunday gamblings January 9th, scarcely six weeks afterwards. He was astonished that she did not require his services as her chaplain in Holland, or those of Dr. Doughty. The inveteracy of the prince of Orange as a gambler,[2] and the passion of his princess for card-playing, combined with the certainty of the remonstrances of the church-of-England clergymen, might have been the reason.

At first, on account of the enmity of the prince to the church of England, no chapel was provided, although an ecclesiastical establishment had been stipulated for the princess. Dr. Lloyd, the chaplain, who had accompanied the princess Mary from England, was recalled by the end of January; he had greatly displeased the primate of the church of England, by sanctioning the princess's frequenting a congregation of dissenters at the Hague.[3] It had been more consistent with his clerical character, if he had induced her to suppress her Sunday gambling parties. He is said, by Burnet, to have held a remarkable conversation with the princess during her voyage from England, when expressing his surprise to her that her father had suffered her to be educated out of the pale of the Roman-catholic church. She assured him that her father never attempted in one instance to shake their religious principles.[4]

[1] Dr. Lake's Diary, Jan. 9th, previously quoted, at the time when the princess first gave her tutor uneasiness, by falling into this sin at her commencement of public life.

[2] See various passages in Lamberty, who mentions the enormous losses or gains of his prince at the basset-table, but, like most foreigners, without the slightest idea that such conduct was at the same time evil in itself, and lamentably pernicious as example to an imitative people like the English.

[3] Dr Lake's MS. Diary, Jan. 28. [4] Burnet's MSS., Harleian Col. 6584.

Just before Easter, the young princess Anne was confirmed in royal state at the chapel of Whitehall by her preceptor, Compton bishop of London: her first communion took place on Easter-Sunday. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, gives the following account of the extraordinary manner in which she conducted herself. "Being Easter-day, for the first time the lady Anne received the sacrament; the bishop of Exeter preached at St. James's [chapel], and consecrated. Through negligence, her highness was not instructed how much to drink, but drank of it [the cup] thrice; whereat I was much concerned, lest the duke of York, her father, should have notice of it."[1] The gross negligence of which Dr. Lake complains, must have been the fault of Anne's preceptor, Compton bishop of London, whose thoughts were too busy with polemics to attend to the proper instruction of his charge. Her unseemly conduct reflects the greatest possible disgrace on the prelate, whose duty it was to have prepared her for the reception of this solemn rite, and on whom a greater degree of responsibility than ordinary devolved, on account of her father's unhappy secession from the communion of the church of England. Dr. Lake was disgusted with the mistake of the young communicant,—not because it was wrong, but lest her Roman-catholic father should be informed of it. He was previously troubled at the relapse of the princess of Orange into her former sins of passing the Sabbath at the card-table,—not because he allowed that it was sin, but lest the Dutch people might be offended at it! Few persons have any salutary influence over the hearts and characters of their fellow-creatures, whose reprehension of wrong does not spring from loftier motives. Yet he had done his duty more conscientiously than any other person to whom the education of these princesses was committed: he had reproved the bad habits of his pupils sufficiently to give lasting offence to them. Although he lived to see each of them queen-regnant, and head of the church, they left him with as little preferment as he had received from their father and uncle: had he told them the truth with the unshrinking firmness of Ken or Sancroft, they could but have done the

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, March 31st.

same.[1] Notwithstanding the error into which the young communicant had fallen,[2] Dr. Lake wrote to the princess of Orange, "to inform her that her sister had received the holy sacrament," as if the lady Anne had conducted herself so as to edify, instead of disgusting every one. Again he was blameable, since, if he had mentioned the circumstance he disliked to the princess, a sister could have reprehended the unfortunate mistake with delicacy and affection.

Dr. Hooper was recommended as the princess of Orange's almoner by the archbishop of Canterbury; he was a primitive apostolical man, greatly attached to the church of England, according to its discipline established at the dissemination of our present translation of Scripture.[3] On his arrival in Holland, he found the princess without any chapel for divine service; and her private apartments were so confined, that she had no room that could be converted into one, excepting

[1] The Diary of Dr. Lake, which has been of such inestimable advantage in showing the early years of the two regnant queens, Mary and Anne, has been preserved in MS. by his descendants. Echard has quoted from it, but has falsely garbled it. The author of this biography again returns thanks to Mr. Eliot and Mr. Merrivale, for facilitating her access to its contents. According to a note appended to Mr. Eliot's copy, Dr. Edward Lake was born in 1672, and was the son of a clergyman resident at Exeter: he was a scholar of Wadham college, Oxford. Afterwards, Anthony Wood says, "he migrated to Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts, and received orders." He became chaplain and tutor to the daughters of the duke of York in 1670. About 1676 he obtained the archdeaconry of Exeter: he was likewise rector of St. Mary-at-hill, and St. Andrew's, in the city. The great mistake of Dr. Lake's life was, reporting a false accusation against Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, which, according to his Diary, January 7, 1678, had been communicated to him by Dr. Tillotson, who was then dean of Canterbury, and the same person whose attentions to the *distressed* prince of Orange at Canterbury laid the foundation of his advancement to the primacy, after the princess of Orange, as Mary II., had hurled Sancroft from his archiepiscopal throne. Although Dr. Lake seems to have circulated this scandal, he likewise reports many excellent traits of Sancroft. Somehow, he had to bear the whole blame of the wrong.

[2] Dr. Lake must have given personal offence to his pupils, or they would not have neglected him: he was not, like Ken, among those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to either of them. His calumny on archbishop Sancroft would not have interfered with his preferment after the deposition of that illustrious man, and the assumption of authority over the English church by his informer, Dr. Tillotson; yet he died without any preferment, in the reign of Anne, 1704. As he was in possession of his benefices, small as they were, he could not have been a nonjuror.

[3] Hooper MS., copied and preserved by Mrs. A. Prouse, bishop Hooper's daughter; in the possession of sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, edited by the hon. A. Trevor. Life of William III., vol. ii. pp. 465, 466.

her dining-room. "Now the prince and princess of Orange never ate together, for the deputies of the States-General and their Dutch officers often dined with the prince, and they were no fit company for her. Therefore the princess, without regret, gave up her dining-room for the service of the church of England, and ate her dinner every day in a small and very dark parlour. She ordered Dr. Hooper to fit up the room she had relinquished for her chapel: when it was finished, her highness bade him be sure and be there on a particular afternoon, when the prince intended to come and see what was done. Dr. Hooper was in attendance, and the prince kept his appointment. The first thing noticed by the prince was, that the communion-table was raised two steps, and the chair where the princess was to sit was near it, on the same daïs. Upon which the prince, bestowing on each a contemptuous kick, asked 'what they were for?' When he was told their use, he answered with an emphatic 'Hum!' When the chapel was fit for service, the prince never came to it but once or twice on Sunday evenings. The princess attended twice a-day, being very careful not to make Dr. Hooper wait."

The prince had caused books inculcating the tenets of the "Dutch dissenters" to be put in the hands of his young princess; those Dr. Hooper withdrew from her, earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her choice of theological authors. "One day the prince entered her apartment, and found before her Eusebius, and Dr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church. While she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes, the prince, in 'great commotion,' said angrily, 'What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades *ye* to read such books?'"[1]

While the married life of the princess of Orange was thus portentous of future troubles, her sister, the lady Anne of York, led an easy life at St. James's, her only care being to strengthen a power which was one day to rule her tyrannically in the person of her beloved Sarah Jennings. This young lady declared, in the winter of 1677, that she

[1] Hooper MS.

had been espoused clandestinely to the handsome colonel Churchill, the favourite gentleman of the duke of York. Sarah was tender in years, but more experienced in world-craft than many women are of thrice her age; she was, at the period of her marriage, in the service of the young duchess of York,—a circumstance which did not prevent constant intercourse with the lady Anne, who lived under the same roof with her father and step-mother. The duchess of York, at the entreaty of Anne, immediately undertook to reconcile all adverse feelings towards this marriage among the relatives, both of Churchill and Sarah, giving her attendant a handsome donation by way of portion, and causing her to be appointed to a place of trust about her person.[1] When Sarah found herself on such firm footing in the household at St. James's, her first manœuvre was to get rid of Mrs. Cornwallis,[2] the relative of the princess, by whom, it may be remembered, she was first introduced at court, and who had hitherto been infinitely beloved by her royal highness. Unfortunately in that century, whensoever a deed of treachery was to be enacted, the performer could always be held irresponsible, if he or she could raise a cry of religion. Sarah knew, as she waited on the duchess of York, what ladies in the palace attended the private Roman-catholic chapel permitted at St. James's for the duchess; being aware, by this means, that Mrs. Cornwallis was of that creed, she secretly denounced her as a papist to bishop Compton, the preceptor of the lady Anne of York. He immediately procured an order of council forbidding Mrs. Cornwallis ever to come again into the presence of the young princess. The privy council only acted prudently in taking this measure,—a circumstance which does not modify the utter baseness of the first political exploit recorded of the future duchess, Sarah of Marlborough. The lady Anne of York was now in possession of her adult establishment, at her apartments in her father's palace; her aunt, lady Clarendon, was her governess. Barbara Villiers,

[1] Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by Coxe, vol. i. pp. 20–40. It is distinctly stated that this marriage took place when Sarah was only fifteen.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times. He gives no precise date to this incident, excepting that it is among the current of events at the era of the death of archbishop Sheldon and the marriage of the princess Mary.

(the third daughter of her late governess,) now Mrs. Berkeley, was her first lady, and if the beloved Sarah Churchill was not actually in her service, the princess had, at least, the opportunity of seeing her every day. Anne's affection was not directed by Mrs. Churchill to any wise or good purpose, for she made no efforts to complete her own neglected education; card-playing, at which she was usually a serious loser, was the whole occupation of this pair of friends. Leaving them in pursuit of this worthy object, our narrative returns to the princess of Orange.

At the Hague, the princess found no less than three palaces. The first (called the Hague in history) was a grand but rather rugged gothic structure, built by a count of Holland in 1250, moated round on three sides, and washed in front by the *Vyvier*, (fish-preserve,) a lake-like sheet of water. This palatial castle of the Hague was the seat of the stadtholdship, and recognised as such by the States-General: here their several assemblies met, and the business of the republic was transacted in its noble gothic halls. Mary seldom approached the Hague, excepting on state occasions. She lived at the Palace in the Wood, a very beautiful residence, about a mile from the state palace, built as a place of retirement by the grandmother of William III. A noble mall of oak trees, nearly a mile in length, led to the Palace in the Wood, which was surrounded by a primeval oak forest, and by the richest gardens in Europe. The prince of Orange built two wings to the original structure on the occasion of his marriage with the princess Mary. There was, near the Palace of the Wood, a dower-palace, called the Old Court. The three palaces were situated only an hour's walk from "the wild Scheveling coast." Over one of the moated drawbridges of the gothic palace is built a gate, called the Scheveling gate, which opened on a fine paved avenue, bordered with yew trees carved into pyramids, leading to the sea-village of Scheveling. Every passenger, not a fisherman, paid a small toll to keep up this avenue.[1]

With the exception of the two Villiers, (who were soon distinguished by the prince of Orange in preference to his

[1] Tour in Holland early in the last century.

young wife,) none of the English ladies who had accompanied the princess to her new home were remarkably well satisfied with their destiny. Sir Gabriel Silvius, whose wife was one of them, gave a dismal account of the unhappiness of the English ladies at the Hague. He observed to the resident envoy of Charles II., "It is a pity the prince of Orange does not use people better: as for lady Betty Selbourne, she complains and wails horribly."[1] If all the attendants of the princess had so comported themselves, her royal highness need not have been envied. As to what the prince of Orange had done to lady Betty, we are in ignorance, and can enlighten our readers no further than the fact of her "horrible wailings." The princess herself was so happy as to have the protection of lord Clarendon, her uncle, (who was ambassador at the Hague when his niece first arrived there). In his despatches he says, "The princess parted very unexpectedly from her husband on March 1st, 1678. He had been hunting all the morning, and as he came home to her palace at the Hague to dinner, he received letters by the way that occasioned his sudden departure, of which the princess said 'she had not the slightest previous intimation.' It was the investment of Namur by the king of France that caused his departure. The princess accompanied her husband as far as Rotterdam, "where," says her uncle Clarendon, "there was a very tender parting on both sides;" at the same time he observes, "that he never saw the prince in such high spirits or good humour."

The princess of Orange chose to make the tour of her watery dominions by way of the canals in her barge, when she amused herself with needlework, or played at cards with her ladies, as they were tracked along the canals, or sailed over the broads and lakes. Dr. Hooper accompanied her in the barge, and when she worked, she always requested him to read to her and her ladies. One day she wished him to read a French book to her, but he excused himself on account of his defective pronunciation of French. The princess begged him to read on, nevertheless, and she would tell him when he was wrong, or at a loss. Hooper says, "that while

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by R. W. Blencowe, esq., vol. i. p. 41.

he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say or saw her do any one thing that he could have wished she had not said or done." She was then only between sixteen and seventeen. "She did not distinguish any of her ladies by particular favour, and though very young, was a great observer of etiquette, never receiving any thing or any message from persons whose office it was not to deliver the same. She had great command over her women, and maintained her authority by her prudence; if there was any conversation she did not approve, they read by her grave look that they had transgressed, and a dead silence ensued."[1] The princess suffered much from ill-health in Holland, before she was acclimatized to the change of air. During the same summer, she was in danger of her life from a severe bilious fever: the prince of Orange was then absent from her at the camp. When a favourable crisis took place, sir William Temple travelled to him, and brought the intelligence that the princess was recovering; he likewise gave the prince information that the last instalment of her portion, 20,000*l.*, would be paid to him speedily. The good news, either of his wife or of her cash, caused the prince to manifest unusual symptoms of animation, "for," observes sir William Temple,[2] "I have seldom seen him appear so bold or so pleasant."

Mary, though ultimately childless, had more than once a prospect of being a mother. Her disappointment was announced to her anxious father, who immediately wrote to his nephew, the prince of Orange, to urge her "to be carefuller of herself;" and added, "he would write to her for the same purpose:" this letter is dated April 19, 1678. Soon after, Mary again had hopes of bringing an heir or heiress to Great Britain and Holland. If lord Dartmouth may be believed, Mary's father had been purposely deceived in both instances, to answer some political scheme of the prince of Orange. Mary was then too young and too fond of her father to deceive him purposely; her heart, indeed, was not

[1] Hooper MS.

[2] Letter to lord Clarendon from the Hague, by sir W. Temple.

estranged from him and from her own family for the want of opportunity of affectionate intercourse. After her recovery from typhus or bilious fever, an intermittent hung long upon her: her father thought it best to send his wife, Mary Beatrice, with the princess Anne, to see her, and to cheer her spirits. The visit of these princesses was thus announced to her husband by her father, who was about to accompany his brother, Charles II., to the October Newmarket meeting:—

"James Duke of York to William Prince of Orange.[1]

"London, Sept. 27, 1678.

"We[2] came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket the beginning of next week, the parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the duchess and my daughter Anne intend to make your wife a visit *very incognito*, and have yet said nothing of it to any body here but his majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not mention it till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and sent this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near your court as they can. They intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket.

"I was very glad to see by the last letters, that my daughter continued so well, and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and that she would do well not to stand too long, for that is very ill for a young woman in her state.

"The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence on Tuesday next, if the wind be fair; they have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and they have lord Ossory for their governor, [escort]. I have not time to say more, but only to assure you, that I shall always be very kind to you."

Endorsed—"For my son, the Prince of Orange."

Accordingly, the duchess of York and the princess Anne, attended by the chivalric Ossory as their escort, set out from Whitehall on October $\frac{1}{11}$, 1678, to visit the princess of Orange at the Hague, where they arrived speedily and safely. The prince received them with the highest marks of distinction; and as for the excessive affection with which Mary met her step-mother and sister, all her contemporary biographers dwell on it as the principal incident of her life in Holland. The caresses she lavished on the lady Anne amounted to transport when she first saw her.[3] At that era of unbroken confidence and kindness, Mary and her step-mother were the best of friends. She was given a pet name in her own family, and the duchess addressed her by it: as

[1] Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. Found in king William's box, at Kensington.
[2] Himself and king Charles. [3] Life of Mary II.: 1695.

the prince was "the orange," Mary, in contradistinction, was "the lemon;" and "my dear lemon," was the term with which most of her step-mother's letters began, until the Revolution.[1]

The lady Anne and the duchess stayed but a few days with the princess, as the duke of York announces their safe return, October 18th, in his letter of thanks to "his son, the prince of Orange," for his hospitality.[2] The princess of Orange saw much of her father and family in the succeeding year, which was the time of his banishment on account of his religion. When he came to the Hague in March 1679, he met with a most affectionate welcome from his daughter, and with great hospitality from his nephew, her husband. The princess melted into tears when she saw her father, and was full of the tenderest condolences on the mournful occasion of his visit. She was still suffering from the intermittent fever, which hung on her the whole of that year.

Her father, the duke of York, wrote thus to her uncle, Lawrence Hyde, from the Hague, in the April of the same year. In the midst of his anxiety regarding the proceedings in England, he made the ill-health of his daughter Mary the subject of several letters:—

"My daughter's ague-fit continues still; her eleventh fit is now upon her, but, as the cold fit is not so long as usual, I have hopes it is *a-going* off. I am called away to supper, so that I can say no more but that you shall always find me as much your friend as ever."

In a letter to the prince of Orange, he says,—

"I am exceedingly glad that my daughter has missed her ague: I hope she will have no more now the warm weather has come." In another, "he rejoices that her journey to Dieren has cured her."

In June, her father again laments the continuance of her ague. Dieren was a hunting-palace belonging to the prince of Orange, where Henry Sidney, soon after, found the princess, the prince, and their court. He was sent envoy from Charles II. to William, "whom," he says, "I found at Dieren, in an ill house, but a fine country. The prince took me up to his bedchamber, where he asked me ques-

[1] Birch MS., and sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, first Series, vol. iii.

[2] All other particulars of this visit have been detailed in the preceding volume, pp. 79–81; Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

tions, and I informed him of every thing, much to his satisfaction."[1] The news that gave so much satisfaction, was the agitation in England respecting the Popish Plot, conducted by Titus Oates. Sidney dined at Dieren with the princess, and found at her table lady Inchiquin, who was first lady of the bedchamber: she was one of the Villiers sisterhood, under whose noxious influence at her own court the peace of the English princess was withering.

The prince of Orange was one day discussing the Popish Plot, and observing that Dr. Hooper was by no means of his mind, for that divine did not conceal his contempt for the whole machination, the prince subjoined, "Well, Dr. Hooper, you will never be a bishop." Every day widened the differences between Dr. Hooper and the prince of Orange, who was ever inimical to the church-of-England service; and this Dr. Hooper would never compromise by any undue compliance. The prince of Orange, in consequence, was heard to say, "that if ever he had any thing to do with England, Dr. Hooper should remain Dr. Hooper still." When this divine wished to return to England, to fulfil his marriage-engagement with Mr. Guildford's daughter, (a lady of an old cavalier family resident at Lambeth, greatly esteemed by archbishop Sheldon,) the princess was alarmed, fearing he would leave her, and never return to Holland. Her royal highness told him, "that he must prevail with his lady to come to Holland." He promised that he would do his best to induce her to come. The princess was obeyed; but she was not able to procure for Mrs. Hooper the most hospitable entertainment in the world. Dr. Hooper had always taken his meals with the ladies of the bedchamber and the maids of honour of the princess, and his wife was invited by her royal highness to do the same; but well knowing the great economy of the prince, and his general dislike to the English, Dr. Hooper never once suffered his wife to eat at his expense, and he himself left off dining at the prince's table, always taking his meals with his wife at their own lodging, which was very near the

[1] Diary and Correspondence of Henry Sidney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, esq.

court. This conduct of Dr. Hooper resulted wholly from his sense of the griping meanness of William. "The prince, nevertheless, had been heard to say, 'that as he had been told that Mrs. Hooper was a very fine woman, he should like to salute her, and welcome her to Holland.' It was a great jest among the women of the princess, to hear the prince often speak of a person in the service of their mistress, and yet months passed away without his speaking to her, or knowing where she was. Dr. Hooper must have been a man of fortune, since he spent upwards of 2000*l.*, when in the service of the princess, in books and linen. The Dutch, who keep their clergy very poor, were amazed, and called him 'the rich *papa*.' The other chaplain was a worthy man, but unprovided with independent subsistence in England, little doubting that he should have a handsome stipend paid him, though the prince mentioned no particulars. He was never paid a farthing; and having run in debt, he died of a broken heart in prison. Dr. Hooper only received a few pounds for nearly two years' attendance, —'a specimen of Dutch generosity,' observes his relative, 'of which more instances will be given.'"[1] The princess had 4000*l.* per annum for her expenses, a very different revenue from the noble one we shall see allowed to her youngest sister by her uncle and father. Part of this sum was lost to her by the difference of exchange, about 200*l.* per annum.

The lady Anne accompanied her father in his next visit to the Hague. During his exile in Brussels, he had demanded of his brother Charles II. that his children should be sent to him; after some demur, the lady Anne and her half-sister, the little lady Isabella, were permitted to embark on board the Greenwich frigate, in the summer of 1679. The lady Anne did not leave Brussels until after September 20, which is the date of a gossiping letter she wrote to her

[1] Trevor's Life of William III. Hooper's MS., vol. ii. p. 470. Dr. Hooper's daughter notes, that at this time the princess Anne came to the Hague ill of the ague. It was an awkward place to cure an ague, and we think she must mean that the princess of Orange had the ague, which we see by the letters of her father above was actually the case.

friend lady Apsley,[1] in England. Although the spelling and construction of her royal highness are not to be vaunted for their correctness, the reader can understand her meaning well enough; and this early letter, the only one preserved of Anne before her marriage, gives more actual information regarding the domesticity of her father's family in his exile than can be gleaned elsewhere. Brussels, it must be remembered, was then under the crown of Spain, therefore the festivities the princess witnessed were in honour of the marriage of their sovereign with her young cousin, Maria Louisa of Orleans, with whom she had in childhood been domesticated at St. Cloud and the Palais-Royal.

"PRINCESS ANNE OF YORK TO LADY APSLEY,[2]
(WIFE OF SIR ALLEN APSLEY).

[*The commencement of the letter consists of excuses for not writing sooner.*]

"Bruxelles [Brussels], Sept. 20.

"*I was to see a ball* [I have been to see a ball] at the court, incognito, which I likede very well; it was in very good order, and some *danc'd* well *enought;* indeed, there was prince Vodenunt that *danc'd* extreamly well, as well if not better than *ethere* the duke of Monmouth or sir E. Villiers,[3] which I think is very ex*tror*dinary. Last night, again, I was to see fyer works and bonfyers, which *was* to celebrate the king of Spain's weding; they were very well worth seeing indeed. All the people *hear* are very *sivil,* and except you be otherways to them, they will be so to you. As for the town, it is a great fine town. Methinks, tho, the streets are not so clean as they are in Holland, yet they are not so dirty as ours; they are very well paved, and very easy,—they onely have *od* smells. My sister Issabella's lodgings and mine are much better than I expected, and so is all in this place. For our lodgings, they *wear* all one great room, and now are divided with board into severall.

"My sister Issabella has a good bedchamber, with a chimney in it. There is a little hole to put by things, and between her room and mine there is an indiferent room without a chimney; then mine is a good one with a chimney, which was made a purpose for me. I have a closet and a place for my trunks, and *ther's* [there is] a little place where our women dine, and over that such anothere. I doubt I have quite *tirde* out your patience, so that I will say no more, onely beg you to believe me to be, what I realy am and will be,

"Your very affectionate *freinde,*

"Pray remember me very kindly to sir Allin." "ANNE.

[1] Lady Apsley was the mother of lady Bathurst, the wife of sir Benjamin Bathurst, treasurer of the household to the princess Anne. Lady Bathurst was probably placed in the service of princess Anne, as she mentions her as one of her earliest friends in a letter written when queen, in 1705.

[2] Holograph, the original being in the possession of the noble family of Bathurst, the descendants of that of Apsley. The author has been favoured by the kindness of lady Georgiana Bathurst with a copy of this inedited letter of Anne.

[3] Well known to the readers of these biographies as the brother of Elizabeth

Her little sister Isabella was her companion on the voyage, being scarcely three years old,—a lovely infant, the daughter of the duke of York and Mary Beatrice. The satisfaction with which Anne enters into the detail of her baby sister's accommodation at Brussels, even to the possession of a hole to put things in, is characteristic of her disposition. There is no kind mention of her infant companion, or indeed of any one but sir Allen Apsley; yet the greatest affection seemed to prevail among the family of the duke of York at this period.

The princess of Orange was again visited by her father at the end of September, 1679, accompanied by his wife, her mother the duchess of Modena, and the lady Anne.[1] Colonel and Mrs. Churchill were both in attendance on their exiled master and mistress in the Low Countries; and it must have been on this series of visits that the princess of Orange[2] and Mrs. Churchill took their well known antipathy to each other, for neither the princess nor the lady had had any previous opportunities for hatred, at least as adults. When her father and his family departed, the princess of Orange, with her husband, bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice. She parted with her father in an agony of tears, and took tender and oft-repeated farewells of him, his consort, and her sister. Her father she never again beheld. At that period of her life, Mary did not know, and probably would have heard with horror of all the intrigues her husband was concocting with the Sidneys, Sunderlands, Russells, Oates, and Bedloes, for hurling her father from his place in the succession. Documentary evidence, whatever general history may assert to the contrary, proves that this conduct of her husband was ungrateful, because he had received vital support from his relatives in England at a time when he must have been for ever crushed beneath the united force of the party in Holland adverse to his re-establishment as stadthol-

Villiers, and master of the horse to the princess of Orange, and afterwards as lord Jersey.

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 119.

[2] Letter of the princess Anne, in 1687, commencing with her regrets for the bad opinion that her sister had of "lady Churchill."

der, and the whole might of France. Long before the marriage of William of Orange with the heiress of Great Britain, the ambition of his party of Dutchmen had anticipated for him the throne of Charles II.: to this result they considered that a prophecy of Nostradamus tended. In order that the English might consider the prince of Orange in that light, an anonymous letter was sent to sir William Temple at Nimeguen, where he was staying in 1679, negotiating the peace which was concluded between Holland and France, or rather Spain and France. It would have been difficult for any one but a partisan to discover a prophecy in this quatrain, at least beyond the first line:[1]—

"Né sous les ombres journée nocturne,
Sera en gloire et souverain bonté;
Fera renaistre le sang de l'antique urne,
Et changera en or le siècle d'airain."

'Born under the shade of a nocturnal day, he will be glorious and supremely good; in him will be renewed the ancient blood, and he will change an age of brass into one of gold.'

The Dutch partisan who sent this prophecy for the edification of the English ambassador, likewise favoured him with expounding the same. The explanation was, "That the prince of Orange being 'born under the shades of a nocturnal day,' was verified by the time of his birth a few days after the untimely death of his father; his mother being plunged in the deepest grief of mourning, and the light of a November-day excluded from her apartments, which were hung with black, and only illumined by melancholy lamps. 'Renewing the ancient urn of blood' was, by the descent of the prince from Charlemagne through the house of Louvaine." The rest of the spell alluded to the personal virtues of the prince of Orange, and the wonderful happiness Great Britain would enjoy in possessing him. The gold and the brass were perhaps verified by his contriving dexterously, by means of the Dutch system of finance, to obtain possession by anticipation of all the gold of succeeding generations, to enrich his age of brass.

[1] Sir W. Temple's Works, vol. ii. pp. 472, 473.

The princess of Orange seemed much recovered at Dieren. Sidney wrote to her father, that he could scarcely believe she wanted any remedies; nevertheless, it was her intention to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.[1] A day was appointed for her journey. Her husband placed her under the care of his favourite physician Dr. Drelincourt of Leyden, (son to the well-known Calvinist author on "Death"). This physician travelled with the princess to Aix, and returned with her.[2] He was the Leyden professor of medicine, and at the head of the medical establishment of the court till 1688. Meantime, the conduct of the princess of Orange's maids of honour at the Hague caused no little surprise: they certainly took extraordinary liberties, if the description of their friend Mr. Sidney may be trusted. "The princess's maids are a great comfort to me," wrote Sidney to Hyde: "on Sunday they invited me to dinner. Pray let Mrs. Frazer know that the maids of the princess of Orange entertain foreign ministers, which is more, I think, than any of the queen's do."[3] It was to the conduct of these very hospitable damsels that the fluctuating health and early troubles of the princess of Orange may be attributed. The preference which the prince of Orange manifested for Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of the princess's peace, from her marriage to the grave. This connexion, however scandalous it may be, is not matter of slander, but of documentary history.[4]

Scandal involved the name of William of Orange very shamefully with Anne Villiers, the sister of Elizabeth, after she was madame Bentinck. Altogether, it may be judged how strong were the meshes woven round the poor princess by this family clique. These companions of the princess's youth naturally possessed in themselves the species of authoritative influence over her mind which they derived from being the daughters of her governess, all somewhat older than herself. When it is remembered that the head of the clique was the mistress of her husband, and that the next in

[1] Sidney Diary, vol. i. p. 45. [2] Biographia Britannica.
[3] Sidney Diary, vol. i. pp. 55, 62. The queen is Catharine of Braganza.
[4] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by archdeacon Coxe.

age and influence became the wife of his favourite minister of state, the case of Mary of England seems sufficiently pitiable: when she married William of Orange, her age was not sixteen years; he was twenty-seven, and her bold rival was nineteen or twenty, or perhaps older. A dread of insult soon produced in the mind of the princess that close reserve and retreat within herself, which, even after her spirit was utterly broken, often perplexed her astute husband, at a time when their views and feelings regarding the deposition of her father were unanimous.

A diplomatist became resident at the Hague after the peace with France of 1678, whose despatches to his own court contain some intelligence concerning the domestic life led by the princess of Orange and her husband. This person was the marquess d'Avaux, ambassador from Louis XIV.—not exactly to the prince of Orange, but to the States of Holland. The oddest stories are afloat relative to this official and the princess of Orange. One written by Sidney to sir Leoline Jenkins is as follows: "All the discourse we have here, December 3rd, 1680, is of what happened *a-Wednesday* night at court. The French ambassador had, in the morning, sent word to monsieur Odyke, [one of the officials in the household of the princess,] that he intended waiting on the princess that evening. He [Odyke] forgot to give notice of it; so that the princess sat down, as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at *la basset*." This was a game at cards, played with a bank, in vogue through all the courts of Europe. Vast sums were lost and won at basset, and royal personages sat down to play at it with as rigorous forms of etiquette as if it had been a solemn duty.[1] "A quarter of an hour after the princess had commenced her game, the French ambassador came in. She rose, and asked him if he would play. He made no answer, and she sat down again, when the ambassador, looking about, saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew for himself and sat down. After

[1] Basset succeeded primero, the game of queen Elizabeth, and prevailed through the reign of queen Anne, though somewhat rivalled by ombre and quadrille.

a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The prince of Orange came in, and did also seat him to play." Rational people will suppose, so far, that there was no great harm done on either side. According to strict etiquette, as the announcement had been sent of the visit of the ambassador d'Avaux, the basset-tables should not have been set till his arrival; and it would be supposed that a five minutes' lounge in an arm-chair, opportunely discovered in a corner, was no very outrageous atonement for the neglected dignity of the representative of Louis XIV.; but, alas! arm-chairs in those days were moveables of consequence, portentous of war or peace. "Next day," Sidney added, "the French ambassador told his friends, confidentially, that his behaviour was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, Louis XIV., 'that whensoever the princess sat in a great arm-chair, *he* should do so too; and that if there was but one in the room, *he should endeavour to take it from the princess, and sit in it himself!*'"[1]

This climax of the letter is, we verily believe, a romaunt of Henry Sidney's own compounding, for the purpose of mystifying the credulity of that most harmless man, sir Leoline Jenkins. Sidney hoped that he would go gossiping with this important nothing to the duke of York, who would forthwith vindicate his daughter, by resenting an offence never dreamed of by that politest of mortals, Louis XIV. Thus a small matter of mischief might be fomented between the courts of England and France, for the benefit of that of Orange. Louis XIV., it is well known, considered that homage was due to the fair sex, even in the lowest degree; for if he met his own housemaids in his palace, he never passed them without touching his hat. Was it credible that *he* could direct his ambassador, the representative of his own polite person, to take away an arm-chair, by fraud or force, from a princess, and sit in it himself in her presence? And Mary was not only a princess, but a young and pretty woman, and cousin, withal, (but one degree removed,) to his own sacred self! Sir Leoline Jenkins might believe the report, but

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 141, 142.

probability rejects it. If sir Leoline had been ambassador to the court of Holland in an age less diabolical, his veneration and honest loyalty would not have impaired his character for sagacity. He had risen from the lowly estate of a charity boy, by his learning and integrity, to a high situation in the ecclesiastical courts: he belonged to the reformed catholic church of England, and had old-fashioned ideas of devoting to the poor proportionate sums in good works, according to his prosperity. Moreover, he kept himself from presumptuous sins, by hanging on high in his stately mansion, in daily sight of himself and his guests, the veritable leathern garments which he wore when he trudged from Wales to London, a poor, wayfaring orphan, with two groats in his pockets.[1] On the warm affections of a person so primitive, the prince of Orange and his tool, Sidney, played most shamefully. The phlegmatic prince's letters grew warm and enthusiastic in his filial expressions towards the duke of York. "I am obliged to you," wrote William of Orange[2] to sir Leoline, "for continuing to inform me of what passes in England, but I am grieved to learn with what animosity they proceed against the duke of York. God bless him! and grant that the king and his parliament may agree." How could the ancient adherent of the English royal family believe, that the dissensions in England and the animosity so tenderly lamented were at the same time fostered by the writer of this filial effusion! which looks especially ugly and deceitful, surrounded as it is by documents proving that the prince of Orange should either have left off his intrigues against his uncle and father-in-law, or have been less fervent in his benedictions. But these benedictions were to deceive the old loyalist into believing, that when he wrote intelligence to the prince, he was writing to his master's friend and affectionate son.

The extraordinary conduct of the maids of honour of the princess of Orange has been previously shown; they gave

[1] Aubrey.

[2] Letter of the prince of Orange to sir Leoline Jenkins; Sidney Diary, vol. ii. p. 126: likewise Dalrymple's Appendix.

parties of pleasure to the ministers of sovereigns resident at the Hague, at which the political *intriguante*, Elizabeth Villiers, reaped harvests of intelligence for the use of her employer, the prince of Orange, to whom these ambassadors were *not* sent, but to the States of Holland. These damsels, therefore, were spies, who reported to the prince what the ambassadors meant to transact with the States, and these services were considered valuable by a crooked politician. Anne Villiers' affairs prospered at these orgies, for she obtained the hand of the favourite minister of the prince of Orange, at some period between 1679 and 1685; but Mary Worth, the colleague of this sisterhood, was involved in grievous disgrace, which occasioned serious trouble to the princess. The girl's reputation had been compromised by the attentions of a Dutch Adonis of the court, count Zulestein, illegitimate son of the grandfather of the prince of Orange. Zulestein was one of the prince's favourites; although this nobleman had given Mary Worth a solemn promise of marriage, he perfidiously refused to fulfil it, and was encouraged in his cruelty by the prince, his master. The princess was grieved for the sufferings of her wretched attendant, but she dared not interfere farther than consulting her almoner, Dr. Ken, on this exigence. And here it is necessary to interpolate, that a third change had taken place in the head of the church-of-England chapel at the Hague; the prince of Orange being exceedingly inimical to Dr. Hooper, he had resigned, and Dr. Ken, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hopes of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the church of England,[1] without swerving to the practice of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rites with rigour. The only creed to which the prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention, was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism. The princess of Orange, it has been shown, before the arrival of Dr. Hooper, had been induced to attend the worship of this

[1] Bio. Brit., and Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, previously quoted in January 1678.

sect,[1] to the great grief of the divines of the church of England. Dr. Ken prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized; he was, in consequence, detested by the prince of Orange still more than his predecessor. The prince saw, withal, that he was the last person to gloss over his ill-treatment of his wife.

When the princess consulted Dr. Ken regarding the calamitous case of the frail Mary Worth, he immediately, without caring for the anticipated wrath of the prince of Orange, sought an interview with count Zulestein, and represented to him the turpitude and cruelty of his conduct to the unfortunate girl in such moving terms, that Zulestein, who, though profligate, was not altogether reprobate, at the end of the exhortation became penitent, and requested the apostolic man to marry him to Mary as soon as he pleased. A few days afterwards the prince of Orange went on business to Amsterdam; the princess then called all the parties concerned about her, and Ken married the lovers, Zulestein and Mary Worth, in her chapel. The rage of the prince on his return, when he found his favourite kinsman fast bound in marriage, without possibility of retracting, was excessive; he scolded and stormed at the princess, and railed violently at Dr. Ken, who told him he was desirous of leaving his court and returning to England. The tears and entreaties of the princess, who begged Dr. Ken not to desert her, gave a more serious turn to the affair than the prince liked, who, at last, alarmed at the effect the quarrel might have in England, joined with her in entreating Ken to stay with her another year. Dr. Ken reluctantly complied; he was thoroughly impatient of witnessing the ill-treatment he saw the princess suffer,[2] nor could he withhold remonstrance. "Dr. Ken was

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, and Biography of Dr. Ken in Bio. Brit. Dr. Ken was the bosom friend of Hooper; by descent, Ken was a gentleman of ancient lineage, belonging to Ken-place, Somersetshire. He devoted himself with love to our reformed church. His sister married the illustrious haberdasher, Isaac Walton, who alludes to her in his beautiful lines on Spring:—

"There see a blackbird tend its young,
There hear my Kenna sing a song."

[2] Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19–26, and Memoir of Dr. Ken, in Biographia Britannica.

with me," wrote Sidney in his journal of March the 21st, 1680; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the prince of Orange. He thinks he is not kind to his wife, and he is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."[1] Again, about a month afterwards the journal notes, "Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Dr. Ken were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife; they think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness. They are mightily for her going to England, but they think he will never consent."[2] Sidney being an agent and favourite of the prince of Orange, it is not probable that he exaggerated his ill conduct. And as for sir Gabriel Sylvius, he was one of his own Dutchmen, who had married a young lady of the Howard family—a ward of Evelyn, at the time of the wedlock of the prince and princess of Orange.[3] Lady Anne Sylvius soon after followed the princess to Holland, and became one of her principal ladies. King Charles II. gave lady Anne Sylvius the privilege and rank of an earl's daughter, as she was grand-daughter to the earl of Berkshire. She was extremely attached to the royal family of Great Britain, in which the good Dutchman, her elderly but most loving spouse, participated: he seems to have been a primitive character, of the class of sir Leoline Jenkins, his contemporary.[4]

In the paucity of events to vary the stagnation of existence in which the young beautiful Mary of England was doomed to mope away the flower of her days in Holland, the circumstance of her laying the first stone of William's new brick palace at Loo afforded her some little opportunity of enacting her part in the drama of royalty, that part which nature had so eminently fitted her to perform with grace and majesty. The erection of this palace, the decorations, together with the

[1] Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19–26, and Memoir of Dr. Kén, in Biographia Britannica.

[2] Ibid. [3] Evelyn's Diary.

[4] Sir Gabriel Sylvius had not the honour of participation in the bosom-secrets of the prince of Orange, although ambassador to England. Sir William Temple quoted, one day, an opinion of sir Gabriel Sylvius. "God!" exclaimed the prince of Orange, "do you think I would let Sylvius know more of my mind than I could tell my coachman?"

laying out of the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, afforded Mary some amusement and occupation. On the east side were the apartments devoted to her use, since called 'the queen's suite,' although she never went to Holland after her accession to the British crowns. Under the windows of these was her garden, with a noble fountain in the centre, called 'the queen's garden.' This garden led into another, with a labyrinth, adorned with many statues. Behind the palace she had her *volière*, or poultry-garden, from which it appears that she beguiled her dulness in Holland by rearing various kinds of fowls, especially those of the aquatic species, for which the canals and tanks of Loo were so well fitted. Beyond the park was the *vivier*, a large quadrangular pond, which supplied all the fountains, jets, and cascades that adorned the gardens. Near this was the garden of Fauns, with divers pleasant long green walks; and west of the *vivier* was situated a fine grove for solitude, where Mary occasionally walked, since called in memory of her, "the queen's grove." William had also his wing of the palace, opening into his private pleasaunce and his *volière*: it was to render it more like this Dutch palace that Hampton-Court, the royal abode of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, was disfigured and pulled to pieces to decorate Loo. William is accused of plundering Windsor of some of the pictures with which the fine taste and munificence of his predecessors had adorned them.[1]

Mary's palace-seclusion, at this period of her life, must have been a matter of notoriety, since one of her contemporary biographers, whose labours (and very laborious they must have been) consist of mere panegyric without incident, thinks fit, thus cautiously, to apologize for it:—"Though the princess of Orange behaved with all possible condescension to the wives of the burgomasters, and the other ladies, yet she never forgot her own high birth so far as to enter into familiarity with them, it being regarded by her as an

[1] A description of William's palace at Loo was written, at Mary's desire, by his majesty's physician, Walter Harris; but it was not finished till after her death, when it was published in a pamphlet form, decorated with a view of this heavy and expensive building, and its formal gardens.

inviolable point of etiquette, neither to make visits nor contract intimacies with any of them. The narrowness of the circle to which she was thus confined, rendered her recluse and solitary in her own court, and took from her a great part of the grandeur, state, and homage to which she had been accustomed in her uncle's court."[1] How weary such a life must have been to a girl in her teens, accustomed to all the gaieties of the most fascinating court in Europe, and all the endearments of domestic ties, we may suppose, disappointed as she was in her hopes of maternity, and neglected in her first bloom of beauty for one of her attendants by her taciturn and unfaithful husband. No wonder that Mary's health gave way, and the journals, written by English residents at the Hague, prognosticated an early death for the royal flower, who had been reluctantly torn from the happy home of her youth to be transplanted to an ungenial climate. Years, in fact, elapsed before Mary of England's home affections and filial duties were sufficiently effaced to allow her to become an accomplice in the utter ruin of the father who tenderly loved her. From the year 1680 to 1684 the events of her life in Holland, together with life itself, stagnated as dismally as the contents of the canals around her: all the evidence concerning her goes to prove, that her seclusion was little better than the palace-restraint which was called captivity in the days of her ancestresses, Eleanora of Aquitaine and Isabella of Angoulême. While this mysterious retirement was endured by her in Holland, life was opening to her young sister Anne, and many important events had befallen her.

The lady Anne did not accompany her father the duke of York, and her step-mother Mary Beatrice, in their first journey to Scotland: her establishment continued at St. James's, or Richmond. She bore the duchess of York company on her land-journey to the north as far as Hatfield, and then returned to her uncle's court.[2] Whilst the bill for excluding

[1] The Life of our late gracious Queen Mary; published 1695.

[2] R. Coke. For particulars of her abode in Scotland, see the previous volume, Life of Mary Beatrice, pp. 100–105.

her father from the succession was agitating the country and parliament, perhaps the first seeds of ambition were sown in the bosom of Anne, for she was generally spoken of and regarded as the ultimate heiress to the throne. Many intrigues regarding her marriage[1] occupied the plotting brain of her childless brother-in-law, William of Orange. The hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., paid first a long visit at the Hague at the close of the year 1680, and then appeared at the court of Charles II. as a suitor for the hand of the lady Anne of York. Although William affected the most confidential affection for this young prince, he was racked with jealousy lest he should prosper in his wooing,—not personal jealousy of his sister-in-law, whom he abhorred, but he feared that the ambition of the hereditary prince of Hanover should be awakened by his proximity to the British throne, if he were brought still nearer by wedlock with the lady Anne. The case would then stand thus: If George of Hanover married Anne of York, and the princess of Orange died first, without offspring, (as she actually did,) William of Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession; to prevent which he set at work a threefold series of intrigues, in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and at that of Zell.

The prince of Hanover arrived opposite to Greenwich-palace December 6, 1680, and sent his chamberlain, M. Beck, on shore to find his uncle, prince Rupert,[2] and to hire a house. Prince Rupert immediately informed Charles II. of the arrival of the prince of Hanover. The king forbade hiring any house, and instantly appointed apartments at Whitehall for his German kinsman and suite, sending off the master of the ceremonies, sir Charles Cottrell, with a royal barge, to bring his guest up the Thames to Whitehall. The duke of Hamilton came to call on the Hanoverian prince, when he had rested at Whitehall about two hours, and informed him that his uncle, prince Rupert, had already preceded him to the levee

[1] Sidney Diary, vol. ii.

[2] Prince Rupert, then living at the British court, it will be remembered, was brother to Sophia, mother to George I., and youngest daughter to the queen of Bohemia.

of king Charles, and was ready to meet him there. George of Hanover quickly made his appearance at the royal levee, and, when presented to the British monarch, he delivered a letter that his mother, the electress Sophia, had sent by him to her royal cousin-german. Charles II. received both the letter and his young kinsman with his usual frankness, spoke of his cousin Sophia, and said he well remembered her. When the king had chatted some time with his relative, he proposed to present him to the queen, (Catharine of Braganza). Prince George followed Charles II. to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, at Whitehall, where his presentation to her majesty took place, with the same ceremonial as was used at the court of France before the revolution of 1790. The gentleman presented knelt, and, taking the robe of the queen, endeavoured to kiss the hem; the more courteous etiquette was, for a little graceful struggle to take place, when the queen took her robe from the person presented, who while she did so, kissed her hand.

It was not until the next day that prince George saw the princess on whose account he had undertaken this journey; Charles II. presented him to his niece Anne, "the princess of York," as prince George himself terms her. At his introduction, the king gave him leave to kiss her. It was, indeed, the privilege of the prince's near relationship that he should salute her on the lips. Yet the fact that George I. and Anne so greeted, seems inconsistent with the coldness and distance of their historical characters. All this intelligence was conveyed to the electress Sophia, in a letter written to her, on occasion of these introductions, by her son. It is as follows, from the original French, in which it is indited with as much sprightliness as if it had emanated from the literary court of Louis XIV.:—

"THE HEREDITARY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER,[1] TO HIS MOTHER, THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.[2]

"London, Dec. 30, O.S. (Jan. 10, N.S.) 1680-1.

"After wishing your serene highness a very happy new year, I will not delay

[1] George I., afterwards king of Great Britain.

[2] It is a little doubtful whether the husband of this princess was at that time elector, but so his consort is entitled by the transcriber.

letting you know that I arrived here on the 6th of Dec., having remained one day at anchor at *Grunnevitsch,* [Greenwich,] till M. Beck went on shore to take a house for me. He did not fail to find out prince *Robert,* [Rupert,] to let him know of my arrival at *Grunnevitsch,* who did not delay telling king Charles II.: his majesty immediately appointed me apartments at *Weithal,* [Whitehall]. M. Beck requested prince *Robert*[1] to excuse me; but king Charles, when he spoke thus, insisted that it should absolutely be so, for he would treat me '*en cousin,*' and after that no more could be said. Therefore M. Cotterel came on the morrow, to find me out, [in the ship at Greenwich] with a *barque* of the king, and brought me therein to *Weithal,* [Whitehall]. I had not been there more than two hours, when *milor* Hamilton came to take me to the king, who received me most obligingly. Prince *Robert* [Rupert] had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted king Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your serene highness, after which he spoke of your highness, and said, 'that he remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen, [Catharine of Braganza,] and as soon as I arrived he made me kiss the hem of her majesty's petticoat, (*qui l'on me fit baiser la jupe à la reine*).

"The next day I saw the princess of York, [the lady Anne,] and I saluted her by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit prince Robert, [Rupert,] who received me in bed, for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed; it appears that it is so without any pretext, and that he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to see me one day. All the milords came to see me *sans pretendre le main chez moi*:[2] milord Greue [perhaps Grey] is one that came to me very often indeed. They cut off the head of lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it than if they had chopped off the head of a pullet.

"I have no more to tell your serene highness, wherefore I conclude, and remain, your very humble son and servant, "GEORGE LOUIS."[3]

There is reason to believe that the "milor Greue," who was assiduous in his attendance on the prince of Hanover, was lord Grey of Ford, one of the most violent agitators for the legal murder of the unoffending lord Stafford, whose death is mentioned with such *naïve* astonishment by the prince of Hanover. Various reasons are given for the failure of the marriage-treaty between George I. and queen Anne. It is asserted[4] that William of Orange caused it to be whispered to the lady Anne, that it was owing to the irrepressible disgust that the prince George felt at the sight of her,—an obliging

[1] The name of prince Rupert, although always Germanized to the English reader, is, in this letter by his German nephew, mentioned as Robert.

[2] This sentence is incomplete and broken in sense; perhaps the original was damaged. Does it mean that they came without venturing to shake hands with him?

[3] Endorsed,—"Copied, by George Augustus Gargan, librarian of the Archives at Hanover, into a collection of MSS. in the King's Library, British Museum, presented by George IV., called Recueil de Pièces, p. 220."

[4] Tindal's Continuation, and the Marlborough MSS., Brit. Museum.

piece of information, which could easily be conveyed to her by the agency of the Villiers sisters in his wife's establishment in Holland, communicating the same to the other division of the sisterhood who were domesticated in the palace of St. James. The mischief took effect, for Anne manifested lifelong resentment for this supposed affront. Yet there is no expression of the kind in the letter quoted above, though written confidentially to a mother; instead of which, the suitor dwells with satisfaction on the permission given him to salute the young princess. It is more likely that prince George of Hanover took the disgust at the proceedings of the leaders of the English public at that time, and was loath to involve himself with their infamous intrigues; for it is to the great honour of the princes of the house of Hanover, that their names are unsullied by any such evil deeds as those that disgrace William of Orange. It will be found, subsequently, that the mother of this prince testified sincere reluctance to accept a succession forced on her, and unsought by her or hers; likewise that her son never visited Great Britain again until he was summoned as king; in short, the conduct both of the electress Sophia and of her descendants presents the most honourable contrast to the proceedings of William, Mary, and Anne. During prince George of Hanover's visit in England, the prince of Orange had kindly bestirred himself to fix a matrimonial engagement for him in Germany: when he had remained a few weeks at the court of his kinsman, Charles II., he was summoned home by his father, Ernest Augustus, to receive the hand of his first-cousin, Sophia Dorothea, heiress of the duchy of Zell. The marriage, contracted against the wishes of both prince George and Sophia Dorothea, proved most miserable to both.

The duke of York was absent from England, keeping court at Holyrood, at the time of the visit of prince George of Hanover; he had no voice in the matter, either of acceptance or rejection. Although the affections of the lady Anne were not likely to be attracted by prince George, for his person was diminutive and his manners unpleasant, yet she felt the unaccountable retreat of her first wooer as a

great mortification. The little princess Isabella died the same spring, a child to whom her sister, the lady Anne, was probably much attached, for they had never been separated but by the hand of death. In the following summer, Charles II. permitted the lady Anne to visit her father in Scotland. She embarked on board one of the royal yachts at Whitehall, July 13, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Leith, July 17, 1681. Her visit to Scotland has been mentioned in the preceding volume.[1] Here she met her favourite companion, Mrs. Churchill, who was then in Scotland, in attendance on the duchess of York.

When the vicissitudes of faction gave a temporary prosperity to her father, the lady Anne returned with him to St. James's-palace, and again settled there, in the summer of 1682. In that year, or the succeeding one, she bestowed her first affections upon an accomplished nobleman of her uncle's court. There is little doubt but that her confidante, Sarah Churchill, was the depositary of all her hopes and fears relative to her passion for the elegant and handsome Sheffield lord Mulgrave, which Sarah, according to her nature, took the first opportunity to circumvent and betray. Few of those to whom the rotund form and high-coloured complexion of queen Anne are familiar can imagine her as a poet's love, and a poet, withal, so fastidious as the accomplished Sheffield; but the lady Anne of York, redolent with the Hebe bloom and smiles of seventeen, was different from the royal matron who adorns so many corporation halls in provincial towns, and it is possible might be sincerely loved by the young chivalric earl of Mulgrave, who wrote poems in her praise, which were admired by the court. Poetry is an allowable incense, but after gaining the attention of the lady Anne in verse, the noble poet, Sheffield, proceeded to write *bonâ fide* love-letters to her in good earnest prose, the object of which was marriage. Charles II. and the favoured confidante of the princess, Sarah Churchill, alone knew whether she answered these epistles. Some say that Sarah stole a very tender billet in the lady Anne's writing,

[1] Vol. vi. p. 129; Life of Mary Beatrice.

addressed to Sheffield earl of Mulgrave, and placed it in the hands of her royal uncle, Charles II.; others declare that the unlucky missive was a flaming love-letter of the earl to the lady Anne. But whichever it might be, the result was, that a husband was instantly sought for the enamoured princess, and her lover was forthwith banished from the English court.[1] Charles II. rests under the imputation of sending the earl of Mulgrave on a command to Tangier in a leaky vessel, meaning to dispose of him and of his ambitious designs out of the way at the bottom of the ocean; but to say nothing of the oriental obedience of the crew of the vessel, it may be noted that Charles could have found a less costly way of assassination, if so inclined, than the loss of a ship, however leaky, with all her appointments of rigging, provisions, ammunition, and five hundred men withal, one of whom was his own child,—for the earl of Plymouth was a favourite son of his, who sailed in the same ship with Mulgrave. The want of sea-worthiness of the ship was discovered on the voyage, and whenever the health of king Charles was proposed, lord Mulgrave used to say, "Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten ship."[2] From this speech, and from the previous courtship of the princess Anne, all the rest has been astutely invented.

The consequence of the courtship between the lady Anne and lord Mulgrave was, that her uncle, king Charles, and his council, lost no time in finding her a suitable helpmate. The handsome king of Sweden, Charles XI., had proposed for the lady Anne, some time after prince George of Hanover had withdrawn his pretensions. The beautiful and spirited equestrian portrait of the king of Sweden was sent to England to find favour in the eyes of the lady Anne; this portrait, drawn by no vulgar pencil, is at Hampton-Court,—at least it was there some years since, shut up in the long room leading to the chapel. It deserves to be seen, for it presents the *beau idéal* of a martial monarch. Anne was not destined to be the mother of Charles XII.; her

[1] Biographia Britannica. Scott's Life of Dryden. Horace Walpole, &c.

[2] Memoir of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, prefixed to his Works, vol. i.

unloving brother-in-law, William, opposed this union with all his power of intrigue; the only suitor on whom he was willing to bestow his fraternal benediction, was the elector-Palatine, a mature widower, a mutual cousin of Anne and himself, being a descendant of the queen of Bohemia. The choice of Charles II. for his niece fell on neither of these wooers, but on prince George, brother of Christiern V., king of Denmark.

The royal family of Denmark were nearly related to that of Great Britain, the grandmother of Charles II., Anne of Denmark, being aunt to the father of prince George, [Frederic III.,] and a friendly intercourse had always been kept up, since her marriage with James I., between the royal families of Denmark and Great Britain. Christiern V., when crown-prince, had visited England at the Restoration; his highness took away with him, as his page, George Churchill,[1] who was at that time but thirteen; it is possible that this trifling circumstance actually led to the marriage of prince George with the lady Anne of York. George of Denmark visited England in 1670,[2] when the lady Anne was only five or six years old, for there was a difference of fourteen or fifteen years in their ages. He brought George Churchill with him to Whitehall, as his guide and interpreter in England, for prince Christiern had transferred him to his brother's service. From that time George Churchill became as influential in the household of the second prince of Denmark, as his brother, John Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough), was in that of the duke of York. The prince of Orange was staying at the court of his uncles at Whitehall, when George of Denmark was on his first visit in England; what harm the Danish prince had ever done to his peevish little kinsman was never ascertained, but from that period, William cultivated a hatred against him, lasting as it was bitter.

It is possible, that when Sarah Churchill traversed the love between the lady Anne and the earl of Mulgrave, she recommended George of Denmark to the attention of Charles

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough. [2] Evelyn's Diary.

II. for the husband of the princess. As the brother of Mrs. Churchill's husband was already the favourite of the Danish prince, the long-sighted *intriguante* might deem that such alliance would strengthen the puissance of her own family at court; be this as it may, the marriage between the lady Anne and prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the king of Denmark, in May 1683. King Charles approved of it, but would not answer finally until he had spoken to his brother, the duke of York, who, according to public report, replied, "that he thought it very convenient and suitable, and gave leave by M. Lente, the Danish envoy, that the prince George should make application to his daughter, the lady Anne."[1] The duke of York regrets the match in his own journal, observing, "that he had had little encouragement, in the conduct of the prince of Orange, to marry another daughter in the same interest." William of Orange, however, did not identify his own interest with that of the Danish prince; for directly he heard that he was like to become his brother-in-law, he sent Bentinck to England to break the marriage if possible. The Orange machinations proved useless, excepting that the marriage was rendered somewhat unpopular by a report being raised that prince George of Denmark was a suitor recommended by Louis XIV. Nevertheless, the protestantism of the Danish prince was free from reproach, and therefore there was no reason why he should find favour in the eyes of Louis.

The prince of Denmark had been distinguished by an act of generous valour before he came to England. He was engaged in one of the tremendous battles between Sweden and Denmark, where his brother, king Christiern, commanded in person: the king, venturing too rashly, was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when prince George, rallying some cavalry, cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and rescued his royal brother.[2] The prince had no great appanage or interest in his own country, only about 5000 crowns per

[1] Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 244.
[2] Atlas Geographicus.

annum; therefore it was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark. Prince George arrived in London, on the $\frac{2}{1}\frac{3}{3}$th of July, 1783; that day he dined publicly at Whitehall with the royal family, and was seen by a great crowd of people,—among others, by Evelyn, who has left the following description of him: "I again saw the prince George, on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant."—"I am told from Whitehall," says another contemporary, "that prince George of Denmark is a person of a very good mien, and had dined with the king, queen, and duke of York, who gave the prince the upper hand."[1] This was on a public dinner-day, in the same manner as the court of France dined at Versailles and the Tuileries, where the people were admitted to see the royal family. "The court will soon return to Windsor, where the nuptials between the prince and lady Anne will be arranged and completed.[2] His marriage-gifts, which are very noble, are presented to her, and their households will be settled after the manner of those of the duke of York and the duchess, but not so numerous. A chapter will be held at Windsor for choosing prince George into the most noble order of the Garter; but the prince hath desired it may be deferred, till he hath written to the king of Denmark for his leave to forbear wearing the order of the Elephant, for it would not be seemly to wear that and the order of the Garter at the same time." It is scarcely needful to observe, that the "leave" was granted by the king of Denmark.

The marriage of the princess Anne took place at St. James's chapel, on St. Anne's-day, July 28th, o.s., 1683, at ten o'clock at night. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away; queen Catharine, the duchess of York, and the duke of York, were present.[3] Unlike the private marriage of the weeping princess Mary, which took place in her own bedchamber, the

[1] Memoirs by sir Richard Bulstrode, envoy at the courts of Brussels and Spain, p. 349.

[2] This was a mistake; the marriage was celebrated in the palace of the duke of York, at St. James's.

[3] Echard, vol. iii. p. 696.

bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was a bright nocturnal festivity, brilliant with light and joyous company. Most of the nobility then in London were present. The people took their part in the fête; they kindled their bonfires at their doors, and in return wine-conduits, shows, and diversions were provided for them, and the bells of each church in London rang all night. The marriage was commemorated by a courtly pretender to literature, Charles Montague, subsequently earl of Halifax, who perpetrated an ode, from which the only passages that bear any personal reference to the bride and bridegroom are here presented to the reader :—

"What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once astonish and delight?
Great Charles and his illustrious brother here,
No bold *assassinate* need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and beauty here can wound.

* * * * *

See, see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquests; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled."

The succeeding morning of the nuptials, the princess sat in state with her bridegroom, to receive the congratulations of the courts of foreign ambassadors, the lord mayor and aldermen, and various public companies.

Many politicians of the day rejoiced much that the princess Anne was safely married to prince George, because the death of Marie Thérèse, the queen of France, left Louis XIV. a widower only two days after these nuptials, and it was supposed that the duke of York would have made great efforts to marry his daughter to that sovereign.[1] King Charles settled on his niece, by act of parliament, 20,000*l.* per annum, and from his own purse purchased and presented to her, for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall which was called the Cockpit, (formerly its theatre). This place was built by Henry VIII., for the savage sport which its name denotes.

[1] MS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

It had long been disused for that purpose, but had been adapted as a place of dramatic representation until the rebellion.[1] It had been granted by royal favour on lease to lord Danby, of whom it was now purchased. The Cockpit appears to have been situated between the present Horse-guards and Downing-street, and it certainly escaped the great fire which destroyed the palace of Whitehall, being on the other side of the way. The entry was from St. James's-park, which lay between it and St. James's-palace; and as that was the town residence of the duke of York, the vicinity to the dwelling of his beloved child was very convenient.

When the establishment of the princess Anne of Denmark was appointed by her royal uncle, Sarah Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, the duchess of York, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect. The duke of York immediately consented, and the circumstance was announced by the princess in the following billet:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO MRS. CHURCHILL.[2]

"The duke of York came in just as you were gone, and made no difficulties; but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness *in offering it*, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it *extreme* kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power."

Long years afterwards, Anne's favourite asserted that she only accepted this situation in compliance with the solicitations of her royal mistress: with what degree of truth, the above letter shows. In the same account of "her conduct," Mrs. Churchill (then the mighty duchess of Marlborough) describes the qualities she possessed, which induced the strong affection enduringly testified for her by the princess. The first was the great charm of her frankness, which disdained all flattery; next was the extreme hatred and horror that both felt for lady Clarendon, the aunt of Anne, because that

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. Malone has, with antiquarian care, traced the transitions of the Cockpit; there was likewise, according to his text, a theatre so called in Drury-lane.

[2] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21.

lady "looked like a mad woman, and talked like a scholar."[1] This object of their mutual dislike was wife to the uncle of the princess, Henry earl of Clarendon; she had been governess to the princess before her marriage with prince George of Denmark, and was at present her first lady. The style in which Flora lady Clarendon wrote was, as may be seen in the Clarendon Letters, superior to that of any man of her day. Her letters are specimens of elegant simplicity, therefore the charge of scholarship was probably true. As to Mrs. Churchill's influence over the princess, she evidently pursued a system which may be often seen practised in the world by dependents and inferiors. She was excessively blunt and bold to every one but the princess, who, of course, felt that deference from a person rude and violent to every other human creature, was a double-distilled compliment. The complaisance of the favourite only lasted while the lady Anne was under the protection of her uncle and father: we shall see it degenerate by degrees into insulting tyranny.

In the romance of her friendship, the princess Anne renounced her high rank in her epistolary correspondence with her friend. "One day she proposed to me," says Sarah Churchill, "that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names she hit on, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. *My* frank, open temper[2] naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other." These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman were adopted by prince George of Denmark and colonel Churchill. Other *sobriquets* were given to the father and family of the princess; and this plan was not only used for the convenience of the note-correspondence which per-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 10. The editor of the Clarendon Letters observes on the abuse of lady Clarendon, that it was impossible for the favourite of Anne to have comprehended the virtues of a mind like lady Clarendon's.

[2] However virtuously the duchess of Marlborough abstained from praising others, no one can deny that her praises of herself are fluent and cordial in the extreme.

petually passed between the friends, but it subsequently masked the series of dark political intrigues, guided by Sarah Churchill, in the Revolution. The following note was written a little before this system of equality was adopted, while it was yet in cogitation in the mind of Anne, who was then absent from her favourite at the palace of Winchester, where she was resting after she had accompanied her father, the duke of York, in his yacht to review the fleet at Portsmouth:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY CHURCHILL.[1]

"Winchester, Sept. 20, 1684.

"I writ to you last Wednesday from on board the yacht, and left my letter on Thursday morning at Portsmouth to go by the post, to be as good as my word in writing to my dear lady Churchill by the first opportunity. I was in so great haste when I writ, that I fear what I said was nonsense, but I hope you will have so much kindness for me as to forgive it.

"If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me 'your highness' at every word, but be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself.

"I am all impatience for Wednesday; till when, farewell."

While the princess of Denmark was enjoying every distinction and luxury in England, her sister Mary led no such pleasant life at the Hague, where she either was condemned to utter solitude, or passed her time surrounded by invidious spies and insolent rivals. After the death of the noble Ossory, and the departure of her early friend Dr. Ken, she had no one near her who dared protect her. Some resistance she must have made to the utter subserviency into which she subsequently fell, or there would have been no need of the personal restraint imposed on her from the years 1682 and 1684, when her mode of life was described in the despatches of the French ambassador, D'Avaux, to his own court: "Until now, the existence of the princess of Orange has been regulated thus: From the time she rose in the morning till eight in the evening, she never left her chamber, except in summer, when she was permitted to walk

[1] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21. Charles II. had, by the request of his brother, created Churchill, lord Churchill of Aymouth, in Scotland, Nov. 19th, 1683.

about once in seven or eight days. No one had liberty to enter her room, not even her lady of honour, nor her maids of honour, of which she has but four; but she has a troop of Dutch *filles de chambre,* of whom a detachment every day mount guard on her, and have orders never to leave her."[1] In this irksome restraint, which, after allowing the utmost for the exaggeration of the inimical French ambassador, it is impossible to refrain from calling imprisonment, the unfortunate princess of Orange had time sufficient to finish her education. She passed her days in reading and embroidering, occasionally being occupied with the pencil, for it is certain she continued to take lessons of her dwarf drawing-master, Gibson, who had followed her to Holland for that purpose. He probably held a situation in her household, as the tiny manikin was used to court-service, having been page of the backstairs to her grandfather, Charles I.[2] It may be thought that a princess who was a practical adept with the pencil, would have proved, subsequently, a great patron of pictorial art as queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Such hopes were not fulfilled. The persons in whose society Mary of England chiefly delighted were, her best-beloved friend and early playfellow, Miss, or (according to the phraseology of that day,) Mrs. Anne Trelawney, then her favourite maid of honour, and her good nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband, a clergyman of the church of England, was one of her chaplains, and devotedly attached to her. All were detested by the prince of Orange, but no brutal affronts, no savage rudeness, could make these friends of infancy offer to withdraw from the service of his princess when Dr. Ken did, who, at last, finding he could do no good at the court of the Hague, retired to England. Dr. Ken was succeeded, as almoner to the princess of Orange, by a very quaint and queer clergyman of the old-world fashion, called Dr. Covell.

It was not very probable that the restless ambition of the prince of Orange would permit his wedded partner to remain

[1] Ambassades D'Avaux, vol. iv. p. 217; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

[2] Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119.

at the Palace of the Wood, or at Dieren, surrounded by her loyalist chaplains, nurses, and dwarf pages of the court of Charles I., cherishing in her mind thoughts of the lofty and ideal past, of the poets, artists, and cavaliers of the old magnificent court of Whitehall. No; Mary's claims were too near the throne of Great Britain to permit him thus to spare her as an auxiliary. After he had grieved her by neglect, humbled her by the preference he showed for her women, and condemned her to solitude, for which she had little preference, his next step was to persecute her for all her family attachments, and insult her for her filial tenderness to her father. He assailed her affection for him by inducing her to believe him guilty of crimes, which only the most daring political slanderers laid to his charge. Above all, William made a crime of the reverence his princess bore to her grandfather, Charles I., for whom he seems to have harboured an implacable hatred, although in the same degree of relationship to himself as to Mary. The proceedings of the prince of Orange, in breaking down his wife's spirit according to the above system, were thus minutely detailed to her kinsman, Louis XIV., by his ambassador to the States, D'Avaux: "They have printed an insolent book against the duke of York in Holland, whom they accuse of cutting the throat of the earl of Essex. The English envoy, Chudleigh, remonstrated, but it had no other effect than exciting Jurieu to present this book publicly to the prince of Orange as his own work; but the worst of all was, that, after this outrage on her father, the princess of Orange was forced by her husband to go to hear Jurieu preach a political sermon. Chudleigh, however, resented so earnestly the calumnies of Jurieu and the conduct of the prince, that he was no longer invited to the court-entertainments at the Hague. A few days afterwards, the princess was sitting in her solitary chamber on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. She had assumed a habit of deep mourning, and meant to devote the whole of the day to fasting and prayer, as was her family custom when domesticated with her father and mother. Her meals were always lonely,

and on this anniversary she supposed that she might fast without interruption. The prince of Orange came unexpectedly into her apartment, and looking at her mourning habit, scornfully bade her, in an imperious tone, 'Go change it for the gayest dress she had!' The princess was obliged to obey. He then told her he meant she should dine in public." Now it is not very easy to make a woman dine when she resolves to fast. "The princess," pursues D'Avaux, "saw all the dishes of a state dinner successively presented to her, but dismissed them one after the other, and ate nothing. In the evening, the prince of Orange commanded her to accompany him to the comedy, where he had not been for several months, and which he had ordered on purpose: at this new outrage to her feelings, the princess burst into tears, and in vain entreated him to spare her, and excuse her compliance."[1]

This was the final struggle; from the 30th of January, 1684-5, there is no instance to be found of Mary's repugnance to any outrage effected by her husband against her family. The change, for some mysterious reason, was occasioned by the domestication of her cousin Monmouth at her court. The contest of parties in England had ended in the restoration of her father, the duke of York, to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth took his turn of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. p. 262; Bib. du Roi, Paris. A brilliant reviewer in the Quarterly Review has commended us for rectifying the mistake in the English edition of D'Avaux, which states "that the day of fasting and humiliation observed by the princess of Orange was on the anniversary of the death of *James I.* (which by the way occurred on March 25); but we unconsciously amended this error merely by going to the native language and genuine edition of D'Avaux' Ambassades. The misstatement (of which we were not aware until the learned author of the article in the Quarterly Review mentioned it) was probably prepared for the English reader in the same spirit which animated all authorized history of the royal Stuarts in the last century. Several points were gained by the falsification of a word or two in the English editions at the same time it acquitted the hero of Nassau of an inexcusable family outrage, and gave some support to the atrocious calumny invented in the seventeenth century, that Charles I. poisoned his father James I., or wherefore should such grief be manifested on the anniversary of the death of the latter? It is desirable, on this head, to state, that in the Paris edition of D'Avaux he writes directly after the anniversary of January 30, not of March 25; and that Henry earl of Clarendon, in his Diary, describes the anniversary of the death of Charles I. as ever kept by James II. and his family, in fasting, prayer, and sorrow.

policy of the prince of Orange to receive this rival aspirant for the crown of Great Britain with extraordinary affection, insomuch that he permitted the princess the most unheard of indulgences to welcome him. "The prince of Orange," says D'Avaux, "was heretofore the most jealous of men. Scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man, or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth to come after dinner to her apartments, to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her, by the complaisance she owed to him, to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating parties this great frost. A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough, first on one foot and then on the other."[1] The duchess of Orleans scruples not to accuse Mary of coquetry with the duke of Monmouth. The strange scenes described by D'Avaux were doubtless the foundation of her opinion; but what is still stranger, the literary duchess considers that Mary gave reason for scandal with D'Avaux himself. William discovered, it seems, that an interview had taken place between his princess and this ambassador, at the home of one of her Dutch maids of honour, mademoiselle Trudaine: this lady was instantly driven from her service by the prince, with the utmost disgrace. William's jealousy was probably a political one, and he dreaded lest some communication prejudicial to his views might take place between Mary and her father, through the medium of the French ambassador. D'Avaux himself does not mention the interview in his letters, nor show any symptom of vanity regarding the princess; neither does he mention the redoubtable adventure of the arm-chair, before detailed.

The resentment of the envoy Chudleigh was not to be kept within bounds, when the proceedings relative to Monmouth took place. He had previously remonstrated with warmth at the public patronage offered by the prince of Orange, both to the libeller Jurieu, and to his libel on the

[1] D'Avaux, p. 240.

father of the princess; now, when he found that the princess went constantly, squired by Monmouth, to hear the *sermons* of this calumniator of her parent, the English envoy expressed himself angrily enough for the prince of Orange to insist on his recall, in which request he obliged his princess to join. The motive, however, that the prince and princess gave for this requisition was not the real one, but a slight affront on their dignity, such as hereditary sovereigns have often borne without even a frown. It was the carnival: the snow at the Hague was hard and deep; all the Dutch world were sleighing in fanciful sledges, and masked in various characters. Among others, the princess of Orange being lately taken into the favour of her lord and master, he drove out with her on the snow in a sleigh: both were masked. The Orange sleigh met that of the envoy Chudleigh, who refused to break the road, and the princely sledge had to give way before the equipage of the proud Englishman.[1] The prince and princess both wrote complaints of Chudleigh's disrespect, and petitioned that he might be recalled. Chudleigh wrote likewise, giving his own version of the real cause of the offence, and of the inimical proceedings of the Dutch court against all who were devoted to the British sovereign. As for his alleged crime, he made very light of it, saying, "that as the prince and princess were masked, which implied a wish to appear unknown, the ill-breeding and impertinence would have been in any way to have testified acquaintance with them; that, in fact, he knew them not, and that he was on the proper side of the road. If the circumstance had happened to his own right-royal master and mistress, he should have done the same, but they knew too well the customs of their rank to have taken offence. As for recall, he joined in the request, for he could not stay at the Hague to see and hear what he saw and heard daily." The result was, that Chudleigh returned to England, and Bevil Skelton was sent as envoy. Unfortunately, he gave still less satisfaction to the Orange party.

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades; Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris. Likewise Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

"The prince of Orange," says D'Avaux, "knew not how to caress Monmouth sufficiently: balls and parties were incessantly given for him. Four or five days since, he went alone with the princess of Orange on the ice in a *traineau*, to a house of the prince three leagues from the Hague; they dined there, and it was the duke of Monmouth that led out the princess. He dined at table with the princess, who, before, always ate by herself. It was remarked that the princess, who never was accustomed to walk on foot in public places, was now for ever promenading in the mall, leaning on the arm of Monmouth; and that the prince, formerly the most jealous person in existence, suffered this gallantry, which all the world noticed, between the duke and his wife.[1] The gaiety at the court of the Hague," he continues, "is universal. William himself set all the world dancing at the balls he gave, and encouraged his guests and his wife by dancing himself. He likewise obliged the princess to receive at her court, and to countenance, the duke of Monmouth's mistress or secondary wife, lady Harriet Wentworth." The ill-treated heiress of Buccleugh, Monmouth's duchess and the mother of his children, was living deserted in England: she had been the most particular friend and companion of the princess of Orange, who ought, therefore, to have resented, rather than encouraged any introduction to her supplanter. The duke of York wrote, with unwonted sternness, to his daughter, remonstrating against these proceedings. She shed tears on her father's letter; but she answered, "that the prince was her master, and would be obeyed." Eye-witnesses did not deem that the conduct of the princess was induced by mere obedience. She was either partial to Monmouth,—as her friend and correspondent, the German duchess of Orleans, implies,—or she rushed into pleasure with the hilarity of a caged bird into the open air. If her seclusion had been as severe as the French ambassador declared it was, she was glad of liberty and exercise on any terms. At the conclusion of one of his letters of remonstrance, her father bade her warn her hus-

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. p. 217

band, "that if the king and himself were removed by death from their path, the duke of Monmouth, whatsoever the prince might think of his friendship, would give them a struggle before they could possess the throne of Great Britain."[1] A dim light is thrown on the correspondence between James II. and his daughter, by garbled extracts made by Dr. Birch, a chaplain of the princess Anne. Some motive fettered his transcribing pen, since letters, apparently of the strongest personal interest, furnish him but with two or three broken sentences; for instance, in January the 27th, 1685, a few days before the duke of York ascended the throne, when he wrote to remonstrate with her on her extraordinary conduct with Monmouth. Dr. Birch's brief quotation from this paternal reproof is, that her father "supposes she was kept in awe;" that from Mary's answer, "denies being kept in awe,—her condition *much happier* than he believed."[2]

All the noisy gaieties and rejoicings at the Orange court were hushed and dispelled, as if by the sweep of an enchanter's wand, on the noon of February 10, (o. s.) 1685, when the tidings arrived of the death of Charles II., and the peaceable accession of the princess's father to the throne of Great Britain, as James II. D'Avaux thus describes the change effected by the announcement of the news at the palace of the Hague:[3] "Letters from England, of the 6th of February, o. s., arrived here at seven this morning; they communicated the sorrowful tidings of the death of the king of England, Charles II. The prince of Orange did not go into the chamber of his wife, where she was holding a court of reception for the ladies of the Hague: he sent a message, requesting her to come down and hear the news. The duke of Monmouth came likewise to listen to these despatches. It is said that Mary manifested deep affliction at the death of her uncle. Monmouth retired to his own lodging, and came to the prince at ten in the evening: they were shut up together till midnight sounded. Then Monmouth, the same

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History of Great Britain.
[2] Additional MS. 4163, vol. i.; Birch Papers, British Museum.
[3] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217–266.

night, left the Hague secretly; and so well was his departure hidden, that it was supposed at noon the next day that he was in bed. The prince of Orange gave him money for his journey."[1] To his daughter, James II. announced his prosperous accession with the utmost warmth of paternal tenderness; to the prince of Orange, with remarkable dryness and brevity.[2] The prince, who had never supposed that his father-in-law would ascend the British throne, after the strong attempts to exclude him on account of his religion, found himself, if regarded as his enemy, in an alarming predicament. His first manœuvre, in consequence, was to take out of his wife's hand the paternal letter sent to her by her father, and read it aloud to the assembled states of Holland as if it had been written to himself.[3] He wrote to the new sovereign an apologetical epistle in the lowest strain of humility, explaining "that Monmouth only came as a suppliant, was shown a little common hospitality, and had been sent away." A glow of fervent enthusiasm and a prostration of devotion now marked his letters to James II. In one of his epistles William says,—"Nothing can happen which will make me change the fixed attachment I have for your interests. I should be the most unhappy man in the world if you were not persuaded of it, and should not have the goodness to continue me a little in your good graces, since I shall be, to the last breath of my life, yours, with zeal and fidelity."[4]

The usually affectionate correspondence between James II. and his daughter Mary, had now become interspersed with their differences of opinion on religion. The partialities of each were in direct opposition to the other,—his for the church of Rome, she frequenting the worship of the Dutch dissenters. Neither had much regard for the true resting-place between the two,—the reformed church of England, as established at the period of the present translation of the Scriptures. According to Dr. Birch's meagre extracts, king

[1] D'Avaux' Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217–266. D'Avaux dates Feb. 20, but he has used the new style.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, where the letter is quoted. [3] Macpherson.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, French letter.

James wrote to his daughter Mary, from Windsor, August 22nd, to express—

"His surprise to find her so ill-informed of the bishop of London's behaviour, both to the late king and to him, both as duke and king, as to write [to him] in his favour; that the bishop deserved no favour from him, and was far from having the *true* church-of-England principles."

In the answer of Mary, dated the 26th of August, she "vindicated her former preceptor as a good and loyal man."[1]

An error, fatal to himself, was committed by James II., in complying with the request that his daughter was induced to join in, by allowing Henry Sidney to return to the Hague as the commander of the English forces, which were lent to the prince of Orange as a support equally against the ambition of France and the party in Holland adverse to the stadtholdership, for every officer who did not become a partisan of the views of the prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain was an object of persecution, and was very glad to obtain his own dismissal and return to England. Thus all who remained were the pledged agents of William's ambition. Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was noticed that Mary had attended more than ever the preachings of the Dutch dissent. It was observed that Monmouth, who had accompanied her to their meetings, had, in his latter years, manifested great partiality to the fatalist sects. The rash invasion of England by Monmouth, his nominal assumption of the royal dignity, and his execution, were events which followed each other with startling celerity. It is evident, from his own memoirs, that James II. regretted being forced to put Monmouth to death. Those who have read the proclamation, in which Monmouth calls his uncle "the murderer and poisoner of Charles II.," will see that, in publishing so unfounded a calumny, he had rendered any pardon from James II. a self-accusation. Whether the mind of Mary had been warped against her father by the party-exiles who swarmed in Holland, or whether her motives were the more degrading ones attributed to her by her relative and correspondent, Elizabeth Charlotte,[2] (the second wife of

[1] Additional MSS. 4163, vol. i.; British Museum.

[2] Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans.

Philippe duke of Orleans,) can scarcely be surmised; but reasoning from facts and results, it is evident that she never forgave her father the death of Monmouth.

Since the departure of Dr. Ken, it was impossible for the father of the princess to send any loyal person, in any official capacity, who could be endured at her court. Skelton, the new envoy, was liked still less than Chudleigh. A complete antipathy had subsisted between Dr. Ken and William of Orange, but the dignity of character pertaining to the disinterested churchman had awed the prince from the practices to which he had recourse in order to discover what Ken's successor, Dr. Covell, thought of the married felicity of the princess, and of the conduct of the persons composing the court at the Hague. Truly, in this proceeding the hero of Nassau verified the proverb, that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves; and, assuredly, the peepers into private letters deserve not more self-gratification than the listeners at windows or keyholes. The princess was at Dieren, surrounded by the inimical circle of the Villiers, to whose aid a fourth, their sister Catharine, had lately arrived from England, and had married the marquess de Puissars, a French nobleman at the court of Orange. It was an allusion to the infamous Elizabeth Villiers which exasperated the Dutch phlegm of William of Orange into the imprudence of acknowledging the ungentlemanlike ways by which he obtained possession of the quaint document written by his wife's almoner, Dr. Covell. The prince had, by some indirect means, learned that the correspondence between Covell and Skelton, the envoy, passed through the hands of D'Alonne, the secretary to the princess. After obtaining and copying Dr. Covell's letter, he sent it to Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess of Orange, accompanied by his holograph letter in French, of which the following is a translation :[1]—

"I had for some time suspected," says the prince of Orange,[2] "that Dr. Covell was not a faithful servant to the princess. The last time I was at the Hague, a letter *fell* into my hands which he had written to Skelton, the ambassador. I opened it, and at my return *to* Dieren, *where the doctor was with the princess*, I *took* the doctor's cypher and decyphered it, as you will see by

[1] Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 165. [2] Ibid.

the copy annexed; the original, (which I have,) written and signed with his own hand, he acknowledged when I showed it to him. You will, no doubt, be surprised that a man of his profession could be so great a knave."

The surprise is, however, greater to find that a prince, who bore a character for heroism, and even for magnanimity, should first purloin a private letter, break the seal to espy the contents, then *take* the doctor's cypher,—but how, unless his serene highness had picked the doctor's desk, he does not explain,—and then continue his practices till he had laboured out a fair copy of the letter, which, to complete his absurdity, he sent to the very parties that the old doctor especially wished should know how he treated his wife. James II. and Clarendon were not a little diverted at the fact, that the prince of Orange had spent his time in making out a cyphered letter as complimentary to himself and court as the following:—

"Dr. Covell to Mr. Skelton, the Ambassador.

"Dieren, October $\frac{5}{15}$, 1685.

"Your honour may be astonished at the news, but it is too true, that the princess's heart is like to break; and yet she every day, with mistress Jesson and madame Zulestein, [Mary Worth,] counterfeits the greatest joy, and looks upon us as dogged as may be. We dare no more speak to her. The prince hath infallibly made her his absolute slave, and there is an end of it. I wish to God I could see the king give you some good thing for your life; I would have it out of the power of any revocation, for, I assure you, I fear the prince will for ever rule the roast. As for Mr. Chudleigh,[1] if his business be not done beyond the power of the prince before the king [James II.] die, he will be in an ill taking. But I wonder what makes the prince so cold to you. None but infamous people must expect any tolerable usage here.

"I beseech God preserve the king [James II.] many and many years. I do not wonder much at the new marchioness's [Catharine Villiers] behaviour, it is so like the breed. We shall see fine doings if we once come to town. What would you say if the princess should take her into the chapel, or, in time, into the bedchamber? I cannot fancy the sisters [Villiers] will long agree. You guess right about Mr. D'Allonne, for he is secretary in *that*, as well as other private affairs.

"I fear I shall not get loose to meet you at Utrecht: it will not be a month before we meet at the Hague. I never so heartily longed to come to the Hague. God send us a happy meeting!

"The princess is just now junketing with madame Bentinck [Anne Villiers] and Mrs. Jesson, in madame Zulestein's chamber. Believe me, worthy sir, ever with all sincere devotion to be,

"Your honour's, &c.

"Let me know how you were received at the *hoff*, [court]."

This letter strongly corroborates the intelligence regard-

[1] The former envoy, displaced by the complaint of the prince.

ing the princess transmitted by the French ambassador, D'Avaux, for the information of his court; and is, moreover, corroborated by the previous remonstrances of Dr. Ken on the ill-treatment of Mary. Nor, when the strong family connexions are considered of the *intriguante* Elizabeth Villiers, represented by old Dr. Covell as surrounding the princess at all times, equally in her court and the privacy of her chamber, will his picture of the slavery to which she was reduced be deemed exaggerated.

With Dr. Covell a general clearance of all persons supposed to be attached to the royal family in England took place: they were all thrust out of the household of the princess. Bentinck, whose wife is mentioned in Dr. Covell's letter, thus details their dismission in an epistle to Sidney:[1] "You will be surprised to find the changes at our court, for her royal highness, madame the princess, on seeing the letter which the prince *had got by chance*, dismissed Dr. Covell, without any further chastisement, because of his profession; and as it was suspected that Mrs. Langford and Miss Trelawney had been leagued with him, her royal highness, madame the princess, has sent them off this morning. The second chaplain, Langford, is also in this intrigue. I do not complain of the malice these people have shown in my case," continued Bentinck, "seeing that they have thus betrayed their master and mistress. I beg, that if you hear any one speak of the sort of history they have charitably made at our expense, you will send us word, for they have reported as if *we* [Bentinck and his wife] had failed of respect to her royal highness madame the princess at our arrival at Hounslardyke, and I should wish to 'know what is said.'" If Bentinck and his master could have obtained Barillon's despatches by some such "accident" as gave them possession of Dr. Covell's letter, they would have found that king James remarked reasonably enough on the incident. He said, that "If the prince of Orange really behaved like a true friend to him, and a good husband to his daughter, it

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 254, 255, where may be seen the original French letter.

was strange that he should be so enraged at her earliest friends and oldest servants writing news by the British resident of her health, and the manner of passing her time." The king alluded to the fact, "that Mrs. Langford was the nurse of his daughter Mary, whose husband, Mr. Langford, was one of her chaplains; Anne Trelawney, one of her ladies, had been a playfellow, whom the princess Mary loved better than any one in the world." The princess suffered agonies[1] when the prince of Orange, suspecting that Anne Trelawney was among the disapprovers of his conduct, forced her to return to England at this juncture."[2]

The prince of Orange informed Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess, that he left the punishment of Dr. Covell to his bishop; but he demanded of king James the dismissal of the envoy Skelton, for having the queer letter already quoted written to him by the said Dr. Covell, which, in fact, Skelton had never received. Hyde drily replied, by the order of the king, "that frequent changes were great impediments to business; and reminded him that the other envoy, Chudleigh, had been dismissed for a private misunderstanding." Skelton remained fruitlessly writing to his royal master, calling his attention to the intrigues by which his son-in-law was working his deposition,[3] receiving but little belief from James II., who either would not or could not suspect the faith of a son and daughter, when both of them were writing to him letters, apparently of an affectionate and confidential kind, every post-day.[4] The princess of Orange greatly exasperated the French ambassador by the sympathy she manifested for his Protestant countrymen. He wrote to his court, January 3, 1686,—"Only two days ago, she told a story of a

[1] This curious and obscure passage in Mary's early married life has been collated and collected from the despatches and diaries of her friends, relatives, foes, and servants; namely, from those written by her uncle Lawrence, her husband the prince of Orange, her father, and old friends, as well as by the French ambassadors, D'Avaux and Barillon; and there is no doubt that there is much more to be found in private letters and journals, as yet unknown to biographers.

[2] Barillon, Oct. 1685.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History and Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 286.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix; see a great number from the prince of Orange and from the king.

fire having been lighted under two young Protestant girls in France, who were thus made to suffer dreadful torments."[1] The ambassador complained to the prince of Orange, and requested him "to restrain the princess from talking thus;" but the prince coldly observed, "that he could not." Holland and England were then full of the refugees who had fled from the detestable persecutions in France. In this instance James II. and his daughter acted in unison, for he gave them refuge in England, and relieved them with money and other necessaries. It is said, that he sent word to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on his cruelty.[2]

It was in the spring of 1686 that the princess of Orange, by a manifestation of her conjugal fears, obtained from the States-General the appointment of body-guards, to attend on the personal safety of her husband, who hitherto had been without that indication of the dignity of a sovereign prince. The following curious tale of a plot against the life or freedom of Mary's consort, she owed to Dr. Burnet and one Mr. W. Facio, or Tacio, who afterwards fell out with each other, and gave different versions of it. Perhaps the plot itself was a mere scheme for obtaining a place in the good graces of the prince and princess of Orange. "Scheveling is a sea village," begins the memorial, "about two or three miles from the palace of the Hague, whither all people, from the rank of the prince and princess to the lowest boor and boorine, take the air, in fine weather, on summer evenings. A stately long avenue leads to the *dunes* from the back of the Hague palace-gardens, planted on each side with many rows of tall trees." The dunes (just like those of Yarmouth) are interspersed with portions of beautiful turf,

[1] Ambassades D'Avaux, vol. v. p. 219.

[2] There is direct evidence of this part: see Toone's Chronology, Macpherson, and a letter of Henry lord Clarendon. Barillon, however, in one of his letters to Louis XIV., asserts that James expressed to him the direct contrary. Facts are, nevertheless, to be preferred to words, even if the words were reported with truth. James devoted 50,000*l.* of the contents of his well-regulated treasury, to the good work of the hospitable provision for his poor guests. See, likewise, the works of Dr. Peter Allix, one of the refugee leaders, which overflow with gratitude to James II., for what the good Huguenot calls his inestimable kindness to them in their miseries.

of the *arenaria*, or sea-beach grass; the rest is a desert of deep, loose sand, where the roots of this grass do not bind it; consequently, a heavy carriage with horses always would have great difficulty in traversing the road, which was very troublesome towards the north *dunes*.[1] "The prince of Orange," wrote the informer of the plot, "would often go in a chariot drawn by six horses, in the cool of a summer's evening, to take the air for two hours along the sea-shore, with only one person in the carriage with him; and in order to avoid all troublesome salutation, he went northward a great way beyond where the other carriages did walk, none of which dared follow him, so that he was almost out of sight." An agent of the king of France went to lie in wait, with two boats, on the Scheveling beach, each manned with armed desperadoes: and, when the Dutch prince's carriage was slowly ploughing its way among the sandy dunes, the men were to march to surround the prince, who, being thus enclosed between the two gangs, was to be taken, rowed off to a brig of war under Dutch colours, and carried to France. The scheme was attributed to a count Feril, or Fenil, an Italian officer in a French regiment, who had been banished from France for killing his enemy in a duel. M. Facio, or Tacio, then a youth, the son of the man with whom he lodged at Duyviliers, heard the matter in confidence from Fenil. By a notable concatenation of accidents, Dr. Burnet met the confidant of the conspirator of "the plot," as he bent his course to Holland. It seems very strange in this story, that the alleged conspirator, count Fenil, should have trusted his intentions several months before "the plot" was matured to this young man, who happened to be travelling to Geneva, where he happened to encounter Burnet, who happened to be travelling to Holland, where he happened to find the narrative a convenient means of introduction to the princess of Orange, for policy forbade her receiving with particular marks of distinction any exile from her father's court, during his short-lived prosperity after the suppression of the

[1] In Yarmouth these sea-side plains are called *danes*, or *deans*, but both words mean the same as *downs*.

Monmouth insurrection. Having requested an interview on matters of life and death with her royal highness, Burnet told his alarming tale with such effect, that the princess, in an agony of conjugal fear, entreated, in her turn, a conference on matters of life and death with some members of the States-General of the Orange faction, to hear and see the reverend person tell his story[1] and produce his witness. The result was, that the princess obtained from a majority of the States-General the first appointment of her husband's body-guards,—a step greatly adverse to the terms on which he held his stadtholdership, and savouring strongly of royal power and dignity. The author of the story, M. Facio, in his memorial, published for the purpose of exposing some falsehoods of his quondam ally, complains much of the ingratitude both of William and Burnet. What became of the count Fenil, on whom the concoction of "the plot" was laid, is not mentioned.

James II. sent his friend William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband in January 1686, to convince them by his eloquence of the propriety of his abolishing all laws tending to persecution. A Dutch functionary, of the name of Dyckvelt, was long associated with the benevolent quaker in this negotiation. "Penn," says D'Avaux, "wrote with his own hand a long letter," averring "that many of the bishops had agreed that the English penal laws were cruel and bad, and ought to be annulled." On which the prince declared, "he would lose all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before one should be abolished. The princess," adds D'Avaux, "echoed his words, but much more at length, and with such sharpness, that the marquess d'Albeville [who was D'Avaux's informant, and was present] was much astonished at her tone and manner." Among other expressions, she said,[2] that

[1] It is a curious circumstance, that Burnet is very cautious in all his allusions to this queer tale, which he does not attempt to narrate either in history or manuscript. The truth is, that Facio, or Tacio, had printed a version of it, strongly illustrative of the wise proverb, When rogues fall out, &c.

[2] Ambassades D'Avaux: Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, vol. v. p. 67.

"If ever she was queen of England, she should do more for the Protestants than even queen Elizabeth." When Mary perceived the impression she had made on Albeville by her answer to Penn, she modified her manner in discussing with him the differences between her father's views and her own, adding, in a more moderate, and at the same time more dignified tone, "I speak to you, sir, with less reserve, and with more liberty than to the king my father, by reason of the respectful deference which I am obliged to entertain for him and his sentiments."[1] William Penn, on this mission, incurred the enmity of the princess of Orange, which endured through her life. The practical wisdom and justice which he had shown, as the founder of a prosperous colony under the patronage of James, when duke of York, ought to have made the heiress of the British empire consider herself under inestimable obligations to the illustrious man of peace. The prince of Orange was less violent than his wife in the matter, and astutely endeavoured to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, "that king James should allow his daughter a handsome pension of 48,000*l.* per annum, as heiress of the British throne." James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he demurred on this proposition, saying "he must first ascertain clearly that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself."

It has been shown, that Dr. Burnet's first introduction to the princess was on account of a plot he had discovered against the life or liberty of the prince of Orange. He became from that time extremely intimate at the court of Orange,—an intimacy that excited the displeasure of James II. The extracts are meagre from the king's letter to his daughter. They are as follows:—In a letter, dated from Whitehall, November 23, 1686, he spoke of Burnet "as a man not to be trusted, and an ill man."[2] Dec. 7, he com-

[1] Mazure's deciphering of Albeville's despatches to James II.
[2] Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.

plained of Burnet "as a dangerous man, though he would seem to be an angel of light." King James added this description, allowing his enemy the following qualities: that "Burnet was an ingenious man," meaning, in the parlance of that century, a man of genius, "of a pleasant conversation, and the best flatterer he ever knew." The princess replied to her father from the Hague, December 10, in a letter full of Burnet's praises.[1]

[1] Additional MS., British Museum. 4163. folio 1.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Princess Anne greatly indulged by her father—Death of her daughter—Present at her father's coronation, (James II.)—Attends the opening of parliament—Birth of Anne's second daughter, Mary—Anne's state at chapel-royal—Her letter to the bishop of Ely—Her revenue and married life—Character of her husband—Her third daughter born, (Sophia)—Illness of her husband—Death of both their children—Excessive grief of the princess—Her pecuniary embarrassments—Interview with her father—Her aunt quits her household—Lady Churchill her first lady—Letters between the princess of Orange and English ladies—Letters of James II. to the princess of Orange—He informs her of his queen's situation—Birth of the prince of Wales, (*called the Pretender*)—Anne's absence at Bath—Her insinuations against the child and his mother—Anne's joy at the people's suspicions—at her brother's illness—Letters from the queen (Mary Beatrice) to the princess of Orange—Princess Anne at Windsor—Introduced to the pope's legate—Princess of Orange writes to archbishop Sancroft—Princess Anne's dialogues with her uncle Clarendon—Princess of Orange deceives her father—His letters on her husband's invasion—Interview of Anne and Clarendon—Mocks her father with her women—Reproofs of her uncle.

The inimical conduct of the princess of Orange towards her father, which commenced a few weeks before his accession, caused him to bestow a double portion of fondness on her younger sister. Anne had, in her infancy, been the spoiled favourite of her mother, while her father lavished his most tender affections on her elder sister.[1] At this time Anne was the best-beloved of his heart; he was never happy out of her presence, he was never known to deny a request of hers, though it was not very easy for her to make one, since he anticipated her every want and wish. Of course her rank and dignity were greatly augmented when he became a reigning sovereign. Charles II. died on the birthday of Anne,

[1] See letter of her step-mother, at the end of this chapter, where she reminds Mary that she was considered his best-beloved in infancy.

February 6, 1685. All thoughts were directed to her on her father's accession, for the people fully expected the succession would be continued by her descendants. She had brought into the world a daughter in the reign of her uncle, but this child scarcely lived to be baptized. There was, however, speedy promise of more offspring, insomuch that the princess Anne could take no other part of her father's coronation (St. George's-day, 1685) than beholding it from a close box in Westminster-abbey, which was prepared for her below that of the ambassadors.

The princess Anne heard herself mentioned at the coronation of her father in the following prayer: "O Lord, our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers for our sovereign lord, James, set over us by thy grace and providence to be our king; and so together with him bless his royal consort our gracious queen Mary, Catharine the queen-dowager, their royal highnesses Mary the princess of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, and the whole royal family.[1] Endue them with thy holy Spirit, enrich them," &c. &c. concluding in the words of the supplication for the royal family in our liturgy. It is a remarkable circumstance, that James II. thus particularly distinguished both his daughters by name and titles in this prayer, although in that century, as in the present, only the heir-apparent among the children of the sovereign, or at most an heir-presumptive, was usually mentioned. In all probability, he thus designated them to prevent all disputes regarding their title to the succession in case of his death, as their mother was only a private gentlewoman. The princess of Orange and the princess Anne were certainly thus named in the liturgy every time divine service was celebrated by the church of England until they deposed their father: it is an instance that he was not disposed, in any way, to slight their claims, either to royalty or his paternal care. James II. was kinder to his daughters

[1] Sandford, repeated by Menin, in his Coronation Ceremonials of England, p. 16. He edited this as a guide to the coronation of George II., the ceremonial of which is printed with it.

than George II. to his heir, for in the very volume which gives this information, a similar prayer,[1] in the very words, is quoted; but in regard to the nomenclature, only king George and his queen Caroline are prayed for; neither Frederick prince of Wales nor their other children are named.

Great friendship apparently prevailed at the epoch of the coronation between the princess Anne and her step-mother. Before the newly crowned queen, Mary Beatrice, commenced her procession back to Westminster-hall, she entered the box of the princess Anne,[2] to show her dress, and hold friendly conference: Anne and prince George of Denmark, who bore his spouse company, conversed with her a considerable time. The princess Anne accompanied the queen to behold the grand ceremony of the king's opening his first parliament; both Anne[3] and her step-mother were on the right of the throne: they were considered *incog.* The princess of Denmark had the satisfaction of hearing the pope and the Virgin Mary fully defied and renounced before the Catholic queen. Ten days afterwards, May 22, the princess Anne brought into the world a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the princess of Orange. James II. himself announced this event to "his son, the prince of Orange," in one of those familiar letters he wrote to him almost every post: "My daughter, the princess of Denmark, was this day brought to bed of a girl. I have not time to say more now, but to assure you that I shall always be as kind to you as you can desire."[4] Three days afterwards, the king mentions his uneasiness regarding her health in another letter to William. "My daughter was taken ill this morning, having had vapours, [hysterics,] which sometimes trouble women in her condition. This frighted us at first, but now, God be thanked, our fears are over. She took some remedies, and has slept after them most of this afternoon and evening, and is in a very good way, which is all I can say to you now, but assure you of my kindness." On any such alarm regarding the

[1] Menin's English Coronations; in the Coronation-service for George II.
[2] King's MS. British Museum: Recueil de Pièces.
[3] Evelyn.
[4] Dalrymple's Appendix.

health of his beloved daughter, the king, who was a very early riser, would enter her apartment and sit by her bedside. Her uncle mentions that James's paternal tenderness would bring him to the sick bed of the princess Anne as early as five or six in the morning, and he often sat by her for two hours.[1]

The state and homage James II. allowed his youngest daughter to assume at Whitehall chapel are very remarkable. James II. himself went to mass, but he permitted the princess Anne to occupy the royal closet at Whitehall, and at other palace chapels; and it was his pleasure, that the same honours were to be paid her as if he were present in person. Evelyn being present at Whitehall chapel, saw Dr. Tennison make three *congés* towards the royal closet; after service, Evelyn asked him, "Why he did so, as king James was not there?" Tennison replied, that the king had given him express orders to do so, whenever his daughter, the princess Anne, was present.[2] The place of the princess was on the left hand of the royal seat; the clerk of the closet stood by her chair, as if the king himself had been at chapel. This anecdote is a confirmation of the positive assertion of James himself and other authors, that he neither attempted to impede nor persecute her in her attendance on the church-of-England worship, but rather to give every distinction and encouragement to it.[3] It was, perhaps, an impolitic indulgence to feed his daughter's appetite for trifling ceremonials of bowing and personal homage from the altar, as if she had been the visible head of the established church; but James II., though an acute observer of facts, which he skilfully combined as a commander, a coloniser, or a financier, knew nothing of the higher science of the springs of passion on the human mind. He treated his daughter Anne as the ultimate heiress to the British throne; he fostered in her disposition an ambition for the mere externals of majesty, without con-

[1] Letters of James II. to the prince of Orange, dated June 2nd, (5th,) 1685, Dalrymple's Appendix, part i. p. 17.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. iii. p. 153.

[3] Lord Clarendon's Journal, vol. iii. p. 201. Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct, p. 15.

sidering that she would not choose to relinquish it at the birth of a brother. In the following letter, addressed to Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely, she seems to avoid all these distinctions, perhaps out of respect for the character of the apostolic man she wished to hear. The princess requested him to keep a place for her in Ely chapel, to hear Dr. Ken expound the church catechism.

"Princess Anne of Denmark to the Bishop of Ely.[1]

"I hear the bishop of Bath and Wells expounds this afternoon at your chapel, and I have a great mind to hear him; therefore I desire you would do me the favour to let some place be kept for me, where I may hear well, and be the least taken notice of, for I shall bring but *one lady* with me, and desire I may not be known. I should not have given you the trouble, but that I was afraid if I had sent any body, they might have made a mistake. Pray let me know what time it begins."

The princess Anne received from her father, at his accession, an augmentation of revenue which was fit for the heir-apparent of an empire. James II. made up her allowance to 32,000*l.*, being more than the income at present settled by parliament on his royal highness prince Albert. When tested by the great difference of financial arrangement from the present day, the exceeding is enormous of such a sum in solid money. The whole yearly expenditure of the realm was, in the reign of Charles II., averaged at one million and a half per annum;[2] this sum, with the exception of the crown-land income, constituted the whole outlay of king and state. From this revenue, 32,000*l.* bestowed on the princess Anne seems a liberal share. James II., by his financial skill, and his vigilance in defending the taxes from the rapacity of those who farmed them, raised the revenue of Great Britain to 2,250,000*l.*, with which small sum he covered all expenses, and maintained a navy victorious over the seas of the world. The value of the allowance he gave to his daughter Anne, before the funded debt existed, must have been more than

[1] Quoted, by the biographer of bishop Ken, from the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1814, having been communicated to that periodical by a gentleman of the name of Fowke, who is in possession of the original. Dr. Francis Turner was subsequently one of the bishops who were imprisoned by her father, and yet refused to own allegiance either to Mary II. or Anne. See Lives of the Seven Bishops, by Agnes Strickland, published by Bell and Daldy, 1866.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

double that sum in the present day.[1] "It cannot be denied," wrote a contemporary,[2] who had belonged to the court of James II., "that the king was a very kind parent to the princess Anne: he inquired into her debts at Christmas 1685, and took care to clear her of every one. Yet she made some exceedings the year after, and lord Godolphin complained and grumbled; still her father paid all she owed, without a word of reproach."

The princess Anne, from the hour that another husband was provided for her, wisely thought no more of the accomplished earl of Mulgrave, who subsequently married her illegitimate sister, Catharine.[3] The prince of Denmark was considered an example of the domestic affections, and proved a kind, quiet husband. His easy and sensual life in England very soon stifled his warlike energies under an excess of corpulence. He could imbibe much wine without visible signs of inebriation, yet a small portion of his potations would have reversed the reason of a temperate man. Charles II. reproved the prince, in his jocose manner, for his tendency to sluggish indulgence. Unfortunately, the partiality of her Danish consort for the pleasures of the table encouraged the same propensities in his princess. He induced her, if not to drink, at least to persist in eating more than did good to her health; instead of suppressing, he caused her to exaggerate her early propensities to gluttony.

Although the princess Anne and the prince of Denmark were nearly every twelvemonth the parents of children, yet their little ones either expired as soon as they saw the light, or lingered only five or six months. Their deaths were probably occasioned by hydrocephalus, which, when constitutional, sweeps off whole families of promising infants. The

[1] James II.'s allowance to his daughter Anne, (Lansdowne MS.)—

Prince and princess of Denmark, out of y^e^ Excise	£15,000	0	0
Postage	15,000	0	0
Ditto more by privy-seal, during pleasure . .	2,000	0	0
	£32,000	0	0

[2] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 187.

[3] Daughter of James II. by Catharine Sedley.

third daughter of the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark was born in May 1686, at Windsor-castle. Lady Churchill and lady Roscommon were godmothers to this infant, and gave it the name of Anne Sophia. The babe was healthy: although the little lady Mary was weakly and languishing, yet the youngest gave every hope of reaching maturity. These hopes were cruelly blighted six months afterwards. Prince George was taken very ill at that time, and remained many days in actual danger of death. The princess nursed him most assiduously. Scarcely was she relieved from the hourly dread of seeing her husband expire, when first the little lady Sophia suddenly fell ill, and died on her mother's birthday,[1] and the second anniversary of the decease of Charles II. The eldest infant had for months been in a consumption; she expired within a few hours. Thus the princess was left childless in one day. Rachel lady Russell draws a pathetic picture of Anne's feelings, divided as they were between grief for the bereavement of her offspring and anxiety for her husband. Her letters are dated February 9th and 18th, 1686-7: "The good princess has taken her chastisement heavily: the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from calming of a greater, the prince being so ill of a fever. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned in words, but hand-in-hand; he sick in his bed, she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they went to Richmond-palace, which was Thursday last. The poor princess is still wonderful sad. The children were opened: the eldest was all consumed away, as expected, but the youngest quite healthy, and every appearance for long life."[2] The infants were buried in St. George's-chapel, Windsor. At the interment of the little lady Sophia, the burial-place of her grandfather, Charles I., was discovered in the chapel. Although the date does not agree with the demise of these infants, yet this letter of Mary princess of Orange to her brother-in-law,

[1] Dangeau's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 255.

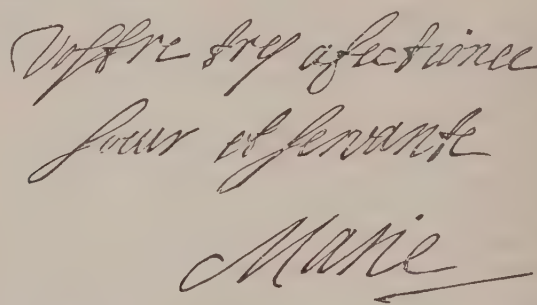
[2] MS. letters of Rachel lady Russell; Birch Collections, Plut. cvi. p. 43.

prince George of Denmark, could not have pertained to any other occasion:—

"Mary Princess of Orange to Prince George of Denmark.[1]

"Monsieur my Brother,

"I have learned with extreme concern (déplessir) the misfortune of my sister by your letter, and I assure you that it touches me as nearly as if it had happened to myself; but since it is the will of God, it must be submitted to with patience. We have great cause to praise this good God that my sister is in such a good state, and I hope will re-establish her health entirely, and bless you together with many other infants, who may live to console their parents for those who are dead. I wish for some better occasion to testify to you how much I am, monsieur my brother,



"From Loo, this 13th Novr.

"A Monsieur mon Frère, le Prince George de Danmark."

At the succeeding Christmas, notwithstanding the liberality of her allowance, the princess Anne was found to be overwhelmed with debt.[2] As there was no outlay commensurate with a second extravagant defalcation, Lawrence Hyde, lord Rochester, the uncle of the princess, began to suspect that some greedy favourites secretly drained her funds. He did not keep his suspicions to himself, and the person who testified consciousness by furious resentment, was Sarah Churchill. The favourite, in consequence, visited him through life with active hatred. Few pages of her copious historical apologies occur without violent railings

[1] From the original, in French, in the possession of William Upcott, esq. The fac-simile, entirely in the hand of the princess Mary, is published by Mr. Netherclift. It is in rather a fair Italian hand: her signature is very like that of Mary queen of Scots. There is no yearly date; it is probable that this condolence was written on the death of the name-child of the princess of Orange.

[2] The Other Side of the Question, 47. This author is fully corroborated by the duchess herself, and by Roger Coke.

against this lord treasurer, his wife, or some of the Clarendon family. "Lady Clarendon," says Sarah Churchill, in one of her inedited papers,[1] "aunt by marriage to the princess Anne, was first lady of her bedchamber when the princess was first established at the Cockpit. When lord Clarendon was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which obliged my lady Clarendon to leave her service, the princess was very glad, because, though she was considered a good woman, the princess had taken an aversion to her. It was soon guessed that I must succeed her in her post; and at this time the princess wrote to me 'that she intended to take two new pages of the backstairs, she having then but two, one of whom was *extreme* old and past service; but that she would not do it till my lady Clarendon was gone, that I might have the advantage of putting in the two pages,' meaning that I should sell these two places, for in those times it was openly allowed to sell all employments in every office. And upon this established custom and direction from the princess, (as it was not to be expected that I should *immediately* set up to reform the court in this respect,) I *did* sell these places: with some other advantage, they came to 1200*l.*,"—a tolerably round sum of money before the national debt was instituted. The new pages were Roman-catholics, and were probably privately assisted into their situations of keeping the backstairs of the dwelling rooms of the princess by some official in the court of king James of that religion, whose interest was concerned in the proceedings of Anne, to know all persons who came to her, and what they said and did. That king James had placed them himself is impossible, for he had no suspicion of Anne; and had he taken any underhand measures to watch her conduct, his ruin could not have fallen on him unawares as it did, accelerated by his children.

But as soon as Sarah Churchill had comfortably pocketed her 1200*l.*, the prince and princess of Orange by some means discovered the fact that the two new pages of their sister Anne's backstairs were Roman-catholics. Their vigilance on

[1] Coxe MSS. vol. xliv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

a point important to the good success of the coming revolution, roused the princess Anne from the supine satisfaction in which she reposed. Although her needy favourite had made so excellent a market, she was forced to command the instant dismissal of her Roman-catholic attendants at the door-stairs of her sitting rooms. The warning of the princess of Orange not only displaced these dangerous watchers on the conduct of the princess Anne, but had the consecutive result of obliging Sarah Churchill to refund eight hundred of the twelve hundred pounds she mentions having recently netted on the occasion. However, four hundred pounds clung to her fingers, which was a goodly gain for an ineffectual recommendation. It is nevertheless to be feared, that the personal hatred which avowedly had previously subsisted between the princess of Orange and Sarah Churchill, was not soothed by the painful but inevitable process of refunding the eight hundred pounds. It is worth remarking, that the lady herself quotes the anecdote[1] in support of her own warm self-praises, as an instance of her scorn of making money by selling offices in her mistress's household. One of these Roman-catholic pages, of the name of Gwynn, had been a servant of the princess Anne of some standing; she secured to him a salary for life, in compensation for the loss of his place on account of his religion. In pecuniary transactions, Anne was always generous to the utmost of her ability. She discharged her old servitor for political reasons, but left him not to starve.

Whether by gambling or by gifts to the Churchills, the princess Anne again impaired her revenue and overwhelmed herself with debts. Since the favourite of Anne previously appeared on these pages, she had become lady Churchill. By the influence of the king when duke of York, her husband had been created lord Churchill, December 1683, and given more substantial marks of favour, which, though trifling in comparison with the enormous wealth this pair afterwards drew from their country, deserved their gratitude.

[1] Coxe MSS. vol. xliv.; letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

The accounts of the princess passed through the hands of one of Sarah's familiars, whom she had introduced into the establishment at the Cockpit. Assuredly, if rogues write accounts of their "conduct," they ought to be "gifted" with long memories. A Mr. Maule having proved ungrateful to Sarah Churchill some months after the Revolution, she recriminated in the following words: "I had not only brought him to be bedchamber-man to the prince, when he was quite a stranger to the court, but, to mend his salary, had *invented* an employment for him,—that of overlooking the princess's accounts."[1] The result of this bright invention was, a figuring on the side of the debit column of the princess's accounts of 7000*l.* higher than the credits. Anne was very unhappy in consequence, and sent to her father to lend her the deficient sum.

King James walked into the presence of his daughter, on receiving this intelligence, so unexpectedly, that Sarah Churchill, and another lady of the princess's bedchamber, (lady Fitzharding,) had only just time to shut themselves in a closet. Anne permitted these women to remain there as spies and eavesdroppers, listening to the confidential communication between her father and herself. The king gently reminded her "that he had made her a noble allowance, and that he had twice cheerfully paid her debts[2] without one word of remonstrance; but that now he was convinced that she had some one about her for whose sake she plunged herself into inconveniences. Of these, his paternal affection was willing once more to relieve her, but," he added, "that she must observe a more exact economy for the future." The princess Anne only answered her father with tears. The moment king James departed, out burst the two eavesdroppers from their hiding-place, lady Churchill exclaiming, with her usual coarse vehemence, "Oh, madam! all this is owing to that old rascal, your uncle!"[3] It is not

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. This invented employment was parallel, in chronology, with these mysterious defalcations from the income of her mistress.

[2] Letter of the princess Anne, regarding the fact of the payment of her debts.

[3] Other Side of the Question, p. 48.

wise for ladies, whether princesses or otherwise, to suffer their women to call their uncles or fathers "old rascals" to their faces, and in their hearing. This abused uncle, Lawrence Hyde, was a lord treasurer, of whose honesty the flourishing revenue of a lightly taxed country bore honourable witness. Being devoted to the reformed catholic church of England, he would not retain his office when he found that his royal brother-in-law was bent on removing the penal laws, and introducing Roman-catholics into places of trust. The hatred of his niece and her favourite was not appeased by his resignation of the treasury department. This office, which was the object of lord Sunderland's desires, and of his long series of political agitations, and of his pretended conversion to the Roman religion, seemed now within his grasp. But James II. was too good a financier to trust his revenue in the clutches of a known inveterate gambler: he put the treasury into commission, associating lord Sunderland with two other nobles. The furious animosity with which the favourite of the princess of Denmark pursued Sunderland, her mistress following her lead, proves that neither of them had the slightest idea that he was working a mine for the ruin of his master parallel to their own. Meantime, the princess was forced to restrain her expenditure.

However ignorant the princess Anne and her favourite were that Sunderland was an ally in the same cause with themselves, the princess of Orange was well aware of it; for while he was affecting to be a convert to the church of Rome, and was the prime-minister of James II., he was carrying on, by means of his wife, an intriguing correspondence with William of Orange. A very extraordinary letter, in one handwriting, but in two very different styles of diction, the joint composition of this pair, was found in king William's box of letters, after his death, at Kensington. The first part of it, the composition of the male diplomatist, wholly relates to the best manner of circumventing James II.'s endeavours for the parliamentary abolition of the penal and test acts, warning the prince of Orange not to express approbation of

the measure. The postscript, or second letter, is an emanation from the mind of lady Sunderland, and is meant for the princess of Orange, though personally addressed to her spouse. It appears written under some dread lest the double game they were playing should be detected by James II., who had, it will be observed, already suspected that lady Sunderland corresponded with his daughter Mary:—

"Lady Sunderland to the Prince and Princess of Orange.[1]

"I must beg leave of your highness to enclose a letter for Mr. Sidney, who I hope will be with you very soon; and till he comes, I beseech you to make no answer to my letter, for fear of accident. For this had gone to you two posts ago, but that an accident happened I thought it best not to pass over. Some papists, the other day, that are not satisfied with my lord, [Sunderland,] said, 'That my lord Sunderland did not dance in a net;' for 'they very well knew that, however he made king James believe, there were *dispensations* from *Holland* as well as from Rome, and that they were sure *I* held a correspondence with the princess of Orange.' This happened the day I first heard of the propositions which I have writ, [*i. e.* about the test act,] which made me defer sending till king James [II.] spoke to me of it, which he has done. And as I could very truly, so did I assure his majesty 'that I never had the honour to have any commerce with the princess but about *treacle-water*, or *work*, or some such slight thing.' I did likewise assure his majesty, 'that if there had been any commerce, I should never be ashamed, but, on the contrary, proud to own it, seeing *he must be sure that the princess could never be capable of any thing, with any body, to his disservice.*'

"Now, how this fancy came into his head I cannot imagine, for, as your highness knows, I never had the honour to write to you at all till now; so the princess of Orange knows I have been so unhappy as to have very little acquaintance with her, till of late I have had the obligation to my lady Semple and Mr. Sidney to have had an occasion of writing to her, which I value, and will endeavour to continue and improve by all the zeal and esteem for her that I am capable of, to my last breath. I have the ill luck to write a very bad hand, which, if your highness cannot read plain, (and few can,) I humbly beg of you to keep it till Mr. Sidney comes, who is used to my hand.

"If, at this man's return, [suppose her messenger,] I can but hear that my letter came safe, and that you pardon the liberty I have taken, I shall be very much at ease. If, by the bearer, your highness will be pleased to let me know my letter came safe to you, I shall be very happy.

"A. Sunderland."

It is to be feared, that the commencement of the princess of Orange's correspondence with the illustrious Rachel lady Russell had not for its object the generous sympathy with her bereavements which that lady deserved from every one, or it would have been offered years before. The following is an extract from its first opening; it is, indeed, offensively condescending. It seems in answer to some admiration for the

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 189, 190.

princess expressed by lady Russell to Dyckvelt, the Dutch envoy,[1]—at least such is the opinion of Dr. Birch, in his abstracts from the mass of the correspondence of the royal family at this period, to which he had access. The princess of Orange observes that she sends her letter by Mr. Herbert.

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

"Hounslardyke, July 12, 1687.

"I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given of you by all people, both before I left England and since I have been here; and have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well."

James II. had previously felt uneasy at the proceedings of Dyckvelt in England, which he expressed, in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus:—

"Windsor, May 30, 1687.

"I have reason to fear that mynheer Dyckvelt has taken wrong measures of things here, by reason that many, who are not well affected to my person or government, have plied him very hard since he has been here."[2]

The king then recapitulates what he has done for the good of the monarchy and nation in general. Probably there were some religious topics discussed by James, for there followed, soon after, an extract from Mary's reply:—

"Hounslardyke, June 17, 1687.

"When you will have me speak as I think, I cannot always be of the same mind your majesty is; what you do, seems too much to the prejudice of the church I am of for me to like it."[3]

Letters which did honour to the humanity of both father and daughter followed these. Mary had requested her father to interfere with his mighty power, as ocean-king, to obtain the liberty of the crews of some Dutch fishing-boats taken by the Algerines. In this she was certainly successful, or Dr. Birch would have eagerly noted the contrary. Besides, the suppression of pirates was a noted feature of her father's government.[4]

When James II.'s intention of abolishing the penal laws became apparent soon after the embassy of Penn, the princess of Orange wrote the following letter to Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

[1] Birch MS. 4163, folio 44. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] See Dalrymple's Appendix, regarding the dreadful losses the English suffered from piracy, from the years 1689 till the strange affair of captain Kidd.

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT.[1]

"Loo, October 1, 1687.

"Though I have not the advantage to know you, my lord of Canterbury, yet the reputation you have makes me resolve not to lose this opportunity of making myself more known to you than I have been yet. Dr. Stanley can assure you that I take more interest in what concerns the church of England than myself, and that one of the greatest satisfactions I can have is, to hear how all the clergy show themselves as firm to their religion as they have always been to their king, which makes me hope God will preserve his church, since he has so well provided it with able men. I have nothing more to say, but beg your prayers, and desire you will do me the justice to believe I shall be very glad of any occasion to show the esteem and veneration I have for you.

"To the Archbishop of Canterbury." "MARIE.

At the first receipt of this letter, the heart of the old man warmed towards the writer. Sancroft was suffering under the double affliction of seeing his king, the son of his beloved master, an alien from the church of England, and even finding indications of persecution from him. Among his papers was found a rough draft of an answer to Mary's letter, in which, rather in sorrow than in anger, he thus offers an apology for his royal master's secession from the reformed church:—

"It hath seemed," wrote the archbishop, "good to the Infinite Wisdom, to exercise this poor church with trials of all sorts. But the greatest calamity that ever befell us was, that wicked and ungodly men who murdered the father, [Charles I.] likewise drove out the sons, as if it were to say to them, 'Go, and serve other gods,' the dismal effects hereof we feel every moment. . . . . And although this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our steady loyalty to our sovereign and the royal family, yet it embitters the comforts left us: it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore, in the constancy of your royal highness and the excellent prince towards us."[2]

The letter continues with tender and paternal expressions to the princess of Orange, as one who, like Mary in the gospel, "had chosen the better part." He speaks of himself "as an old man sinking under the double burden of age and sorrow;" and he signed himself in the beautiful phraseology of an earlier period, "her daily orator at the throne of grace." The extraordinary historical circumstances relating to the princess of Orange and Sancroft archbishop of Canterbury, render every incident which connects their names interesting. Yet some have doubted whether he

[1] Clarendon Letters, Appendix, part ii. p. 488. [2] Ibid., pp. 485, 486.

ever sent the letter he had written, but merely acknowledged the honour the princess had done him with expressions of courtesy.

The princess of Orange received from her father a letter, dated November 29th, 1687, in which he mentions his queen's situation, with some particulars of her health, adding, as news, "the death of Mrs. Nelly [Gwynne], and that she had not left the duke of St. Albans so much as was believed." A great increase of zeal for the welfare of the church of England was the only symptom shown by the princess of Orange at the receipt of the intelligence regarding her father's hopes of offspring,—an event likely to be subversive of her husband's ambitious anticipations, in which there cannot exist doubts that she fully participated, notwithstanding all her disclaiming speeches and letters on the subject of her succession. One of these speeches, pertaining, perhaps, to an earlier and better period of her life, is to be found in Burnet's manuscript. A person having presumed to ask the princess of Orange, "If she knew her own mind so far, as to apprehend how she could bear the king her father having a son?" The princess answered, "She did not care to talk of these things, lest it might seem an affectation, but she believed she should be very little troubled at it, for in all these things the will of God was to be considered; and if it were not for doing good to others," she said, "for her own particular, it would be better for her to live and die where she was."[1]

Then commenced some religious controversy between the father and daughter, which, however, was carried on in a moderate manner. The king sent his daughter controversial books by his resident minister, D'Albeville, from Whitehall, February 24th, 1687-8. He wrote to her thus: "I pray God to touch your heart, as he did your mother's, who, for many years, was as zealous a Protestant, and as knowing in it, as you can be." If the king thought that his daughter's firmness in her religious opinions could be shaken by an appeal to the memory of her dead mother, he was greatly mistaken. Mary was at a tender age when she lost her mother; there is

[1] Burnet's MSS. 6584, Harleian.

no evidence, but quite the contrary, that she cherished either love or respect for her. King James continued his controversial discussions, when writing to his daughter, in his letter of February 28, 1687-8: that "One of her instructors in religion [Compton, bishop of London] holds several tenets which do not agree with the *true* doctrine of the church of England. This I was not told, but heard him declare it in the pulpit many years since, in the chapel here at Whitehall, and I took notice of it then to a bishop that stood by me. And I know that several others of the clergy do so also, and lean much more to the presbyterian tenets than they ought to do, and they generally run more and more every day into those opinions than ever they did, and quit their *true principles*."[1] This was extraordinary language for the convert of Rome to urge to his daughter, and shows a lingering love for the church of England, the tenets of which he thus allowed were those of a true church. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson[2] insists, among the other great merits of that prelate, on his having driven James II., when duke of York, from Whitehall chapel by his controversial sermons, in 1672. Would it not have been a far higher triumph to have kept him there, persuading him to remain a true disciple of the church which Tillotson at that time professed?

At the commencement of the year 1688, Dr. Stanley, the almoner of the princess of Orange, wrote, by her desire, this letter to archbishop Sancroft:—

"Dr. Stanley to the Archbishop of Canterbury.[3]

"The Hague, Jan. 24, 1687-8.

"I suppose your grace may have heard that the king hath not been wanting to press his daughter here to be favourable to popery, but lest you should have heard more than is true, I presume to acquaint your lordship with what hath passed, her royal highness being pleased to make me privy to it, and giving me an express leave to communicate it to your grace. Whatever reports have been raised, king James hath scarcely ever either spoken or written to our excellent princess to persuade her to popery, till last Christmas, [1687,] when the marquess d'Albeville came hither; when the king, her father, sent by him a very long letter written with his own hand, two sheets of paper, containing the motives of his conversion to popery."

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[1] Additional MSS. 4163, fol. 1. Birch MS.

[2] Dr. Birch, p. cxiv. vol. i. of Works of Tillotson.

[3] Clarendon Diary and Letters, vol. iv. pp. 486, 487.

The letter mentioned here by Dr. Stanley is still in existence;[1] it is written in James II.'s best historical style. He gives his daughter the history of his early youth, his strong affection to the church of England, as inculcated by his beloved tutor, Dr. Steward; he mentions the great pain his mother (queen Henrietta) gave him by her persecution of his young brother, Gloucester, and the disgrace he was in with her for encouraging Gloucester to remain true to the church of England in its adversity. King James informed his daughter "that he was himself in his youth as zealous as she could be for the church of England, yet no one endeavoured in France to convert him[2] but a nun, who declared, when she found her labour in vain, that she would pray for him without ceasing." The rest of this document narrates his reasons for his change to the church of Rome, which may be spared here; even Dr. Stanley's abstract of them we pass by, as containing nothing personal of the daughter Mary herself: it has, also, long been familiar to historical readers. One little remark may be permitted that we gather from James's narrative, that he changed his religion rather out of contradiction, than from conviction of the superiority of the Roman church over the reformed catholic church; more from disgust of the polemic railing he heard in the pulpit, than from any other motive. Dr. Stanley, who was at that time almoner at the Hague, thus continues:—

"Our excellent princess seeing this letter, written with the king's own hand, was resolved to write an answer herself, as the king desired, without consulting any of us, [her chaplains,] that he might see she was very ready to give an account of herself. The very next day, being post-day, she made haste and wrote a letter to king James, of two sheets of paper, (which she afterwards read to me,) which truly I can without flattery say, was the best letter I ever saw, treating James with that respect which became her father and king, and yet speaking her mind freely and openly as became the cause of religion, and that

[1] William III. preserved it, with a great many of his uncle's letters of friendship to him, in his chest at Kensington. See Dalrymple's Appendix, for the whole letter.

[2] The reason that queen Henrietta did not endeavour to disturb the religion of her second son, was because of his proximity to the throne of Great Britain. Her attack on young Gloucester's principles was wholly in a worldly point of view, that he, being a third son, might be provided for in the Roman church.

she hoped that God would give her grace to live and die in that of the church of England."

The praises Dr. Stanley bestowed on the genius for controversy displayed by his princess, inspired her with the ambition of having her letter seen and admired by archbishop Sancroft; and therefore he kindly offered to send him a copy, expressing, withal, his hopes that the archbishop would write his commendations of the princess, and secretly send them to Dr. Tillotson, who would forward them to her royal highness; "and if your grace," he adds, "doth take some notice to her of her carriage in this affair as I have related it, I believe it will be very acceptable to her."[1] No doubt it would; but archbishop Sancroft was not the man who deemed that a private letter from a daughter to a father should be blazoned abroad, for however she might have the best of the argument, a public and ostentatious exposure of the errors of a parent is not the most respectable road to the praise of others. Piety, unalloyed by the leaven of the Pharisee, would have laboured with filial love to induce a change in her unfortunate sire, without parade or canvassing for admiration. Such were the feelings of archbishop Sancroft on this subject. Not one word in reply did he send to the Hague, yet, with stern integrity, he relaxed not his steady opposition to the course his sovereign was pursuing.

The first day of the year 1687-8 brought intelligence which roused the princess Anne and her miniature court from exclusive attention to their own petty politics and intrigues, to the apprehension that the reversionary prospect of her wearing, one day, the crown of Great Britain, might be altogether obscured by the birth of an heir-apparent. Thanks were that day offered up in all churches in England that the queen of James II. was *enceinte*. Every intrigue that had existed between the malcontents of England and Holland forthwith grew livelier; from that moment the secret correspondence from England, maintained by all sorts and conditions of persons with Mary and her husband, daily

[1] Clarendon Letters and Diary; Appendix, part iv. p. 488.

increased. There were few persons at the court of James but were playing the parts of spies, with various degrees of treachery. Many of these correspondents were exceedingly bitter against each other; and if Mary of Orange had been a philosophic observer of character, she had curious opportunities for exercising her reflective powers, as the letters she hourly received unveiled the clashing interests and opinions of her correspondents. At the head of this band of her father's enemies figures her sister, his deeply loved and indulged darling, the princess Anne. A bitter and malicious pen did Anne hold in her youth;[1] perhaps the spirit of Sarah Churchill, her favourite and ruler, inspired her with a portion of its venom: her chief hatred was towards the queen, her step-mother, and lady Sunderland. In this series of letters the two sisters had nicknames for their father and his queen, who, in their correspondence, were "Mansel and Mansel's wife;" the prime-minister, Sunderland, and his countess, were "Rogers and Rogers' wife." Sunderland and his wife had been foremost among the secret agents aiding the machinations of William and Mary. This fact was not known to Anne, who indulged her spirit of envious detraction whenever she mentioned lady Sunderland, and the traits she delineated in various of her epistles of this person, for the information of her sister Mary, form a portrait graphically drawn, and certainly a likeness; yet the spirit in which the letters are written, creates more abhorrence for the writer than for the subject.—

"THE PRINCESS OF DENMARK TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

"Cockpit, March 20, 1688.

"I can't end my letter without telling you that lady Sunderland plays the hypocrite more than ever, for she goes to St. Martin's church morning and afternoon, because there are not people enough to see her at Whitehall chapel, and is half an hour before other people, and half an hour after every body is

[1] The answers of the princess of Orange are not to be found, they can only be guessed by the tenor of her sister's epistles; from them it may be presumed that they were written with caution, and couched in more respectable language than the emanations from the mind of the princess Anne, guided by Sarah Churchill. It is probable that William of Orange preserved the letters of the princess Anne to his wife, as proofs that the slanders regarding the birth of the unfortunate heir of his uncle did not originate in Holland.

gone, at her private devotions.[1] She runs from church to church, and keeps up such a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband, for as she is throughout the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtlest *workingests*[2] villain that is on the face of the earth.

"I hope you will instruct Berkley what you would have your friends do if any *okwasion* [occasion] should exist, as it is to be feared there will, especially if Mansel [her father] *has* a son, which I conclude he will, there being so much reason to believe . . . . . for methinks, if it were not, there having been so many stories and fuss made about it[3] . . . . . On the contrary, when any one talks of her situation, she looks as if she were afraid we should touch her; and whenever I have happened to be in the room, and she has been undressing, she has always gone in the bedroom . . . . . These things give me so much suspicion, that I believe, when she is brought to bed, no one will be convinced 'tis her child, *unless it prove a daughter.*"

Can any thing be more utterly absurd than this expression? particularly, as the poor queen had previously brought into the world a son, there could be no possible reason why she should not bear another now. The princess Anne seems to have forgotten that the babe must have been either daughter or son. Probably the "Berkley" whom she mentions in the commencement was her first lady, one of the Villiers sisters, who had undertaken a voyage to Holland "on *okwasions*"—to use the droll orthography of her royal highness—that she considered were safer uttered by word of mouth than committed to paper.

The princess Anne of Denmark meditated a voyage to Holland. She thus testifies her displeasure at her father's prohibition of her tour to the Hague:—

"I am denied the satisfaction of seeing you, my dearest sister, this spring, though the king gave me leave when I first asked it. I impute this to lord Sunderland, for the king trusts him with every thing, and he, going on so fiercely in the interests of the papists, is afraid you should be told a true character of him. You may remember I have once before ventured to tell you

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[1] Birch MS. There must have been some difference in the time of closing of places of worship before the Revolution, or lady Sunderland could not have remained so long.

[2] So written. She means, 'the most subtle-working villain.'

[3] Part of this letter is omitted, on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of Anne's language. The reader, who has previously perused the Life of Mary Beatrice, will remember that this was only the revival of the injurious reports circulated against the reality of the pregnancy of that princess previously to her last accouchement; but as that infant proved a daughter, no more was heard of the alleged fraud.

that I thought lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Every body knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late king's time; and now, to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the king to do things faster than I believe he would of himself.

"This worthy lord does not go publicly to mass, but hears it privately in a priest's chamber. His lady [Sunderland] is as extraordinary in her kind, for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive any body at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives, but never pays any body. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then she has had her gallants, though, may be, not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities she is a constant church-woman, so that, to outward appearance, one would take her for a saint; and to hear her talk, you would think she were a very good Protestant, but she is as much one as the other, for it is certain that her lord does nothing without her.

"One thing I forgot to tell you about this noble lord, which is, that it is thought if every thing does not go here as he would have it, that he will pick a quarrel with the court and so retire, and by that means it is possible he may make his court to you."

By this sentence, Anne plainly shows she was ignorant that Sunderland's court was already made to the powers at the Hague.

Such was the spirit in which these princesses corresponded. Much have we been forced to suppress, as unfit for family reading, with the remark, that good women would have lost all the regality the world could offer, rather than have held such a correspondence, or become the fosterers of such an intrigue as that by which they proclaimed their unfortunate brother a spurious heir. This plot evidently originated in the brain of the princess Anne and her colleagues. It was first broached in the letter of March, before quoted, three months before the hapless infant it disinherited saw the light. In another letter, too thoroughly coarse and odious to quote, addressed to her sister Mary, and dated from the Cockpit, March 1688, Anne again affirms, "that if the expected royal offspring should *not prove a daughter*, she will not believe it to be the queen's child."

Nearly at the same time, D'Avaux, the French ambassador to the states of Holland, wrote to his court, "that if the queen of James II. was put to bed of a son, the prince of Orange was resolved to attempt to seize the British crown;

for he was sure that the Calvinists in England would not permit any prince of Wales to supersede the rights of his wife." The people of Great Britain were perfectly right solemnly to refuse to acknowledge a successor who was not to be educated in the established religion: their determination, simply and firmly expressed, without false witness or calumny, would have been sufficient. The people in reality acted thus, and acted well: the falsehood and calumny did not originate with them, but with the two daughters and the nephew of James II. And, in the face of the odious documents they have left, how can we call their evil good? It would indeed be a vain attempt, because no reader of the documents left by the princesses could come to the same opinion.

In one of the letters alluded to, the princess Anne insinuates to her sister, that her life would be in danger from her father if she visited England. The undeviating indulgence and personal kindness of this most unfortunate father to these daughters has been shown by a succession of facts. It was a part of his lot, which, as he has declared in his memoirs, he felt to be peculiarly bitter, that his children, who ought to have compared his conduct to them from their youth upwards, could accuse him of either intending to destroy them, or of meaning to supplant them by the imposture of pretended offspring. Here are the words of Anne:—

"There is one thing about yourself that I cannot help giving my opinion in; which is, that if king James should desire you and the prince of Orange to come over to make him a visit, I think it would be better (if you can make any handsome excuse) not to do it; for though I dare swear the king could have no thought *against either of you*, yet, since people can say one thing and do another, *one cannot help being afraid*. If either of you should come, I should be very glad to see you; but, really, if you or the prince *should* come, *I should be frightened out of my wits, for fear any harm should happen to either of you*."

After this incendiary missive,[1] the correspondence was interrupted for a short time by an illness of the princess

[1] Anne, who was acting the part of the cat in the fable, had reason to dread that a personal interview should take place between the parent she was slandering and her sister Mary. One hour of unrestrained personal conference between the unfortunate monarch and his eldest daughter would, in all probability, have averted his fall. The possibility of Mary seeing the queen in her present situation was also dreaded by Anne.

Anne. Her father was greatly alarmed, and rose early to visit her on the morning of April the 16th, 1688. Her uncle, lord Clarendon, had been roused at four in the morning with the tidings of her danger; he hurried to the Cockpit to see her, and found the anxious parent sitting by her bedside. Could he have had one glance at the calumnies which were going to Holland every post from that very daughter, what would have been his reflections on the contrast in the affections of the father with that of the child? It does not appear that James II. ever resorted to the same means of reading private letters which we have seen practised by the prince of Orange. The Stuarts were weak enough to deem that similar proceedings were inconsistent with the honour of gentlemen.

Doubts have been raised regarding prince George of Denmark's religion, but wrongfully, for father Petre uses this expression concerning him, in a letter to père la Chaise:— "He is a prince with whom I cannot discourse of religion. Luther was never more earnest than prince George. It is for this reason that king James, who loves not to be denied, never has pressed him in that matter." From the same letter the following curious anecdote is derived. "All the king's priests and jesuits one day combined together, to induce king James to confer with his daughter Anne about religion, saying, 'How would any one be of their faith, when the heirs were Protestants?' The king requested them to leave his daughters to him, and to mind their own concerns."

The princess went, on her recovery, to visit her father at his palace of Richmond, from whence she vented her hatred to her unfortunate step-mother in the following letter:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[1]

"Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares, always, that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 174.

is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with *it*. All these things lady Sunderland has in perfection, to make her court to her: she is now much oftener with the queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that every one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo every body, which she [lady Sunderland] certainly does.

"One thing I must say of the queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people; for every body believes that she presses the king to be more violent than he would be himself, which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way. All ladies of quality say she is so proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they needs must, just out of mere duty; and, indeed, she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary."

The gossip of that day circulated a story that the queen, as she sat at her toilet with the princess Anne, had, on some dispute between them, tossed her glove in the princess's face.[1] This tale, if true, would never have been omitted by Anne in her correspondence, were it only to justify the hatred she virulently expresses against her hapless step-mother, whose manner to her, she is obliged to own, expresses not only politeness, "but a great deal of kindness." Now, tossing a glove in a person's face is not consistent with either politeness or kindness; nor does the princess Anne attempt any excuse for her envenomed hatred, excepting her own suspicions that the queen's affection was not real, together with her envy of the flatteries and distinctions of royalty with which she was surrounded. At the conclusion of this letter, the princess Anne repeated her expectations that her father would persecute her by attacks on her religious principles. This he certainly never did, even when she was a child. However, she says that she supposes the persecution would begin when her husband, prince George, went to visit the court of Denmark that summer. The arrangement between the princesses of Orange and Denmark was, that prince George was to escort the latter to the Hague, where she was to stay on a visit till his return from his own country.[2] This plan was entirely forbidden by James II., and Anne, in the course of her correspondence, often expressed her anger at

[1] Lediard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 69.

[2] Barillon's Despatches, March 1688.

his prohibition. It is difficult to divine Anne's reasons for desiring to leave England at this crisis, unless she intended to make the same political use of her absence which she afterwards did, when she insisted on going to Bath previously to the accouchement of the queen, to avoid being a witness of her brother's birth, that she might enjoy the opportunity of raising an outcry by means of her partisans, as if she had been forced to withdraw. Had the visit been permitted, lady Churchill, who ruled the princess Anne, would have been her companion, and it would have been utterly impossible for her to have restrained her propensity at the court of the princess of Orange to disseminate strife and quarrel with all around her. Indeed, from the furious divisions which subsequently took place when these persons, at this era so strongly united against the king and queen, came in contact with each other, it may be guessed what would have been the result had the king allowed his daughter Anne to visit her sister at the Hague.

The princess of Orange, in a letter which is not forthcoming, had ventured to express to her sister disgust and distrust of the manners and disposition of her favourite, which was answered in the following terms:—

"March, 1688.

"Sorry people have taken such pains to give so ill a character of [lady] Churchill: I believe there is nobody in the world has better *notions* of religion than she has. It is true she is not so strict as some are, nor does she keep such a bustle with religion; which I confess I think is never the worse, for one sees so many saints mere devils, that if one be a good Christian, the less show one makes the better in my opinion. Then, as for moral principles, 'tis impossible to have better, and without, all that lifting up of the hands and eyes, and often going to church, will prove but a very lame devotion. One thing more I must say for her, which is, that she has a true sense of the doctrine of our church, and abhors all the principles of the church of Rome; so, as to this particular, I assure you she will never change. The same thing I will venture, now I am on this subject, to say for her lord; for though he is a very faithful servant to king James, and the king is very kind to him, and I believe he will always obey the king in all things that are consistent with religion, yet rather than change *that*, I dare say he will lose all his places, and every thing that he has. The king once talked to *her* upon religion, upon occasion of her talking to some lady, or looking another way, when a priest said grace at the king's table."

This defence is indisputably written in lady Churchill's own bold style of composition. The princess of Orange found from it that she had committed a mistake by expressing her

opinion of that favourite, whom she afterwards sought to propitiate by the following soothing billet:—

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL.[1]

"Dr. Stanley's going to England is too good an opportunity for me to lose, of assuring lady Churchill she cannot give me greater satisfaction than in letting me know the firm resolution both lord Churchill and *you* have taken never to be wanting in what you owe to your religion. Such a generous resolution, I am sure, must make you deserve the esteem of all good people, and my sister's in particular. I need say nothing of mine: you have it upon a double account as my sister's friend, besides what I have said already, and you may be assured that I shall always be glad of an occasion to show it both to your lord and you.

"I have nothing more to add; for your friendship makes my sister as dear to you as to me, and I am persuaded we shall ever agree in our care of her, as I believe she and I should in our kindness for you, were we near enough to renew our acquaintance.

"MARIE."

Another of these agreeable and friendly notes was written by the princess of Orange to the woman of whom she avowed "so ill an opinion" before, as well as after the Revolution. The efforts of Mary, nevertheless, were vain to palliate the political blunder she had committed by her first genuine expression of aversion, which had assuredly been communicated by Anne to its object. All these caresses, and hints of future kindness when *near* enough, only effected an alliance between the house of Orange and that of Churchill for a few important months:—

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL. [No date.]

"If it were as easy for me to write to my lady Churchill as it is hard to find a *safe* hand, she might justly wonder at my long silence, but I hope she does me more justice than to think it my fault. I have little to say at present, but that I hope my sister and you will never part. I send you here one [letter] for her, and have not any more time now, than only to assure you that I shall never forget the kindness you showed to her who is so dear to me. That, and all the good I have heard of you, will make me ever your affectionate friend, which I shall be ready to show otherwise than by words when I have the opportunity.

"MARIE."

The letters of Anne at last announced to her sister in Holland, that an unfortunate brother had made his entrance into a world which proved so very adverse to him. This event, calamitous to himself, to his country, and to his father and mother, took place on Trinity-Sunday morning, June 10th, 1688.[2] The princess Anne had betaken herself to Bath on

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 303.

[2] See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

pretence of her situation needing the waters, in order that she might not be present at the queen's accouchement; nevertheless, she wrote to her sister in the following strain. She had arrived in London from Bath, with prince George, on the 15th of June, and the prince sailed for Denmark two days afterwards.

"The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.

"My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of town when the queen was brought to bed, for I shall never now be satisfied whether the child be true or false. It may be it is our brother, but God knows. . . . . ."

Anne's vacillation between her own interest and her conscience is visible throughout the composition of this epistle. She continues,—

"After all this, 'tis *possible* it *may be* her child, [the queen's,] but where *one* believes it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations, (which 'tis almost impossible *now*,) I shall ever be of the number of the unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all *disheartened*, but seem all of a mind, *which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this*."

Thus the princess Anne affirms of herself, that she found it "a very comfortable thing" for every body to believe that her father, from whom she had never received an angry word, could be guilty of the crime of imposing a spurious heir, not only on his country, but on himself and his family. When the crown coveted by Anne had been burning on her brow for a few years, her ideas of the comforts arising from gratified ambition were different, to which the details of her physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, bear melancholy witness. Part of the time of her husband's absence in Denmark, which lasted till October, was passed by Anne in visits to her father, for her letters are dated from Windsor or Richmond-palace. In one of these she says,—

"Though we agree in matters of religion, *yet I can't help fearing that you are not of my opinion* in other matters, because you have *never answered me to any thing that I have said* of Roger, [lord Sunderland,] nor of Mansel's [her father's] wife?"[1]

It is not difficult to gather from this last epistle, that Mary had exercised a certain degree of caution in noticing the scandalous insinuations of Anne, who nevertheless proceeded in the same strain, and in the next letter outwardly exults

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304.

in the expected demise of her unwelcome little brother in these words. It may be noticed, that in her glee at this anticipation she calls him by his title,—a sure proof of the private conviction of her own heart, for the expectation of his death did not alter the fact of the imposture, supposing such had really taken place.

"The Cockpit, July 9, 1688.[1]

"The prince of Wales has been ill these three or four days; and if he has been so bad as people say, I believe it will not be long before he is an angel in heaven."

At last, the princess of Orange responded to the principal subject of her sister's letters, by sending to her a string of queries relative to the birth of the prince of Wales, couched in language inadmissible here. They were answered in the same style by the princess Anne, who prefaced and ended her answers with the following epistle:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[2]

"The Cockpit, July 24, 1688.

"I received yesterday yours of the 19th, by which I find you are not satisfied with the account I have given you in my last letter; but I hope you will forgive me for being no more particular, when you consider that not being upon the place, all I could know must be from others, and having then been but a few days in town, I had not time to inquire so narrowly into things, as I have since. But, before I say any more, I can't help telling you I am very sorry you should think I would be negligent in letting you know things of any consequence; for though I am generally lazy, and it is true, indeed, when I write by post, for the most part I make those letters very short, not daring to tell you any news by it, and being very ill at invention, yet I hope you will forgive my being lazy when I write such letters, since I have never missed any opportunity of giving you all the intelligence I am able; and pray be not so unjust to believe I can think the doing any thing you can desire any trouble, for, certainly, I would do a great deal more for you, if it lay in my power, than the answering your questions, which I shall now do as exactly as you desire."

These answers cannot be transcribed here, being given to technical questions only comprehensible to medical persons, though needlessly rendered disgusting by the princess Anne's irreclaimable vulgarity of soul. Occasionally she betrayed unconsciously, her actual belief in the identity of her unfortunate brother, and the same conviction must have occurred to the clearer brain of the princess of Orange. Nothing that the privy council afterwards received as evidence could bring stronger testimony of that truth, than the queries and

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304. [2] Ibid., p. 308.

replies of these sisters. Anne, after finishing her answers, concludes her epistle in these words:—

"I have done my endeavour to inform myself of every thing, for I have spoke with Mrs. Dawson, and asked her all the questions I could think of, (for not being in the room when the queen was brought to bed, one must inquire of somebody that was there), and I thought she could tell me as much as any body, and would be less likely to speak of it. And I took all the care I could, when I spoke to her, to do it in such a manner that I might know every thing, and in case she should betray me, that the king and queen should not be angry with me."

Mrs. Dawson was an elderly lady, of the established religion. She belonged to the royal household, and had been present with Anne Hyde, duchess of York, when both the princesses Mary and Anne were born. At a subsequent period, she more solemnly attested to Anne that the prince of Wales was as much the son of the queen, as she was the daughter of the duchess of York. Her conversation with Anne at this juncture, had again awakened some qualms of conscience in the bosom of that princess, for she concludes her letter with the following admission:—

"All she [Mrs. Dawson] says seems wonderfully clear; but one does not know what to think, for methinks it is wonderful, if it is no cheat, that they never took pains to convince *me* of *it*. I hope I have answered your letter as fully as you desire; if there be any thing else you would know, pray tell me by the first safe hand, and you shall always find me very diligent in obeying you, and showing, by my actions, how real and sincere my kindness is."

Nothing could be more embarrassing to a mind predetermined as that of the princess of Orange to view the birth of her unwelcome brother with hostility, than the tender and friendly letters she received from home by every post, written either by her father or his queen. She had been given no feasible reason for resentment, and it was difficult to repulse the tone of family affection which had been accustomed to greet her with little billets of remembrance. The unfortunate queen of her father employed her first convalescence in writing to her, addressing her billet to "her dear Lemon."[1] It will be remembered, that this was a fond name invented at St. James's when the princess married, in contradistinction to the name of Orange. How utterly unconscious the queen must have been of the detestable corre-

[1] Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first Series, vol. iii.

spondence regarding her passing between her step-daughters, the use of this little endearment shows. From the answer of the princess of Orange, the queen gathered that the friendship which she had formerly professed for her was estranged. Again the princess received a letter,[1] difficult to answer, the tone being that of tender remonstrance. The replies of the princess of Orange to the queen's letters seem to have been cold and ambiguous; they are not preserved, but many indications of her latent displeasure daily reached England. A grand fête, with fireworks, had been given to the resident ministers at the Hague by the British legation, in order to celebrate the birth of the prince of Wales. The maids of the princess of Orange had been invited guests; these ladies were not content with refusals, but they manifested great anger, and reviled the inviter.[2] Moreover, it was observed that the prince of Wales had not constantly the benefit of the prayers of his sister in her English chapel: sometimes he was prayed for, and sometimes, as her father observes, quite omitted. When her father heard of this neglect he wrote a letter of remonstrance,[3] in which he asked his daughter the difficult question of "what offence had been given?" Her answer is preserved among her father's papers. It will be noticed, that she had somewhat lost her English orthography:—

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO JAMES II.[4]

"SIR, "Hague, August 17, 1688.

"Being to go to Loo next Thursday, if it please God, I am come to this place [Hague] to go *bake* at night. Last Thursday I received your majesty's of the 31st of July, by which I see you had heard that the prince of Wales was no more prayed for in my chapell; but long before this, you will know that it had *onely bin* sometimes forgot. M. d'Albeville can assure you I never told him it was forbid, so that they *wear* only conjectures made upon its being sometimes neglected; but he can tell, as I find your majesty already knows, that *he* [the prince of Wales] was prayed for *heer* long before it was done in England.

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[1] Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first Series, vol. iii. For the letters, see Life of Mary Beatrice.

[2] Ambassades of D'Avaux: vol. vi. p. 333. It must be recollected that all ambassadors were sent to the States of Holland, and not to the prince of Orange, who was but their functionary.

[3] Birch MS. There are only a few words from this letter extracted by Birch.

[4] Original Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i.

"This excessive hot *wether* continues longer than I ever knew it, which I shall find sufficiently in my journey; I have nothing more to add at present, than only to beg your majesty to believe, wherever I am, I shall still be your majesty's most obedient daughter and servant, "MARIE."

Another letter of remonstrance was received by the princess of Orange from her father's wife, who anxiously required from her step-daughter expressions of sisterly love towards the new-born infant.[1] The correspondence continued between the princess of Orange and the queen until the landing of William. Now and then a letter has been preserved, either by James II. or William III., which presents us with a tantalizing glimpse of their conduct and feelings.

There is reason to suppose that the practice of toleration of different sects was nearly on the same footing, in the year 1688, as it is at the present time, since the princess Anne thus writes to her sister:—

"It is a melancholy prospect that all we of the church of England have. All sectaries may now do as they please. *Every one has the free exercise of their religion*, on purpose, no doubt, to ruin us, which I think, to all impartial judges, is very plain. For my part, I expect every moment to be spoke to about my religion, and wonder very much I have heard nothing of it yet."

Anne, throughout the summer, vainly awaited some persecution from her father. She reiterates this expectation so often, that she must have been disappointed that it never came. She paid a visit to her father at Windsor-castle during her husband's absence in Denmark. She wrote to her sister thus:—

"Windsor, August 18, 1688.

"I am in as great expectation of being tormented as ever, for I never can believe that Mansel [the king her father] would go on so violently, if he had not some hopes that in time he may gain either you or me."

For the first time, some cause of alarm seemed to exist, since, while she was alone at Windsor with the king her father, he introduced the pope's legate to her when the queen was holding a grand drawing-room at the castle.[2] Nothing further came of this presentation than fright. The princess attended sermons and lectures three times in St. George's chapel that day, as security against the insidious

[1] Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first Series, vol. iii. See the letter, Life of Mary Beatrice.

[2] Bishop Cartwright's Diary; published by the Camden Society.

attacks of the newly arrived legate, whom her father had madly invited, or rather forced,[1] into his dominions, to incense the people to revolution. Directly Sancroft and his prelates were incarcerated in the Tower, the princess of Orange caused another epistle to be addressed to him, by the pen of Dr. Stanley, from Hounslardyke, where her court was then abiding, to inform him of the exultation with which his firm resistance to the Roman-catholic king's behests was viewed in Holland:—

"All men," wrote Dr. Stanley, "that love the Reformation, do rejoice in it, and thank God for it, as an act most resolute and every way becoming your places. But, especially, our excellent prince and princess were well pleased with it, (notwithstanding all that the marquess of Albeville, the king's envoy here, could say against it,) that they have both vindicated it before him, and given me a command, in their names, to return your grace their hearty thanks for it, and at the same time to express their real concern for your grace and all your brethren, and for the good cause in which your grace is engaged; and your refusing to comply with the king [James II.] is by no means looked upon by them as tending to disparage the monarchy, for they reckon the monarchy to be really undervalued by illegal actions. Indeed, we have great reason to bless and thank God for their highnesses' steadiness in so good a cause."

No response did all these notes of exultation elicit from the venerable patriarch of the reformed church. Bowed down with sorrow, mourning over the wounds that beloved church was receiving through the apostacy of the king, whose duty it was to protect her, he anticipated no very great amelioration of them from a foreigner, whose belief vibrated between deism and predestinarianism. No flattery could obtain from Sancroft one murmur, one factious complaint. He had companions in his imprisonment, spirits worthy of communion with his own. One was Dr. Ken, the late almoner of the princess of Orange, bishop of Bath and Wells. It must have been from him that Sancroft derived his deep distrust of the motives of the prince and princess of Orange, for Ken had been domesticated with the prince, had been witness of his immoral private life, and his bad influence over his wife.

[1] The pope, being himself an ally of the prince of Orange, as the emperor's general against Louis XIV., was extremely unwilling to send the legate, as he was apprehensive of showing symptoms of friendship to any sovereign not banded in the league against France, which was unaccountably called "The Protestant League," although Spain, Austria, and the pope were engaged in it.

The incarcerated prelates of the Church of England were triumphantly acquitted by a jury at Westminster-hall, and subsequently released. King James, by his secession to the Church of Rome, had deprived himself of the active loyalty of the Church of England, and had given the best and most high principled of his subjects no other alternative than that of standing mournfully neuter to witness the completion of his ruin, although nothing could induce them, either from motives of revenge or interest, to hasten it. That ruin now came on with fearful velocity, accelerated by his own trusted and beloved children. There was little need for either the prince or princess of Orange, or the princess Anne, to have disgraced themselves by the course they took; the natural tide of events must have led to the results which occurred. The people had looked anxiously towards her whom they long considered as the heiress of their throne,—a resemblance was even fancied between her person and that of queen Elizabeth; and this popular notion perhaps prompted the reply of Edmund Waller to James II., when the king gave the veteran poet and statesman an audience in his private cabinet. "How do you like that portrait of my eldest daughter?" asked the father, drawing Waller's attention to a fine whole-length of Mary, just opposite to his chair. "My eyes are dim," replied Waller; "but if that is the princess of Orange, she bears some resemblance to the greatest woman the world ever saw." The king asked who he meant, and testified some surprise when Waller answered "queen Elizabeth."—"She had great ministers," drily observed the king. "And when did your majesty ever know a fool choose wise ones?" rejoined Waller, impressively.

The great-grandson of Mary queen of Scots might have been excused for not joining very cordially in the praises of queen Elizabeth. This anecdote, for some reason, although it contains proof of his parental feelings for his daughter, has been related to his injury and to her advantage. The picture referred to in the anecdote was that which now presents itself on the left hand at entering the royal suite at Hampton-Court. The lightness of the complexion and

hair, and the sharpness of the lower part of the face, give a shade of family likeness to queen Elizabeth; but there is another portrait, a half-length, over the door of the royal closet, which is a better resemblance of the princess herself. Both are by the Dutch artist, Wissing. He was, although a Dutchman, not employed by William of Orange, but by James II. The father, who had not seen his beloved Mary for some years, desired to have a resemblance of her after he was king. For this purpose he sent his painter, Wissing, to Holland, and gave him a commission to paint the portraits of his daughter and his son-in-law, and bring them back to England with him. Wissing did so, but died early in 1687;[1] therefore these Hampton-Court portraits must be dated between king James's accession and the death of the artist. The two portraits of Mary, which are nearly duplicates in design, were painted on this occasion; one being left in Holland, and the other found at Hampton-Court when the undutiful original took possession of all her father's personal property. There is likewise an equestrian portrait of William III., which must have deceived greatly all his young romantic partisans in England, who named the Orange pair, from Wissing's portraits, "Ormanzor and Phenixiana." William appears in the proportions of a hero of seven feet in height, instead of a small man two feet shorter. James II. was amused at this flattery of his Dutch painter, but it had its effect in England.

It is the half-length portrait of Mary, by Wissing, which is engraved for the frontispiece of this volume. The princess is seated in her garden; she is dressed in a gown of the full blue colour, which was then called garter-blue. She holds back her veil with one hand. She has no ornament on her head, but wears a throat-necklace of large pearls.

In the reign of James II., public opinion spoke at convivial meetings in quaint rhymes, called toasts, which were sung at the time when healths were drunk. "I know not whether you have heard a health [toast] that goes about, which is new to me just now, so I send it you."[2]

[1] Bryant's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Wissing had been the assistant of sir Peter Lely, and was historical-painter to James II.

[2] Letter written to Rachel Russell, afterwards duchess of Devonshire, from

TOAST.

"The king God bless,
And each princess;
The church no less,
Which we profess
As did queen Bess."

The princess Anne arrived from Tunbridge September 18, and met her husband at Windsor-castle. The very same day, king James travelled to London in company with the prince and princess. The former being invited to accompany the king to Chatham, surprise was excited that Anne tarried not at Windsor, as she usually did, to bear the queen company, who was left alone. It was said that she had, on her arrival, met with a cold reception from the queen, who had heard that she held too close a correspondence with the court at the Hague.[1]

A few days after, her uncle, lord Clarendon, attended her levee, and found her in her bedchamber, with only one of her dressers, completing her toilet. The reports of the projected invasion from Holland were agitating all London. Anxious thoughts regarding the welfare of his royal master weighed heavily on the loyal heart of Clarendon, and he earnestly wished to awaken some responding interest in the heart of Anne. His diary preserves the following dialogue between himself and his niece. "She asked me, 'Why I did not come to her as often as I used to do?' I answered, that "Her royal highness had not been long in town; but that, wherever I was, I should be ready to wait upon her, if she had any commands for me.' She then told me 'that she had found the king much agitated about the preparations which were making in Holland,' and asked me 'what I had heard?' I said, 'I was out of all manner of business, and, truly, that I heard nothing but common rumours.'"[2] The princess then expressed her detestation of lord and lady Sunderland; upon which her uncle observed, "that he was much surprised to find her royal highness in that mind towards lady Sunderland, in whom all the world thought she took the kindest concern; and," added he, "may I presume

the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by his kind permission, July 1846.

[1] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 298. [2] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189.

to ask what is the matter between ye?"—"I think her the worst woman in the world," responded the princess Anne. A pause ensued, which was broken by lord Clarendon saying, "I wish your royal highness had not heretofore thought so well of her, but I am certain that you had a just caution given you of her." Thus the revilings in which the princess ever indulged when the name of lady Sunderland occurred to her in writing or conversation, had been preceded by a close intimacy, against which her uncle had vainly warned her. The princess did not like the last reminiscence, and looked at her watch, a huge appendage, almost as large as a time-piece, such as was then carried by ladies, on which her uncle withdrew. "What can this mean?" he wrote, in comment on this dialogue, after recording it in his diary; "she seems to have a mind to say something, and yet is upon a reserve."[1]

The next day, lord Clarendon attended at Whitehall-palace the levee of her father, who expressed his certainty of the invasion by his son-in-law. "In the afternoon," he continues, "I waited again on the princess Anne.[2] I told her what had passed between the king and me. She answered, very drily, 'I know nothing but what the prince, my husband, tells me he hears from the king.'" In the course of a few days, her uncle made positive trial of her feelings as a daughter, thinking that, as she was so infinitely beloved by James II., she might successfully warn him of his danger, when the following dialogue took place between the uncle and the niece.[3] She mentioned "that the king had received an express, which declared that all the Dutch troops were embarked, and that the prince of Orange was to embark on Monday next, and that lord Shrewsbury, lord Wiltshire, and Henry Sidney were with them;" she added, "that the king, her father, seemed much disturbed, and very melancholy."—"I took the liberty to say," proceeds lord Clarendon, that "it was pity nobody would take this opportunity of speaking honestly to the king; and that I humbly thought it would be very proper for her royal highness to say

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., p. 191.

something to him, and beg him to confer with some of his old friends, who had always served him faithfully."—"I never speak to the king on business," was the answer of the princess Anne to this appeal. Her uncle replied, that "Her father could not but take it well to see her royal highness concerned for him; that it might produce some good effect, and no ill could possibly come of it. But," continues he, "the more I pressed her, the more reserved she became." At last she said that "she must dress herself, for it was almost prayer time."[1] The daughter then went forth to pray, and Clarendon, grieved by the uselessness of his attempt to awaken her filial feelings, retired with a heavy heart.

Whilst such were the proceedings of the younger sister, the elder, in Holland, was acting a part, the turpitude of which, it might be supposed, no fanatical self-deception could veil from her own conscience. Her deepest guilt was the falsehood by which she sought to deceive her father relative to the preparations being made in Holland for the invasion of England, which she repeatedly assured him were merely for the usual service of the emperor. This untruth Mary repeated constantly to her unfortunate father, who, until the middle of September, remained utterly trustful in his daughter's integrity; insomuch, that about this time he sent his faithful servant the late envoy, Bevil Skelton, to the Tower for too warmly insisting "that the princess of Orange's letters declaring that the armament at Holland was but for the service of the emperor of Germany, were utter deceit, as he had just been recalled from Holland, and knew it was to invade England."[2] A very few days, however, convinced the unhappy father of the truth, as may be discovered by his letter to her, dated September 21st.

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.[3]

"Whitehall, Sept. 21, 1688.

"All the discourse here is about the great preparations making in Holland, and what the great fleet, which is coming out to sea from thence, is to do. *A little time will show.*"

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[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 191. [2] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 298.
[3] Additional MS., 4163, folio 1; British Museum.

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 25, 1688.

"I see by yours of the 20th inst., that the prince of Orange was gone to the Hague; and from thence, that he was arrived. What his business is there at this time, I do really believe you are not acquainted with, nor with the resolution he has taken, which alarms all people here very much."[1]

The calmness of the succeeding letter, written under the utter conviction that his son-in-law was about to invade him, in profound peace, is very remarkable. For, whatsoever injury James II. might meditate against the church of England, Mary and her husband had received nothing but good from him:—

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.[2]

"Whitehall, Sept. 28, 1688.

"This evening I had yours of the 4th, from Dieren, by which I find you were then to go to the Hague, being sent for by the prince. I suppose it is to inform you of his design of coming to England, which he has been so long *a contriving. I hope it will have been as great a surprise to you*[3] *as it was to me, when I first heard it*, being sure it is not in your nature to approve of so unjust an undertaking. I have been all this day so busy, to endeavour to be in some condition to defend myself from so unjust and unexpected an attempt, that I am almost tired, and so I shall say no more but that I shall always have as much kindness for you as you will give me leave to have."

These letters were followed by others, which, in their parental simplicity, must have been heart-rending to any one not exactly provided with a heart of marble. The evident failure of physical strength expressed by the old father, the worn-out hero of many a hard battle, while making ready to repel the hostility of his children, ought to have been agonizing to the daughter.

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 2, 1688.

"I was this morning abroad to take the air, and to see some batteries I have made below Woolwich for the defence of the river. And since I came back, I have been so very busy to prepare things *for the invasion intended*, that I could not write till now, that 'tis near midnight, so that you might not wonder if my letter be short. For news, you will have it from others, for really I am very weary; so shall end, which I do, with assuring you of my continuing as kind to you as you can desire."[4]

The tone of calm sorrow is remarkable in the last and most tender of these epistles. It will be seen, by the date, that

[1] Additional MS., 4163, folio 1; British Museum. [2] Ibid.

[3] Here the king alludes to Mary's often repeated asseverations to him regarding this force.

[4] Additional MS., 4163, folio 1, Birch; British Museum.

the correspondence between the father and daughter was constant, even down to a few days of the landing of his enemy. Surely this letter, gentle and reasonable as it is, still searching for excuses, and hoping against hope that he had the sympathy of his child, persuading himself, and quite willing to persuade her, that she did not participate in aught against him, is replete with touching pathos. The old Greek tragedians often imagined such situations; they could grandly paint the feelings natural to a mind torn between the clashing interests of filial and conjugal love, just as the old monarch supposes here was the case with his Mary; but neither poet nor moralist has described conduct like that of the royal heroine of the revolution of 1688.

"KING JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 9, 1688.

"I had no letter from you by the last post, which you see does not hinder me from writing to you now, not knowing, certainly, what may have hindered you from doing it. I easily believe you may be embarrassed how to write to me, now that the unjust design of the prince of Orange's invading me is so public. And though I know you are a good wife, and ought to be so, yet for the same reason I must believe you will be still as good a daughter to a father that has always loved you so tenderly, and that has never done the least thing to make you doubt it. I shall say no more, and believe you very uneasy all this time, for the concern you must have for a husband and a father. You shall still find me kind to you, if you desire it."[1]

Perhaps this was the last letter that passed at this crisis from the father to the daughter. It does honour to the king, for here we see the patient and much-enduring love of the parent. It is a letter, the retrospection of which must have cut deep into the conscience, if "Mary the daughter," ever reviewed the past in the lone silent watches of the night.

While James II. was thus writing to the elder princess, his faithful brother-in-law, Clarendon, was labouring to awake some filial fears in the obtuse mind of his niece, Anne. It was more than a fortnight before he could obtain another conference with her, for she avoided all his attempts at private conversation. He visited her, however, in the evening of October 10, when she made an observation regarding her father's evident anguish of mind. Lord Clarendon told her

[1] Additional MS., 4163, folio 1, Birch; British Museum.

"that it was her duty to speak freely to the king, which would be a comfort to him." To this the princess made no reply. Clarendon soon after attended the royal levee at Whitehall. There king James told him the news, that the prince of Orange had embarked with all the Dutch troops, and would sail with the first favourable wind. "I have nothing," added the unfortunate father, "by this day's post from my daughter, the princess of Orange, and it is the first time I have missed hearing from her for a long time."[1] He never heard from her again. Lord Clarendon almost forced an interview with his niece Anne. "I told her," he writes in his journal, "most of what the king had said. I earnestly pressed her to speak to him. I entreated her to be the means of prevailing on him to hear some of his faithful old friends; but," he bitterly adds, "she would do nothing!"

Just at this time were reports that the Dutch expedition was scattered and injured by heavy October gales. James II. ordered the examination to take place before his privy council relative to the birth of the prince of Wales. Lord Clarendon, as the uncle of the princesses whose claims to the British throne were apparently superseded by the birth of their brother, was requested to be present at the depositions taken by the numerous witnesses on oath.[2] He had never for a moment entertained a doubt on the subject, and he seems to think that the most unbelieving must henceforth rest convinced that the report of a spurious child was a calumny. The princess, his niece, was at her levee when, on the morning of the 23rd of October, her maternal uncle honestly came to tell her his opinion of the identity of her brother,—simple man! hoping to satisfy and relieve her mind. He had not had the benefit of perusing her private sentiments on the subject as our readers have done; he knew not that a letter written by her hand then existed, declaring "*that she thought it a comfort* that all people in England asserted that the infant prince, her brother, was an impostor." The princess was dressing for prayers, all

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 194.
[2] See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

her women were about her, and they and their mistress were loud in mirth and jest when lord Clarendon added himself to the group at the toilette. The princess at once plunged boldly and publicly into the discussion, which she knew was on her uncle's mind. "Fine discourse," she exclaimed,[1] "you heard at council yesterday;" and then she made herself very merry with the whole affair, laughing loud and long; and as her dressing proceeded, her women put in their jests. Her uncle was scandalized and disgusted by the scene. "I was," he says, "amazed at her behaviour, but I thought it unfit to say any thing then. I whispered to her royal highness, to request that she would give me leave to speak with her in private. 'It grows late,' replied the princess, 'and I must hasten to prayers; but you can come at any time, except this afternoon.' So I went home. In the evening my brother Lawrence was with me. I told him all concerning the princess Anne. I begged him to go and talk to her. 'It will signify *nothing*,'" emphatically replied the other uncle of the princess.

The wish of lord Clarendon, in seeking these interviews with his niece, was to awaken her filial affection to a sense of her father's danger; and if he could effect this, he meant to induce her to become the mediatrix between his majesty and his loyal people for the security of the church of England, obtaining at the same time a guarantee that her infant brother should be brought up in that faith. Clarendon dreaded as much danger to that beloved church from the dissenting prince who aspired to be its head, as from the Roman-catholic head then in authority. James was injuring the church by storm; William, whom he well knew, would proceed by sap: one wounded, the other would paralyse. In the afternoon, lord Clarendon paid another visit to the princess, his niece. She made many excuses to avoid a conference with him. "I fancy," he remarks, in his journal, "that she has no mind to talk to me." Anne certainly anticipated the reproof her uncle was resolved to administer for her odious conduct at his former visit. Lord

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 196.

Clarendon asked her, "If she had received any letters from the princess of Orange?"—"No," said the princess, "I have not had any for a long while;" and added, "that her sister *never* wrote to her of any of these matters." How falsely she spoke, her uncle could not tell so well as the readers of her previous letters.

Lord Clarendon visited the princess two days later. She was dressing, but as lady Churchill was present, he resolved to delay the admonition he was waiting for a suitable opportunity to administer. Two days after, he found her at home. "She came," he says, "out of her closet very quickly, and told me that she was sorry she had disappointed me so often when I desired to speak to her, and she now wished to know what I had to say." Then the reproof which Anne had so well deserved was administered. "I told her," continues her uncle, "that I was extremely surprised and shocked the other day, to find her royal highness speak so slightingly regarding her family affairs, and above all, to suffer her women to break their unseemly jests regarding the birth of her brother." The princess replied, "Sure! you cannot but hear the common rumours concerning him?"—"I do hear very strange rumours, indeed," said her uncle, "as every one must do who lives publicly in the world; but there is no colour for these."—"I will not say that I believe them," replied the princess; "but I needs must say, that the queen's behaviour was very odd,"—and here Anne, although a young woman, and speaking to a man, used expressions of that vulgar coarseness, of which no examples are to be found like hers, either from the lips or pen of a British princess, even in the ages of semi-barbarism.[1] "Possibly," replied Clarendon, "the queen did not know the reports."—"I am sure," answered the princess Anne, "the king [James II.] knew of them; for, as he has been sitting by me in my own chamber, he would speak of the idle stories that were given out of the queen not being likely to have a child, laughing at them; therefore I cannot but wonder that there was no more care taken to satisfy

[1] Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

the world." This speech proves that James II. spent his time occasionally sitting by his daughter's side, and conversing familiarly with her. Clarendon asked, "If her royal highness had, upon those occasions, said any thing to the king her father?" The princess Anne owned "that she had not."—"Then," said her uncle, "your father might very well think that you minded the reports no more than he did, since you said nothing to him, even when he gave you opportunities; when, in my humble opinion, if you had felt the least dissatisfaction, you ought to have discovered it for the public good, as well as for your own sake, and that of the princess of Orange."—"If I had said any thing to the king," replied the princess Anne, "he might have been angry, and then God knows what might have happened."—"If you had no mind to have spoken to the king yourself," observed her uncle, "you have friends, who would have managed to serve you without prejudice to you. And remember," continued the stern royalist, "this is the first time you have said any thing to me, although I have given you occasion to open your mind, by urging your speaking to the king your father since these alarms of invasion." He concluded by begging the princess "to consider the miseries which might be entailed upon these kingdoms, even in case that God might bless the king her father with more sons. And he requested her to do something which might publicly prove her satisfaction that her brother was no spurious child." To all this, she made no answer. It was not indeed a very palatable suggestion to the princess Anne, which bade her look forward to a succession of brothers, considering the infinity of pains she had taken to invalidate the birth of the only one in existence.

The next day, the king ordered his whole privy council to wait upon his daughter, the princess Anne, with copies of the depositions concerning the birth of the prince of Wales. In the evening they brought them to her in state. Upon receiving the depositions from the lords of the privy council, the princess replied, "My lords, this was not necessary; for I have so much duty for the king, that his word is more to

me than all these depositions."[1] Such were the outward expressions of the lips of the princess Anne, which were in utter contradiction to her private words and writings. She need not have soiled her mind and conscience with duplicity, and dark and dirty intrigues. England would have denied the succession to an heir bred a Roman-catholic, even if his sisters had been truthful women, likewise grateful and dutiful daughters. Lord Clarendon was in the ante-room, and heard the fair-seeming reply of his niece, and when the lords of council went out, he entered her presence. "The princess," he said, "was pleased to tell me the answer she gave to the council. I hope," returned Clarendon, "that there now remains no suspicion with your royal highness." She made no answer.[2]

[1] Diary and Correspondence of Henry lord Clarendon, edited by S. W. Singer, esq., vol. ii. pp. 198, 199.

[2] Ibid., p. 120.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings of the princess of Orange at the Hague—Her conversation with Burnet—Her reflections on the memory of Mary queen of Scots—Letter of her step-mother—Embarkation of her husband to invade England—Forbids prayers for her father—Landing of the prince of Orange—Last interview of the princess Anne and her father, (James II.)—Conversation with her uncle Clarendon—Her father leaves London for the army—Her husband and lord Churchill forsake him—Her connivance—Her escape from Whitehall—Joins her father's enemies—Arrival at Nottingham—Joins an association against her father—Disgusts lord Chesterfield—Conduct of her household at the Cockpit—Her triumphant entry into Oxford—Her forces headed by bishop Compton—Stays from London till her father leaves it—Goes to the play in orange ribbons—Danger of her father that night—Stern reproofs of her uncle Clarendon—Controversy of the succession—Rights of the daughters of James II.—Uneasiness of the princess Anne—Convention declares Mary sole sovereign-regnant—Rage of her husband—She yields precedence to William—Is associated with him in regality—Princess Anne yields her place to him—Mary leaves Holland.

Our narrative now leads us back for a few weeks, to witness the proceedings of the elder daughter of James II. at her court of the Hague, which was in an equal ferment of agitated expectation with that of England. Here the princess was occupied in listening, with apparent simplicity, to the polemic and political explanations of Dr. Burnet in Holland, who had undertaken, by special commission, to render her subservient to the principles of the coming revolution. Those who have seen the correspondence of the daughters of James II. may deem that the doctor might have spared any superfluous circumlocution in the case; but on comparison of his words and those letters, it will be found that it pleased the princess of Orange to assume an appearance of great ignorance regarding the proceedings in England. "She knew but little of our affairs," says Burnet, "till *I* was

admitted to wait upon her, and *I* began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it ever since the Restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made."

Another subject of discussion with the princess of Orange and Burnet, was the reported imposition regarding the birth of her unhappy brother and unconscious rival, which slander each assumed as a truth; but the princess, stifling the memory of her sister's disgusting letters and her own replies, appeared to hear it with astonishment for the first time. In the course of these singular conversations, Burnet observes, "the princess asked me 'what had sharpened the king, her father, so much against M. Jurieu?'"[1] The real reason has been detailed in the previous chapter. It was for writing a violent attack on her father, accusing him of having cut the throat of the earl of Essex in the Tower. Mary knew this well; for it had been the cause of indignant discussion and the recall of Chudleigh, the British envoy, who would not endure to witness the presentation of such a libel by Jurieu to the prince of Orange in full levee.[2] Burnet was not aware that the princess meant to discuss Jurieu's foul attack on her father. Perhaps the fact was only recorded in the ambassador's reports; for Burnet replied, wide of the mark, "that Jurieu had written with great indecency of Mary queen of Scots, which cast reflections on *them* that were descended from her, and was not very decent, in one employed by the prince and herself." To this the princess answered, by giving her own especial recipe for historical biography, as follows: "That Jurieu was to support the cause he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it in the *best* way[3] he could;" and, "if what he said of Mary queen of Scots was true, he was not to be blamed;" and she added, "that if princesses will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take that revenge on their memories that it *cannot on their persons*."[4]

[1] Burnet's History of his Own Times.

[2] Ambassades of D'Avaux, and Skelton's Despatches.

[3] Mary means "the worst way he could."

[4] Burnet's Own Times.

A more rational method of judging than that induced by the furious and one-sided advocacy this princess approved, and which she was pleased to see stain the memory of her hapless ancestress, (on whose *person* party vengeance had been wreaked to the uttermost,) is by the test of facts, illustrated by autograph letters. By the spirit of a genuine correspondence may the characteristics of historical personages best be illustrated, and the truth, whether "ill things" are done, best ascertained. The united aid of facts and letters will throw light even on the deeply-veiled character of Mary II. of England.

About the time this conversation took place between this highly-praised princess and her panegyrist Burnet, she received the following letter from her step-mother,—a princess who has had her full share of this world's revilings:—

"QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[1]

"Sept. 28, 1688.

"I am much troubled what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the prince of Orange coming over with an army; this has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe till now, very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of the news I will never believe, which is, that you are to come over with him, for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best, who has always been so kind to you, and I do believe, *has loved you better* than any of his children."

Mary had again written to her father, only a few days before the receipt of the above letter, that the journey her husband had taken to Minden, whence he returned September 20, 1688, was for the sole purpose of getting the German princes in congress there to march against France, he being still the generalissimo of the war of Spain and the emperor against Louis XIV. James II. showed his daughter's letter to Barillon, the French ambassador, then at his court, as an answer to his warnings regarding the Dutch armament.[2] Meantime,

[1] Historical Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; first Series, vol. iii.

[2] Mazure, from Albeville's Despatches. Barillon's Despatches to Louis XIV., 166; 1688. Fox MSS. The information is preserved by the statesman C. J. Fox, who, when he came to open the documentary history of the Revolution, threw down his pen, and left the history a fragment. The same curious coincidence occurs with sir James Mackintosh, and the documentary conclusion by Wallace is in direct contradiction to the commencement. Every historian who attempts to write from documents of this era according to the whig bias, and gives *true and direct references*, seems in the same predicament.

Bevil Skelton, the cavalier ambassador lately at the Hague, from his prison in the Tower still perseveringly warned his royal master of the real machinations of Mary and her spouse. Louis XIV. offered to intercept the fleet preparing for the invasion of England, but nothing could induce the father to believe these warnings in preference to the letters of his child, who moreover complained most piteously of the ill-conduct of Bevil Skelton, as a person wholly in the interest of France, against her and her husband. James was vexed with the peace of Europe being broken, and was more concerned with his endeavours to prevent France and Spain from going to war, than apprehensive of invasion from his "son of Orange" in profound peace; and again firmly believing in Mary's solemn affirmations that her husband was only preparing to repel the hourly expected attack of France, he actually offered William, as late as October 3, (N. S.) forces for his aid, if that power should break the peace, both by sea and land![1] James was sure that the outcries of Bevil Skelton by way of warning, were the mere effects of French diplomacy, to force him to war against his son-in-law.

While every indication promised full success to the revolution preparing for Great Britain, the peculiar notions of the prince of Orange relative to queens-regnant, threatened some disagreement between the two principal persons concerned in the undertaking. In this dilemma, Dr. Burnet kindly tendered his diplomatic aid, and proceeded to probe the opinions of the princess regarding the manner in which she meant to conduct herself towards a regal yoke-fellow. "The princess," says the instructing divine, "was so new to all matters of this kind, that she did not, at first, seem to understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would go to the prince of Orange in right of marriage. I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her that a titular kingship was no acceptable thing for a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life." The princess asked Burnet to propose a remedy. "I told her the remedy," he resumes, "if she could

[1] Albeville's Despatches, deciphered by Mazure, vol. iii.

bring her mind to it. It was, to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him to give him the real authority, as soon as it came into her hands. The princess bade me 'bring the prince to her, and I should hear what she had to say upon it.' The prince of Orange was that day hunting. On the morrow, I acquainted him with all that passed, and carried him to her, where she, in a very frank manner, told him 'that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her.' She said, 'that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife,' and she promised him 'that he should always bear the rule.'" According to other authorities Mary added "that, as she should gladly obey him, she hoped he would also fulfil his part of the marriage contract by loving her."[1] The prince of Orange said not one word in approbation of her conduct, but told Burnet, if *that* could be deemed commendation, "that he had been nine years married to the princess, and never had the confidence to press this matter which had been brought about so soon." Readers familiar with the etiquette of courts, will naturally feel surprised that the princess of Orange should have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the assistance of Dr. Burnet to obtain for her an interview with her august consort, for the purpose of giving her an opportunity of speaking her mind to him on this delicate point. On what terms of conjugal companionship could their royal highnesses have been at this momentous period may reasonably be inquired.

In curious illustration of these alleged passages touching the conjugal confidences of the Orange pair, is the fact, that at the very time, and for the former two years, a correspondence was carried on between the princess of Orange and her sister Anne on the subject of the bitter insults and mortifications the princess of Orange received daily from her maid, Elizabeth Villiers. The preference given by the prince of Orange to his wife's attendant would have been borne in the

[1] Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717: Rivington, 1851. This learned gentleman's research is likewise borne out by a curious contemporary work, Secret History of the Stuarts, formerly in possession of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

uncomplaining spirit with which Mary endured all the grievances of her lot, but she could not abide that the shameless woman should boast of that preference,[1] and make it public matter for the world to jeer at, or—worse far, to pity. Mary relieved her overburdened heart by relating details of these mortifications to her sister. The letters have not yet come to light; perhaps they have been destroyed, but they are often mentioned in the despatches of ambassadors. The wrongs described therein raised the indignation of the princess Anne to a height which led her to the imprudent act of rating Bentinck, when in England as envoy, for the ill-conduct of his sister-in-law, (very probably she approved as little of the conduct of his wife,) and told him, sharply, "to check the insolence of Elizabeth Villiers to the princess of Orange." The remonstrance of the princess Anne was duly reported to her brother-in-law of Orange, and the remembrance laid up for a future day, the effects of which Anne felt after William was on the British throne.

Holland was then full of British exiles, ready to join the invading expedition of the prince of Orange. Some had fled from the bitter persecution which the ministers of Charles II. had established in Scotland; some from the bursting of the various plots which had formed a chain of agitation in England since the wedlock of William and Mary. The queen, her step-mother, continued to mention at times the reports of invasion, evidently without believing that the actual fact could take place from such near relatives in profound peace. The last letter that James II. wrote to the prince of Orange is friendly, and is directed, as usual, "For my son, the prince of Orange." The public reception of family correspondence at length became a matter either of pain or confusion to the mind of the princess of Orange. The last letters written to her by her father she would not receive personally, as usual, from the hands of his envoy, Albeville, but sent for them privately: they were probably destroyed unread.

The French ambassador, D'Avaux, wrote to his court, that the princess of Orange was seen every day, even on the very

[1] D'Avaux' Despatches, quoted by Fox in his Appendix.

day of the embarkation, in public, with a gay, laughing countenance. This is not in unison with the statements of two other eye-witnesses, Burnet and Albeville, nor, indeed, with probability, which is better deserving credit than the evidence of either; for, in case of failure, the risk was tremendous. "I waited on the princess of Orange," says Burnet, "a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the design. I said to her, that 'If we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things;' only I begged her pardon to tell her, 'that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her, it would ruin all.' The princess answered, 'I need fear no such thing; for if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing it again.' She was very solemn and serious, and prayed very earnestly to God to bless and direct *us*." Dr. Burnet was accompanying the prince as spiritual director of the expedition, which accounts for his emphatic plural "us" in his narrative. "At last," he resumes, "the prince of Orange went on board, and we all sailed on the night of the 19th of October, 1688, when directly a great storm arose, and many ships were, at the first alarm, believed to be lost. The princess of Orange behaved herself suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a-day, and assisted at them with great devotion." Incredible as it may seem, prayers were likewise put up in the popish chapels at the Hague belonging to the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, for the success of the prince of Orange.[1] It was noticed, that at prayers in the chamber of the princess of Orange, all mention of the prince of Wales was omitted; likewise she forbade the collects for her father,[2] yet his name was retained in the Litany, perhaps accidentally. As the collects are "for grace," and that "God might dispose and govern the heart" of her father, the omission is scarcely consistent with the piety for which Mary is celebrated.

[1] Barillon's Despatches, Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet's Own Times.
[2] Albeville's Despatches.

The silence of documentary history as to the scene of the actual parting between William and Mary at the hour of his embarkation for England, is partly supplied by one of the contemporary Dutch paintings commemorative of that event, lately purchased for her majesty's collection at Hampton-Court by the commissioners of the woods and forests. In the first of these highly curious tableaux we behold an animated scene of the preparations for the departure of the prince, described with all the graphic matter-of-fact circumstances peculiar to the Dutch school of art, even to the cording and handling of the liberator's trunks and portmanteaus close to his feet, while he stands surrounded by the wives of the burgomasters of the Brill and Helvoetsluys, who are affectionately presenting him with parting benedictions in the shape of parting cups. One fair lady has actually laid her hand on his highness's arm, while with the other she offers him a flowing goblet of scheidam, or some other equally tempting beverage. Another low German charmer holds up a deep glass of Rhenish nectar; others tender schnaps in more moderate-sized glasses. One of the sympathetic ladies, perhaps of the princess's suite, is weeping ostentatiously, with a handkerchief large enough for a banner. William, meantime, apparently insensible of these characteristic marks of attention from his loyal countrywomen, bends an expressive glance of tender interest upon his royal consort, English Mary, who has just turned about to enter her state carriage, which is in waiting for her. Her face is therefore concealed. The lofty proportions of her stately figure, which have been somewhat exaggerated by the painter, sufficiently distinguish her from the swarm of short, fat, Dutch Madonas by whom the hero of Nassau is surrounded. She wears a high cornette cap, long stiff waist with white satin bodice, scarlet petticoat, orange scarf, and farthingale hoop. Her neck is bare, and decorated with a string of large round pearls. The carriage is a high, narrow chariot, painted of a dark green colour, with ornamental statues at each corner. In form and design it greatly resembles the lord mayor's carriage, only much neater and smaller; the window curtains are of a bright rose colour.

The embarkation of horses and troops is actively proceeding. William's state-barge has mounted the royal standard of Great Britain, with the motto, "Prot. Religion and Liberty," and the stately first-rate vessel in which he is to pass the seas, lies in the offing similarly decorated: some of the other vessels have orange flags. The people on the shore are throwing up their hats, and drinking success to the expedition. It is, altogether, the representation of a very animating scene, full of quaint costume and characteristic details of the manners and customs of William and Mary's Dutch people.

"Mary wept bitterly when she parted from her husband," says Albeville. "She shut herself up afterwards, and would not appear on her day of dining publicly at the Hague-palace."[1] From the lofty turrets of that gothic palace the tradition declares she watched the fleet depart from the Brill, which was to invade her sire.

Every one knows that the prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay on the eve of the anniversary of 'the Gunpowder-plot,' "a remarkable and crowning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivities can be conveniently celebrated by the same holiday." This day was likewise the anniversary of the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England. The prince noticed the coincidence with more vivacity than was usual to him. He landed at the village of Broxholme, near Torbay, November 5. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, "Ought not I to believe in predestination?" It was then three o'clock in a November afternoon, but he mounted his horse and went with Schomberg to reconnoitre, or as Burnet expresses himself, "to discover the country right and left.[2] He marched four miles into Devonshire, and lodged

[1] Albeville's Despatches. William sailed with a fleet of fifty-two ships of war, many of them merchant ships borrowed by the States, for great had been the havoc made by James II. in the Dutch navy. Notwithstanding the loss by his victory at Solebay, the Dutch admirals hoisted their flags on seventy-gun ships; there were 400 transports, which carried at least about 15,000 men.

[2] MS. letter in French, written by Burnet to one of his friends left in

at a little town called Newton; but it was ten in the evening before the whole force arrived there, and then every one was wet and weary. The next day, about noon, the greatest landholder in Devonshire, the 'chevalier' Courtney, sent his son to his highness, to pray him to come and sleep at his seat that night. The prince of Orange went there, and for an *impromptu* entertainment, such as this was, it was impossible to be more splendidly regaled." The prince favoured the Courtney baronet with his company four whole days, during which time there was no stir to join him. As so many days elapsed before any of the population of the west of England showed symptoms of co-operation with the prince of Orange, a murmur began to be heard among the Dutch forces, that they had been betrayed to utter destruction.[1] Nevertheless, most of the leading public characters in England had committed themselves, by written invitations to the prince of Orange. The mine was ready to explode; but every one waited for somebody to toss the match. When the first revolt of importance was made, the race was which should the soonest follow.[2]

Whilst the trusted friends of king James, persons on whom he had bestowed many benefits, were waiting to see who should be the first to betray him, a noble contrast was offered by Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the prelates whom he had incarcerated in the Tower for refusal to comply with his dictation in favour of the Roman-catholics. The letter subjoined is little known, but it journalizes the early progress of William in the west of England, and is valuable in regard to the bishop's allusion to himself as chaplain to the princess of Orange. Several persons who had affected to become Roman-catholics, as a base homage to James II.'s religious principles, had deserted to the prince of Orange; yet this western bishop stood firm to his loyalty, although he was no sycophant of James, for unarmed but with his pastoral staff, he had boldly faced Kirke in his

Holland, probably for the information of the princess, but ostensibly for his wife, a Dutchwoman. The letter is very yellow, and now crumbling into fragments. —Harleian MSS., 6798, art. 49.

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon. [2] Lord Dartmouth.

worst moments of drunken rage, and, despite of his fury, comforted the unhappy victims in his diocese of the Monmouth rebellion; therefore every one expected to see bishop Ken following the camp of the Orange prince. But the courage and humanity of this deeply revered prelate in 1685, was, if tested by the laws of consistency, the true cause of his loyalty in 1688. His letter is addressed to a kindred mind, that of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

"May it please your Grace,

"Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was pleased to favour me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells; upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his majesty's general commands, took all my coach-horses with me, and as many of my saddle-horses as I well could, and took shelter in a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his majesty had come into my county, to have waited on him, and paid him my duty. But this morning we are told his majesty has gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized horses within ten miles of Wells, before I went; and your grace knows that I, *having been a servant to the princess* [of Orange], and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasions of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid, resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the cause of my retiring. God of his infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

"My very good lord,

"Your grace's very affectionate servant and bishop,

"November 24, 1688." "THOMAS, BATH AND WELLS.[1]

The princess Anne had had an interview with her father on the 3rd of November, o. s., when he communicated to her the news that the Dutch fleet had been seen off Dover; and he lent her a copy of the prince of Orange's declaration, which had been disseminated by him along the coast. The king was on friendly terms with his younger daughter, nor had he then the slightest suspicion that the invasion was instigated by her. "The same day I waited on the princess Anne," says her uncle Clarendon, "and she lent me the declaration of the prince of Orange, telling me 'that the king had lent it to her, and that she must restore it to him on the morrow.'" This appears to have been the last inter-

[1] Life and Works of Bishop Ken, edited by J. T. Sherrard, B.D.

course between the princess Anne and her father. The declaration blazoned abroad the slander that the prince of Wales was an infant impostor, intruded on the nation by king James, in order that England might fall under the rule of a prince educated as a Roman-catholic. It may seem unaccountable wherefore the daughters of James II. adopted a falsehood which aggravated the needful exclusion of their father and his unconscious son into personal injury; but it was the contrivance of their own private ambition, to guard against the possibility of the prince of Wales being taken from his parents and educated by the country according to the doctrines of the church of England, which would have excluded his sisters effectually from the succession they eagerly coveted.

Lord Clarendon made a last attempt to touch the feelings of the princess Anne for her father, November 9th. "I told her," he writes, "that endeavours were using for the lords temporal and spiritual to join in an address to the king; that now it would be seasonable to say something to her father, whereby he might see her concern for him.' The princess replied, 'that the king did not love that she should meddle with any thing, and that the papists would let him do nothing.' I told her 'that the king was her father; that she knew the duty she owed him; that she knew how very tender and kind he had been to her; and that he had *never troubled her about religion,* as she had several times owned to me. The princess replied, 'that was true;' but she grew exceedingly uneasy at my discourse, and said 'that she must dress herself,' and so I left her."[1]

The news arrived in London in a few hours, that lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the earl of Clarendon, and of course the first cousin of the princess, had deserted the king's army, with three regiments. His father, bowed with grief and shame, omitted his visits to his niece, who demanded, when she saw him, "why he had not come to the Cockpit lately?" Lord Clarendon replied, "that he was so much concerned for the villainy his son had committed, that he was ashamed of being seen anywhere."—"Oh," exclaimed

[1] Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.

the princess, "people are so apprehensive of popery, that you will find many more of the army will do the same." Lord Cornbury's defection was perfectly well known to her; he was the first gentleman of her husband's bedchamber, and by no means troubled with the old-fashioned cavalier loyalty of his father. His wife, likewise in the household of the princess, made herself remarkable by dressing herself in orange colour,[1] a mode we shall find the princess adopted to celebrate the fall of her father.

Thus, day by day, has the uncle of the princess Anne left memorials of his conversations with her regarding her unfortunate father at this momentous crisis. It was scarcely possible, if justice had not required it, that her near relative, Clarendon, could have represented her in the colours he has done, or preferred the interests of the son of his brother-in-law to the daughter of his sister. If lord Clarendon had had a bias, it would surely have been to represent the conduct of his niece in as favourable a light as possible. It is by no means a pleasant task to follow the windings of a furtive mind to the goal of undeserved success, attained by means of

> "That low cunning, which in fools supplies—
> And amply too, the want of being wise."

Yet be it remembered, that the worst traits which deform the private character of Anne, are those portrayed in her own letters, and in the journals of her mother's brother and trusted friends.

At that time the princess Anne was waiting anxiously news from her husband, who had, in fair-seeming friendship, departed, in company with her father, to join his army near Salisbury, with the ostensible purpose of assisting in defending him from "his son, the prince of Orange." The prince George was to be attended in his flight by lady Churchill's husband, the ungrateful favourite of the king, and sir George Hewett, a gentleman belonging to the household of the princess. There was a dark plot of assassination contrived against James by these two last agents, which seems as well

[1] Letter to lady Margaret Russell, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by permission, July 2, 1846.

authenticated as any point of history, being confessed by Hewett on his death-bed, amidst agonies of remorse and horror.[1]

While the husband of the princess Anne was watching his most feasible time for absconding, he dined and supped at the table of the king, his father-in-law. Tidings were hourly brought of some important defection or other from among the king's officers, on which prince George of Denmark usually turned to James II. with a grimace and voice of condolence, uttering one set phrase of surprise, "*Est-il possible?*" At last, one Saturday night, November 24th, the prince of Denmark and sir George Hewett went off to the hostile camp, after supping with king James, and greatly condemning all deserters. The king, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the course of the last few hours, heard of the desertion of his son-in-law with the exclamation, "How! has '*est-il possible*' gone off too?"[2] Yet the example of his departure was one of fearful import to the king.

James II. had not the slightest idea but that his heart might repose on the fidelity of his daughter Anne. When it is remembered how unswervingly affectionate and faithful even the infant children of Charles I. had proved, not only to their father but to each other, in similar times of trial and distress, his confidence in his daughter cannot excite surprise. A contemporary[3] has preserved the letter which George of Denmark left for the king on his departure.

"Prince George of Denmark to James II.

"My just concern for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country; and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?"

The prince has made this note a tissue of blunders, confounding the church of England with the Lutheran religion, although essentially different. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson claims the composition of this note as one of the good deeds of that prelate; it is certain that Dr. Tillotson was not

[1] The duke of Berwick's evidence, in his Memoirs, against his uncle the duke of Marlborough, will be allowed to be decisive regarding the truth of this plot.

[2] Roger Coke, in his Detection, vol. iii. pp. 122, 123. [3] Ibid.

in the camp of king James, but actively employed in London. The only comment James II. made, when he read the note of George of Denmark, was, "I only mind him as connected with my dearest child; otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater."[1] The envoy from Denmark was summoned by king James to council on the event of the flight of prince George from the camp at Andover. Several parties of horse were sent after the prince to capture him, and his own countryman, who was no friend to the revolution, requested "that orders to take him, alive or dead, might be added to their instructions."[2] It does not seem that it was done.

Instant information was despatched to the princess at the Cockpit, that prince George, lord Churchill, and sir George Hewett had successfully left the camp of her father. Anne soon summoned her coadjutors, and prepared for her own flight. She had written the week before to warn the prince of Orange of her intentions, and had systematically prepared for her escape, by having had recently constructed a flight of private stairs, which led from her closet down into St. James's-park.[3] Lady Churchill had, in the afternoon, sought a conference with Compton bishop of London, the tutor of the princess; he had withdrawn, but left a letter advertising where he was to be found, in case the princess wished to leave her father. The bishop and the ex-lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, sent word that they would wait in St. James's-park with a hackney-coach, at one o'clock in the morning of November the 25th; and that if the princess could steal unobserved out of the Cockpit, they would take charge of her.

[1] Coke's Detection, vol. iii. pp. 122, 3. Prince George and Churchill had vainly endeavoured to carry off with them a portion of the army; the common soldiers and non-commissioned officers positively refused to forsake their king. General Schomberg, who was second in command to the prince of Orange, and was as much a man of honour and honesty as a mercenary soldier can be, received the deserters from James II. with a sarcasm so cutting, that lord Churchill never forgot it. "Sir," said Schomberg to him, "you are the first deserter of the rank of a lieutenant-general I ever saw."—Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson.

[2] Lediard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 81.

[3] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

It is stated that the lord chamberlain Mulgrave had orders to arrest the ladies Churchill and Fitzharding, but that the princess Anne had entreated the queen to delay this measure until the king's return,—an incident which marks the fact, that Anne was on apparently friendly terms with her step-mother. Meantime, a manuscript letter among the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, affirms that the king had ordered the princess herself to be arrested; if this had been true, he could not have been surprised at her flight. The facts, gathered from several contemporary sources, were as follows. The princess Anne retired to her chamber on Sunday evening at her usual hour; her lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers, who was not in the plot, went to bed in the ante-chamber, according to custom. Lady Fitzharding, at that time the principal lady of the bedchamber to the princess Anne, being sister to the mistress of the prince of Orange, was, of course, an active agent in the intrigue; this lady, with lady Churchill, came up the newly constructed back-stairs unknown to the rest of the household, and there waited the hour of appointment *perdue* with lady Churchill's maid. When one o'clock struck, the princess stole down into the park with these women, and close to the Cockpit she met her auxiliary, lord Dorset. The night was dark; it poured with torrents of rain, and St. James's-park was a mass of black November mud. The adventurers had not very far to walk to the hackney-coach, but the princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be daunted by trifles. She tried to hop forward with one shoe, but lord Dorset, fearing that she would take cold, pulled off his embroidered leather glove, (which was of the long gauntlet fashion,) and begged her royal highness to permit him to draw it on her foot, as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party, and, partly hopping and partly carried by lord Dorset, the princess gained the spot where the bishop waited for them in the hackney-coach. The whole

party then drove to the bishop of London's house by St. Paul's, where they were refreshed, and went from thence, before day-break, to lord Dorset's seat, Copt-hall, in Waltham forest. The princess only made a stay there of a few hours, and then, with the bishop, lord Dorset, and her two ladies, set out for Nottingham, where they were received by the earl of Northampton, the brother of the bishop of London. That prelate assumed a military dress and a pair of jack-boots, and raising a purple standard in the name of the laws and liberties of England, invited the people to gather round the Protestant heiress to the throne.[1]

The proceedings of the princess after her retreat, are related by an eye-witness, lord Chesterfield. Of all the contemporaries of James II., he was the least likely to be prejudiced in his favour. He had been brought up from infancy in companionship with the prince of Orange, his mother, lady Stanhope, being governess to the prince at the Hague. Moreover, Chesterfield had not forgotten his angry resentment at the coquetries of his second wife with James II., when duke of York. The earl was, besides, a firm opposer of popery, and an attached son of the reformed church. Every early prejudice, every personal interest, every natural resentment, led him to favour the cause of the prince of Orange. He was a deep and acute observer; he had known the princess Anne from her infancy, being chamberlain to her aunt, queen Catharine. Anne's proceedings after her flight from Whitehall are here given in lord Chesterfield's words:[2] "The princess Anne made her escape in *disguise* from Whitehall, and came to Nottingham, *pretending* 'that her father the king did persecute and use her ill for her religion, she being a protestant and he a papist.' As soon as I heard of her coming with a small retinue to Nottingham, I went thither with the lord Ferrers, and several gentlemen my neighbours, to offer her my services. The princess seemed to be well pleased; she told me, 'that she

[1] Aubrey. Lediard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. Colley Cibber, and Lamberty, who was secretary to Bentinck.

[2] Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers found in the library at Bath-house, published with his letters; pp. 48–50.

intended to go to Warwick, but she apprehended that lord Mullinux, who was a papist, and then in arms, would attack her on her journey.' I assured her highness 'that I would wait upon her till she was in a state of safety.' I left her, and returned to Nottingham in two days at the head of a hundred horse, with which she seemed to be much satisfied. I met at Nottingham the earls of Devonshire, Northampton, and Scarsdale, lord Gray, the bishop of London, and many others, who had brought in 600 horse, and raised the militia of the country to attend her highness. The next day, her highness told me, 'That there were many disputes and quarrels among the young nobility around her; therefore, to prevent disorders in the marching of *her troops* about precedence, she had appointed a council to meet that day, and me to be of it.' I replied, that 'I was come on purpose to defend her person, in a time of tumult, with my life, against any that should dare to attack her; but that as to *her council*, I did beg her pardon for desiring to be excused from it, for I had the honour to be a privy councillor to his majesty her father; therefore I would be of no council for the ordering of troops which I did perceive were intended to serve against him.' I found that her highness and some of the noblemen round her were highly displeased with my answer, which they called a '*tacit*' upbraiding them and the princess with rebellion."

The princess Anne was, nevertheless, escorted by Chesterfield from Nottingham to Leicester; but here he found a project on foot, which completed his disgust of the proceedings of "the daughter." It was, in fact, no other than the revival of the old 'Association,' which had, about a century before, hunted Mary queen of Scots to a scaffold. If Elizabeth, a kinswoman some degrees removed from Mary queen of Scots, but who had never seen her, has met with reprehension from the lovers of moral justice for her encouragement of such a league, what can be thought of the heart of a child, a favoured and beloved daughter, who had fled from the very arms of her father to join it? "I waited on her highness the princess Anne to Leicester," resumes

Chesterfield.[1] "Next morning, at court, in the drawing-room, which was filled with noblemen and gentlemen, the bishop of London called me aloud by my name; he said, "that the princess Anne desired us to meet at four o'clock the same afternoon at an inn in Leicester, which he named, to do something which was for her service.'" Chesterfield expressed his displeasure at the manner in which he was publicly called upon, without any previous intimation of the matter; "upon which, lord Devonshire, who stood by, observed, 'that he thought lord Chesterfield had been previously acquainted that the purpose of the princess was, to have an association entered into to destroy all the papists in England, in case the prince of Orange should be killed or murthered by any of them.'"

An association for the purpose of extermination is always an ugly blot in history. Many times have the Roman-catholics been charged with such leagues, and it is indisputable that they were more than once guilty of carrying them into ferocious execution. But the idea that the father of the princess Anne was one of the proscribed religion, and that *she* could be enrolled as the chief of an association for extermination of those among whom *he* was included, is a trait surpassing the polemic horrors of the sixteenth century. May this terrible fact be excused under the plea of the stupidity of Anne, and her utter incapacity for reasoning from cause to effect? Could she not perceive that her father's head would have been the first to be laid low by such an association? If she did not, lord Chesterfield did. "I would not enter into it," he continues,[2] "nor sign the paper the bishop of London had drawn; and after my refusing, lord Ferrers, lord Cullen, and above a hundred gentlemen refused to sign this association, which made the princess Anne extremely angry. However, I kept my promise with her highness, and waited on her from Leicester to Coventry, and from thence to Warwick."

[1] Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, Bath-house, published with his letters; pp. 48–50.

[2] Ibid.

Such was the errand on which Anne had left her home: let us now see what was going on in that home. Great was the consternation of her household at the Cockpit on the morning of November 26, when two hours had elapsed beyond her usual time of ringing for her attendants. Her women and Mrs. Danvers having vainly knocked and called at her door, at last had it forced. When they entered, they found the bed open, with the impression as if it had been slept in. Old Mrs. Buss, the nurse[1] of the princess, immediately cried out "that the princess had been murdered by the queen's priests," and the whole party ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's apartments: some went to lord Clarendon's apartments with the news. As lady Clarendon did not know the abusive names by which her niece and lady Churchill used to revile her, she threw herself into an agony of affectionate despair. While Mrs. Buss rushed into the queen's presence, and rudely demanded the princess Anne of her majesty, lady Clarendon ran about lamenting for her all over the court. This uproar was appeased by a letter, addressed to the queen, being found open on the toilet of the princess. It was never brought to the queen;[2] yet its discovery somewhat allayed the storm which suddenly raged around her, for a furious mob had collected in the streets, vowing that Whitehall should be plucked down, and the queen torn to pieces, if she did not give up the princess Anne. The letter was published in the Gazette next day by the partisans of Anne. It has been infinitely admired by those who have never compared it with the one she wrote to the prince of Orange on the same subject:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE QUEEN OF JAMES II.

"MADAM, (Found at the Cockpit, Nov. 26.)

"I beg your pardon if *I am so deeply affected with the surprising news* of *the prince's* [George of Denmark] *being gone* as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper *to express my humble duty to the king and yourself, and to*

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Anne's nurse was a papist, as Dr. Lake affirms; perhaps she had been converted.

[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by the rev. Stanier Clark. The king mentions this letter, but declares neither he nor the queen ever saw it, except in the public prints. Dr. Stanier Clark prints the name of Anne's nurse as Buss: Lewis Jenkins, one of her fellow-servants, calls her *Butt*.

let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the king's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the prince or myself; and I shall stay at so great a distance, as not to return till I hear the happy news of a reconcilement. And as I am confident the prince did not leave the king with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am *uncapable* of following him for any other end. *Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty to a father and a husband;* and therefore I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other.

"I see the general falling-off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end than to prevail with the king to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger from the violent councils of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the king. I am fully persuaded that the prince of Orange designs the king's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without bloodshed, by the calling of a parliament.

"God grant an happy end to these troubles, and that the king's [James II.] reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety; till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of

"Your most obedient daughter and servant,

"ANNE."[1]

One historian chooses to say that Anne had been beaten by her step-mother previously to the composition of this letter. Yet immediately beneath his assertion he quotes its conclusion, being an entreaty to the queen,[2] ending with this sentence, "let me beg of you to continue the *same favourable opinion* that you have hitherto had of your obedient daughter and servant, Anne." Now, people seldom express favourable opinions of those whom they beat, and still seldomer do the beaten persons wish those who beat them to continue in the same way of thinking concerning themselves.

It is a curious fact, that the princess Anne should write two letters on the same subject, entirely opposite in profession, convicting herself of shameless falsehood, and that they should both be preserved for the elucidation of the writer's real disposition:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"The Cockpit, November 18.

"Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat any thing of that kind; and on the subject you have now

[1] Lansdowne Papers, No. 1236, fol. 230, apparently the original, as it is endorsed with the name, Anne, in Italic capitals, very much resembling her own autograph. The paper is very old and yellow: it has never been folded.

[2] Echard, 920, vol. iii.

wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only, in short, to assure you that you have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking; and *I hope the prince*[1] *will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who, I am sure, will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the king towards Salisbury, intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought proper.* I am not yet certain if I shall continue here, or *remove into the city.* That shall depend upon the advice my friends will give me; but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how much I am

"Your humble servant,
"ANNE."[2]

A report prevailed among the people, in excuse for Anne's conduct, that her father had sent orders to arrest her and send her to the Tower on the previous day,[3] but this plea she dared not urge for herself, as may seen in her farewell letter. By the perusal of the last-quoted letter, which was written before the one addressed to the queen, all the sentiments of conflicting duties, of ignorance and innocence regarding her husband's intention of departure, are utterly exploded. As for any tenderness regarding the safety of her unfortunate father, or pretended mediation between him and the prince of Orange, a glance over the genuine emanation of her mind will show that she never alluded to king James excepting to aggravate his faults. So far from the desertion of the prince of Denmark being unknown to her, it was announced by her own pen several days before it took place. It would have been infinitely more respectable, had the prince and princess of Denmark pursued the path they deemed most conducive to their interests without any grimace of sentiment. As for profaning the church of England for one moment, by assuming that devotion to its principles inspired the tissue of foul falsehood which polluted the mind of the princess Anne, it is what we do not intend

[1] Her husband, George of Denmark.

[2] In king William's box at Kensington; found there and published by sir John Dalrymple, Appendix, p. 333.

[3] Contemporary letter, endorsed "To the lady Margaret Russell, Woburn-abbey, (Woburn bag,)" among family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by kind permission, July 2, 1846. In the course of this MS. the writer affirms, that "previously to the escape of the prince and princess of Denmark, lord Feversham had been on his knees two hours entreating the king to arrest lord Churchill; but the king would not believe any thing against him."

to do. The conduct of those who were the true and real disciples of our church will soon be shown, though a strait and narrow path they trod, which led not to this world's honours and prosperity.

James II. arrived in London soon after the uproar regarding the departure of his daughter had subsided. He was extremely ill, having been bled four times in the course of the three preceding days, which was the real reason of his leaving the army.[1] He expected to be consoled by some very extraordinary manifestation of duty and affection from the princess Anne, and when he heard the particulars of her desertion, he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me in my distress." Still he expressed the utmost anxiety lest his daughter, whose state he supposed was precarious, should in any way injure herself. From that hour, James II. lost all hope or interest in his struggle for regality. His mind was overthrown.[2] In fact, civil wars have taken place between kinsmen, brothers, nephews, and uncles, and even between fathers and sons; but history produces only two other instances of warfare between daughters and fathers, and of those instances many a bitter comparison was afterwards drawn. James himself was not aware how deeply his daughter Anne was concerned in all the conspiracies against him; he lived and died utterly unconscious of the foul letters she wrote to her sister, or of that to the prince of Orange, announcing to him her husband's flight. He expresses his firm belief that she acted under the control of her husband,[3] and by the persuasions of lady Churchill and lady Berkeley. With the fond delusion often seen in parents in private life, he speaks of the personal danger she incurred regarding her health in her flight from the Cockpit, as if it were almost the worst part of her conduct to him.[4]

The prince of Orange moved forward from the west of England, giving out that it was his intention to prove a

[1] See the Life of his consort, queen Mary Beatrice.
[2] Ibid., vol. vi. p. 261.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.
[4] Original Papers, edited by Macpherson. Likewise Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 123. Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

mediator between James II. and his people, and thus inducing many of the most loyal subjects of the crown to join him for that purpose. Lord Clarendon, his wife's uncle, met him at Salisbury, where his head-quarters were, in hopes of assisting at an amicable arrangement. Prince George of Denmark was still with the Dutch army: to him lord Clarendon instantly went. The prince asked him news of James II., and then "when his princess went away? and who went with her?"[1]—"Of which," says lord Clarendon, "I gave him as particular an account as I could." Prince George said, "I wonder she went not sooner." Lord Clarendon observed, "that he wished her journey might do her no harm." Every one supposed that the princess Anne was within a few weeks of her accouchement. The next reply of the prince convinced him that this was really a deception, although constantly pleaded in excuse to her father when he had required her presence at the birth of the prince of Wales, or any ceremonial regarding the queen. The princess Anne had actually herself practised a fraud nearly similar to that of which she falsely accused her unfortunate step-mother. That accusation must have originated in the capability for imposition which she found in her own mind. Her uncle was struck with horror when her husband told him that the princess had not been in any state requiring particular care. His words are, "This startled me. Good God! nothing but lying and dissimulation. I then told him 'with what tenderness the king had spoken of the princess Anne, and how much trouble of heart he showed when she found that she had left him;' but to this, prince George of Denmark answered not one word."[2]

The prince of Orange advanced from Salisbury to Oxford, and rested at Abingdon, and at Henley-on-Thames received the news that James II. had disbanded his army; and also that the queen[3] had escaped with the prince of Wales to France, and that king James II. had departed, December 11,

[1] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.
[2] Ibid.
[3] For these particulars, see Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

a few days afterwards, at which the prince of Orange could not conceal his joy. The prince of Denmark remained in Oxford to receive the princess his wife, who made a grand entry with military state, escorted by several thousand mounted gentlemen, who, with their tenants, had mustered in the mid-counties to attend her. Compton bishop of London, her tutor, had for some days resumed his old dress and occupation of a military leader, and rode before her with his purple flag.[1] The princess Anne and her consort remained some days at Oxford, greatly feasted and caressed by their party.

Meantime, the prince of Orange approached the metropolis no nearer than Windsor, for the unfortunate James II. had been brought back to Whitehall. The joy manifested by his people at seeing him once more, alarmed his opponents. The prince of Orange had moved forward to Sion-house, Brentford, from whence he despatched his Dutch guards to expel his uncle from Whitehall. It seems, neither Anne nor his sons-in-law cared to enter the presence of James again, and they would not approach the metropolis till he had been forced out of it. The next day, the prince of Orange made his entry into London without pomp, in a travelling-carriage drawn by post-horses, with a cloak-bag strapped at the back of it.[2] He arrived at St. James's-palace about four in the afternoon, and retired at once to his bedchamber. Bells were rung, guns were fired, and his party manifested their joy at his arrival, as the Jacobites had done when the king returned. The prince and princess of Denmark arrived on the evening of the 19th of December from Oxford, and took up their abode as usual at the Cockpit.[3]

[1] Aubrey.

[2] MS. inedited Stepney Papers; letter of Horace Walpole the elder, to his brother sir Robert Walpole. The words are worth quoting. When Stanhope, the English ambassador from queen Anne, was urging the reluctant Charles of Austria to press on to Madrid and seize the Spanish crown, after one of Peterborough's brilliant victories, "the German prince excused himself, because his equipages were not ready. Stanhope replied, 'The prince of Orange entered London, in 1688, with a coach and four, and a cloak-bag tied behind it, and a few weeks after was crowned king of Great Britain.'"

[3] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 231.

No leave-taking ever passed between the princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time, before his reverse of fortune occurred. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth into exile for ever. Yet there had never arisen the slightest disagreement between them, no angry chiding regarding their separate creeds; no offence had ever been given her but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while he was yet in England,—ill, unhappy, and a prisoner, her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness: "King James was carried down the river in a most tempestuous evening, not without actual danger; and while her poor old father was thus exposed to danger, an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, at that very moment his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, with her great favourite, lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphant to the playhouse."[1] It was on the same stormy night that James II. escaped from the Dutch guards, and withdrew to France.[2]

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is recorded with utter indignation by her church-of-England uncle, Clarendon. "In the afternoon of January the 17th, I was with the princess Anne. I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes. It was noticed that, when the news came of his final departure from the country, she was not the least moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be." To this Anne replied, "Those who made such reflections on her actions

[1] Bevil Higgon's Short Views of English History, p. 363. The Devonshire MS. previously quoted confirms the fact, that the ladies in the household of Anne at that time wore orange colour as a party-badge. Anne herself, in her picture at the Temple, is dressed in orange and green, the colours of her brother-in-law's livery.

[2] See Life of his consort, Mary Beatrice.

did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and that she never loved to do any thing that looked like an affected constraint." "And does your royal highness think that showing some trouble for the king your father's misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?" was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. "I am afraid," he continued, "such behaviour lessens you much in the opinion of the world, and even in that of your father's enemies. But," adds he, in comment, "with all this, she was not one jot moved."[1] Clarendon demanded whether she had shown his letter, written to her in his grief on his son's desertion from her father. The princess said, "No; she had burnt it as soon as read." But her uncle pressed the matter home to her, "because," he said, "the contents were matter of public discourse." The princess replied, "She had shown the letter to no one; but she could not imagine where was the harm, if she had." "I am still of the same opinion as when it was written," observed her uncle. "I think that my son has done a very abominable action, even if it be viewed but as a breach of trust; but if your royal highness repeats all that is said or written to you, few people will tell you any thing."[2] The princess turned the discourse with complaining "That his son never waited on prince George, which was more necessary now than ever, since the prince had no one but him of quality about him; that she had reproved lord Cornbury herself, but he took so little heed of it, that at one time she thought of desiring him to march off, and leave room for somebody else; but that, as it was at a time that the family

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 249–251.

[2] The regiments said to desert with Cornbury, according to Burnet's MS. letter, (Harleian, 6798,) were three; one of them, the dragoons commanded by lord Cornbury, another was Berwick's regiment, late the earl of Oxford's, and the third the duke of St. Albans'. "Lord Cornbury marched them off to the prince of Orange's camp; but when day dawned, and the officers and their men perceived where their steps directed, they cried aloud and halted, putting all into complete confusion." These officers, Dr. Burnet declared, "were papists;" but whatsoever they were, they drew off half Cornbury's own regiment, chief part of St. Albans', and all Berwick's but fifty horsemen, and turned back to kir James under the command of Cornbury's major.

seemed oppressed, she had no mind to do a hard thing." The oppression she meant was, when James II. had dismissed Clarendon and her other uncle from their employments, on account of their attachment to the church of England. Her uncle drily returned thanks for her gracious intimation, observing, "That his son, though he often complained of hardship put upon him, was to blame for neglecting his duty." The princess stated "That the prince, her husband, was at a great loss for some person of quality about him; that he had thoughts of taking lord Scarsdale again, but that he proved so pitiful a wretch, that they would have no more to do with him."—"I asked," said lord Clarendon, "whom he thought to take?" The princess said, "sir George Hewett." Clarendon observed to the princess Anne, that "sir George was no nobleman. 'He might be made one when things are settled,' said the princess, 'and she hoped such a thing would not be denied to the prince her husband and her.' I asked her 'how that could be done without king James?' 'Sure,' replied the princess Anne, 'there will be a way found out at one time or other.'"[1] Sir George Hewett, it will be remembered, was the man who had deserted with lord Churchill, and was implicated in the scheme for either seizing or assassinating the king, her father. Lord Clarendon, when he visited the Dutch head-quarters, had bluntly asked lord Churchill "whether it was a fact?" who, with his usual graceful and urbane manner, and in that peculiar intonation of voice which his contemporary, lord Dartmouth, aptly describes as soft and whining, pronounced himself "the most ungrateful of mortals, if he could have perpetrated aught against his benefactor, king James."

A convention of the lords and some of the members who had been returned in the last parliament of Charles II. were then on the point of meeting, to settle the government of the kingdom. In this convention Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, positively refused to sit, or to acknowledge its jurisdiction. The earl of Clarendon was anxious to discuss with the princess Anne the flying reports of the town, which

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

declared "that the intention was to settle the crown on the prince of Orange and his wife; but that in case the latter died first, leaving no issue, the crown was to belong to him for his life, before it descended, in the natural succession, to the princess Anne and her children." Clarendon was indignant at this proposed innovation on the hereditary monarchy of the British government, and endeavoured to rouse the princess Anne to prevent any interpolation between her and her rights of succession. To which she replied, "That she had heard the rumours that the prince and princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she was sure she had *never* given *no occasion* to have it said that she consented to any such a thing; that she had indeed been told that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but she would never consent to any thing that should be to the prejudice of herself or her children." She added, "that she knew very well that the republican party were very busy, but that she hoped that the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and not suffer wrong to be done to her." Clarendon told the princess, "That if she continued in the mind she seemed to be in, she ought to let her wishes be known to some of both houses before the meeting of the convention." Anne replied "she would think of it, and send for some of them."[1] Her uncle then turned upon her with a close home question, which was "whether she thought that her father could be justly deposed?" To this the princess Anne replied, "Sure! they are too great points for me to meddle with. I am sorry the king brought things to such a pass as they were at;" adding, "that she thought it would not be safe for him ever to return again." Her uncle asked her fiercely the question, "What she meant by that?" To which Anne replied, "Nothing."[2] Without repeating several characteristic dialogues of this nature, which her uncle has recorded, the princess Anne and her spouse entrusted him with a sort of commission to watch over her interests in the proceedings of the convention. The princess likewise penned a long letter of lamentations to her uncle on the

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251. [2] Ibid., pp. 248, 249.

wrongs she found that the convention meant to perpetrate against her: she, however, bade him burn the letter.

The postponement of succession to the prince of Orange (supposing the prince of Wales was for ever excluded) encroached not much on the tenderness due to that internal idol, self. Very improbable it was that a diminutive asthmatic invalid, like the prince of Orange, irrepressibly bent on war, ten years of age in advance, withal, should survive her majestic sister, who had, since she had been acclimatized to the air of Holland, enjoyed a buxom state of health. There was, nevertheless, a tissue of vacillating diplomacy attempted by Anne: she used a great deal of needless falsehood in denial of the letter she had written to her uncle when she supposed he had burnt it, and resorted to equivocation when he produced it, to the confusion of herself and her clique.[1] As some shelter from the awful responsibility perpetually represented to her by her uncle, Anne at last declared "she would be guided regarding her conduct by some very pious friends, and abide by their decision." The friends to whom she appealed were Dr. Tillotson, and Rachel lady Russell.[2] Their opinion was well known to the princess before it was asked. Dr. Tillotson had been an enemy to James II. from an early period of his career, and had been very active in promoting the revolution; as for lady Russell, it was no duty of hers to awaken in the mind of Anne any affectionate feeling to James II. Both referees arbitrated according to the benefit of their party, and advised Anne to give place to her brother-in-law in the succession.

Although the princess Anne had thus made up her mind, the national convention were far from resolved. The situation of the country was rather startling, the leader of a well-disciplined army of 14,000 foreign soldiers, quartered in or about London, being actually in possession of the functions of government. When the convention had excluded the unconscious heir, it by no means imagined a necessity for

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 255, 257.
[2] Birch's Life of Dr. Tillotson.

further innovating on the succession by superseding the daughters of James II., who had not offended them by the adoption of an obnoxious creed; and well did the clergy of the church of England know that the creed of the prince of Orange was as inconsistent with their church as that of James II. Besides that discrepancy, his personal hatred to the rites of our church has been shown by Dr. Hooper, who has, moreover, recorded the vigorous kick he bestowed on the communion-table prepared in the chapel of his princess. Some of the members of the convention were startled at the fearful evils attendant on a crown-elective, which, as the history of Poland and the German empire fully proved, not only opened doors, but flood-gates to corruption. When they subsequently sought the line of Hanoverian princes as their future sovereigns, the English parliament recognised the hereditary principle, by awarding the crown to the next lineal heir willing to conform with and protect the national religion; but when they gave the crown to William III., they repudiated two heiresses who were already of the established church, and thus rendered, for some years, the crown of Great Britain elective. Before this arrangement was concluded, the princess Anne began to feel regret for the course she had pursued. Lord Scarsdale, who was then in her household, heard her say at this juncture, "Now am I sensible of the error I committed in leaving my father and making myself of a party with the prince, who puts by my right."[1]

The day the throne was declared vacant by the convention of parliament, sir Isaac Newton (then Mr. Isaac Newton) was visiting archbishop Sancroft; what feeling the great astronomer expressed at the news is not recorded, but the archbishop showed deep concern, and hoped proper attention would be paid to the claims of the infant prince of Wales, saying "that his identity might be easily proved, as he had a mole on his neck at his birth." Perhaps king William was not pleased with the visit of Newton to Lambeth at this

[1] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 44. Lord Scarsdale repeated this speech to Ralph.

crisis, since a tradition is afloat on the sea of anecdotes, that some of his council wishing him to consult Isaac Newton on a point of difficulty, the king replied, "Pooh! he is only a philosopher: what can he know?"[1] The demeanour of William of Orange at this juncture was perfectly inexplicable to the English oligarchy sitting in convention. Reserved as William ever was to his princess, he was wrapped in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English magnates could not gather the slightest intimation of his mind whilst he was wrapped in this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to the Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fagel and Zulestein they gathered that his highness was afflicted with an access of political jealousy of his submissive partner, whom the convention considered queen-regnant, for his reply was, "that he did not choose to be gentleman-usher to his own wife."[2]

On the annunciation of this gracious response, the English oligarchy returned to reconsider their verdict. Some deemed that the introduction of a foreigner, the ruler of a country the most inimical to the English naval power, and to the mighty colonies and trading factories newly planted by James II. in every quarter of the world, was a bitter alternative forced on them by the perverse persistance of their monarch in his unfortunate religion; but they were by no means inclined to disinherit Mary, the Protestant heiress, and render their monarchy elective by giving her husband the preference to her. There was a private consultation on the subject held at the apartments of William Herbert, at St. James's-palace. William's favourite Dutchmen were admitted to this conclave, which was held round Herbert's bed, he being then confined with a violent fit of the gout. Bentinck then and there deliberately averred, that it was best only to allow the princess Mary to take the rank of queen-consort, and not of queen-regnant. When the gouty patient heard this opinion, he became so excessively excited, that, forgetting his lameness, he leaped out of bed, and, seizing his sword, exclaimed, that "If the prince of Orange was

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson. [2] Burnet's Own Times.

capable of such conduct to his wife, he would never draw that for him again!"[1] The Dutch favourite carried the incident to his master, who was forthwith plunged still deeper in splenetic gloom. When he at last spoke, after a space of several days of profound taciturnity, he made a soliloquy in Dutch to this purport, that "He was tired of the English. He would go back to Holland, and leave their crown to whosoever could catch it." After he had thus spoken, William of Orange relapsed into silence. The revolution seemed at a stand. Whilst he remains in this ungracious state of temper, which, to the consternation of the English oligarchy lasted some weeks, we will take wing to Holland, and gather some intelligence concerning his absent consort.

General history maintains a mysterious silence regarding the manner in which the princess of Orange spent her days whilst England was lost by her sire and won by her spouse. The readers of the printed tomes of her political and spiritual adviser, Dr. Burnet, are forced to rest contented with the information that she went four times daily to public prayers at the Hague, "with a very composed countenance." The princess, however, contrived to mingle some other occupations with her public exercise of piety. For instance, she was engaged in cultivating a strong intimacy with the fugitive earl and countess of Sunderland at this dim period of her biography. They had just taken refuge, under her protection, from the rage of the English people. As Sunderland had for the more effectual betrayal of her father affected to become a Catholic convert, and now offered the tribute of his faith to the tenets of Calvin, the princess put him to be purified under the care of a friend and counsellor of her own, who is called by her contemporary, Cunningham, "Gervas, the Dutch prophet."[2] Whether he were the same prophet who earned the title by foretelling to her royal highness the subsequent exaltation of herself and husband to the throne of England, cannot precisely be ascertained; but she assuredly had her fortune told while her husband was invading her

[1] Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii., Narrative, pp. 86, 87.
[2] Cunningham's History of Great Britain, vol. i. p. 96.

father, because she informed Burnet[1] how every circumstance predicted had proved true when she afterwards arrived in England. The employment of privately peeping into futurity while her husband was effecting the downfall of her father, forms an odd contrast to her public participation in prayer four times daily.

Other supernatural indications were communicated to the princess regarding the success of the invasion, by the less objectionable channel of the dream of lady Henrietta Campbell, the wife of a refugee from the Argyle insurrection, who was under the protection of the Orange court. The night after the expedition sailed, in which her husband had embarked, lady Henrietta dreamed that the prince of Orange and his fleet arrived safely on the coast of England, but that there was a great brazen wall built up to oppose them. When they landed, and were endeavouring to scale it, the wall came tumbling down, being entirely built of Bibles.[2] The lady forthwith told her dream to the princess of Orange and lady Sunderland, who were both, as she says, much taken with it. The tale, from an author puerile and false as Wodrow, deserves little attention but for one circumstance; which is, that lady Sunderland was in familiar intercourse with the princess of Orange, and located with her as early as November 1, 1688.

The princess was likewise earnestly engaged in negotiating by letter to her spouse the return of her friend and neophyte Sunderland.[3] Most willingly would William of Orange have received him, but, unfortunately, the great body of the English people manifested against the serviceable revolutionist a degree of loathing and hatred which he deemed dangerous. In the course of the correspondence, the royalists accused the princess of reproaching her spouse "for letting her father go as he did,"—a reproach which seems afterwards to have been uttered by her in passion,[4] when she was in London, safely surrounded by her English partisans; but as for writing or uttering a disapproving word to her lord and master whilst

[1] Burnet's MSS., Harleian MSS. [2] Wodrow's Analecta, tom. i. p. 281.
[3] Cunningham's History of England. [4] Memoirs of James II.

she was in Holland, it was certainly more than she dared to do. The family junta ever surrounding the princess of Orange in her own domestic establishment were reduced by death just as the Dutch party became triumphant in England. Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, died soon after the prince of Orange landed at Torbay.[1] Lady Inchiquin, madame Puissars, and the mistress of the prince of Orange, Elizabeth Villiers, still formed part of the household of the princess in Holland, while the English revolution was maturing.

Meantime, the taciturn obstinacy of the prince of Orange in England fairly wearied out the opponents to his independent royalty. He knew that the English nobility who had effected the revolution were placed in an awkward position, and that, in fact, they would be forced to perform his will and pleasure. His proceedings are thus noted by an eye-witness: "Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks, during which he enclosed himself at St. James's. Nobody could tell what he desired."[2] At last, the "gracious Duncan" spake of his grievances. One day he told the marquess of Halifax, and the earls of Shrewsbury and Danby, his mind in this speech: "The English," he said, "were for putting the princess Mary singly on the throne, and were for making him reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess; but he was so made, that he could not hold any thing *by apron strings*."[3] This speech plunged the English nobles into more perplexity than ever, from which, according to his own account, they were relieved by Dr. Burnet. He came forward as the guide of Mary's conscience, and her confidant on this knotty point, and promised, in her name, "that she would prefer yielding the precedence to her husband in regard to the succession, as well as in every other affair of life." Lord Danby did not wholly trust to the evidence of Burnet. He sent the princess of Orange a nar-

[1] Clarendon Diary.

[2] Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87. [3] Ibid.

rative of the state of affairs, assuring her, "that if she considered it proper to insist on her lineal rights, he was certain that the convention would persist in declaring her sole sovereign." The princess answered, "that she was the prince's wife, and never meant to be other than in subjection to him, and that she did not thank any one for setting up for her an interest divided from that of her husband." Not content with this answer, she sent Danby's letter and proposals to her spouse in England.[1]

The national convention of lords and commons then settled, that the prince of Orange was to be offered the dignity of king of England, *France*, and Ireland, (Scotland being a separate kingdom); that the princess, his wife, was to be offered the joint sovereignty; that all regal acts were to be effected in their united names, but the executive power was to be vested in the prince. No one explained why the English convention thought proper to legislate for France and Ireland, while, at the same time, it left to Scotland the privilege of legislating for itself. The succession was settled on the issue of William and Mary; if that failed, to the princess Anne and her issue; and if that failed, on the issue of William by any second wife; and if that failed, on whomsoever the parliament thought fit.[2] The elder portion of the English revolutionists were happy to find affairs settled in any way, but the younger and more fiery spirits, who had been inspired by romantic enthusiasm for the British heiress and a female reign, began to be tired of the revolution, and disgusted with the sullen selfishness of its hero. Their discontent exhaled in song:—

> "All hail to the Orange! my masters, come on,
> I'll tell you what wonders he for us has done:
> He has pulled down the father, and thrust out the son,
> And put by the daughters, and filled up the throne
> With an Orange!"[3]

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[1] Tindal's Continuation, pp. 86, 87.

[2] Burnet and Rapin, vol. ii. folio, p. 794.

[3] Contemporary MS. from the library of the Stuart-palace at Rome. It consists of the popular political songs of the English revolution, and was presented to the great English artist, sir Robert Strange, by the chevalier St. George, whose armorial insignia are on the binding. The volume preserves

The prince of Orange, after the settlement was made to his own satisfaction, permitted his consort to embark for England; she had been ostensibly detained in Holland, while the succession was contested, by frosts and contrary winds. It is said that Mary was so infinitely beloved in Holland, that she left the people all in tears when she embarked, February 10th, to take possession of the English throne. She burst into tears herself, on hearing one of the common people express a wish "that the English might love her as well as those had done whom she was leaving." The embarkation of the princess took place at the Brill. The evening when the news arrived in London that the Dutch fleet, escorting the princess of Orange, was making the mouth of the Thames, the metropolis blazed with joyous bonfires. The pope, notwithstanding his deep enmity to James II., was duly burnt in effigy: he was provided with a companion, the fugitive father Petre. These were accompanied by a representative of the rival of the princess of Orange in the succession to the British throne, even the image of her poor little infant brother,—the first time, perhaps, that a baby of six months old was ever executed in effigy. Many persons have heard that puppets, representing the "pope and pretender," were always consumed on the anniversaries of the Revolution, but few know how early the latter was burnt in these pageants, as a testimonial of respect to celebrate the landing and proclamation of his sister. "Aliment to the brutal passions was prepared," observes a French historian of this century,[1] "being ignoble representations of the pope, father Petre, and the prince of Wales, which were thrown into the flames,—a spectacle agreeable to the multitude, no doubt; but even political expediency ought not to be suffered to outrage nature."

many curious traits of the people utterly lost to history. The author has been favoured, by the present accomplished lady Strange, with the loan of the manuscript.

[1] Mazure, Révolution de 1688, p. 368.

Mary II.

in 1692

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Regnal life of Mary II.—Her position in the sovereignty—Remarkable instances of conjugal submission—Scene of her landing, from a contemporary painting—Arrival at Greenwich—Meeting with her sister Anne—Lands at Whitehall-stairs—Unseemly joy—Proclamation of William III. and Mary II.—Queen sends for archbishop Sancroft's blessing—Awful answer—Queen's ill-will to her uncles—Her visit to Hampton-Court—Exhortation to Dr. Burnet and his wife—Coronation morning—Arrival of her father's letter—His malediction—Coronation of William and Mary—They take the oath as king and queen of Scotland—Dissension with the princess Anne—Her pecuniary distress—King's rudeness to her at table—Queen's behaviour at the play—Goes to curiosity-shops—To a fortune-teller—Rude reproofs of the king—Life of king and queen at Hampton-Court—Birth of the princess Anne's son—Baptized—Proclaimed duke of Gloucester—His delicate health—Anne retires from Hampton-Court to Craven-hill—Quarrel with the queen—Parliament provides for Anne—Ill-will of the queen—Insults to the princess—King prepares for the Irish campaign.

THE swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne, attended Mary princess of Orange in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year; she had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange

had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, in making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father; but as he by no means intended to break his connexion with her, his wife was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring "that the next king would go post to Rome;" all which was to happen "when there were three queens of England at the same time." The three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catharine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.[1] The scene of Mary's landing in England[2] on the morning of February 12, 1688-9, is graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings recently brought to Hampton-Court palace. A group of English courtiers are bowing down before the princess: her page stands in the background, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Her gown is very low, draped with folds of fine muslin round the bosom, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribbon and aigraffes of pearls; the purple velvet robe shows an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before the princess, and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse

[1] Lamberty, vol. i. p. 371.

[2] The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, Feb. 10, and was at the Nore in a few hours.

sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Females are strewing flowers. Mary is surrounded by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear. It appears that she made a land journey from the place of her debarkation to Greenwich. The princess Anne and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich-palace.[1] The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection," says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation,—joy so supreme, that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her at Greenwich-palace stairs, and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time rowed to Whitehall-stairs, where she landed, and took possession of her father's palace.[2] Her husband, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.[3] "By such artifice William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."[4]

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses of her demeanour, have each recorded what they saw: one of them, a philosophical observer, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her

[1] Oldmixon, p. 780.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [3] Lamberty.

[4] Mazure, Révolution d'Angleterre, vol. iii. 365.

by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."[1] Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds, just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct; for whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.[2] But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say any thing." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one, without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,[3] weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment

[1] Oldmixon's History, p. 780.
Conduct of Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.
[3] Burnet's Own Times.

before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came, that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added, 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness, in which she might, perhaps, go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'" Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and lady Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,[1] when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp on the evening of her arrival, and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose to be assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had lain, and within a night or two sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to every body, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart; while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs." Mary thus took possession, not only of her father's house, but of all the

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

personal property of her step-mother which had been left in her power. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet of silver filigree: "It belonged," he says,[1] "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier, since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one of deep humiliation: strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.[2] All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony. About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th, 1688-9, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting-house, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy. This scene is best described in a letter written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the celebrated lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age:[3] "When the lords and commoners had agreed upon what power to take away from the king, [she means the Bill of Rights,] my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting-house, and in a short speech desired them, [William and Mary,] in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37. [2] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii.

[3] The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS. It is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and herself Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.

say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."—"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant, also, to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succouring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign king and queen of England, France, and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer.[1] There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frighted me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble,—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire, [her mother-in-law,] and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme* pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight: yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen, [the consort of James II.]. Her room is mighty full of

[1] The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell who was beheaded in 1683.

company, as you may guess." At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it, until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.[1]

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted; no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome, no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator,—the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation-day, to crave for her archbishop Sancroft's blessing. The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's

[1] MSS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

private chapel, observe whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.[1]

While her majesty waited for this important benediction, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's-palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace:—

> "There through the dusk-red towers, amidst his ring
> Of Vans and Mynheers, rode the Dutchman king;
> And there did England's Goneril thrill to hear,
> The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear."[2]

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to "what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon."—"I have no new directions to give you," replied the archbishop.

The chaplain determined to take the oath to William and Mary. Wharton had therefore affected to consider this injunction as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him, "that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel." The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary was, "that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning." The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. "Tell your princess," answered the uncompromising primate, "first to ask her father's blessing; without that, mine would be useless."[3] The political ruse of requiring Sancroft's benediction, is illustrative of Mary's

[1] Life of Archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

[2] New Timon, part i. p. 3.

[3] Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other's historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it

assumption of godliness; and the response, of archbishop Sancroft's unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

As early as the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested inimical feeling towards her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was ill and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle, doubtless, contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanour of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday, (February 14th,) who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover asked her majesty, 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'I shall not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked 'whether she forbad his visits?' The queen said, 'I have nothing to do to forbid any body coming to the withdrawing-room, but I shall not speak in private to him.'"[1] Her uncle Lawrence was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him; but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Lawrence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.[2]

Dr. Bates had an audience of the king and queen on their return to St. James's; he was deputy from the English dissenters, and came to express their expectation that a general

occurred. These authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and lord Dartmouth, in his Notes: the fact is therefore indisputable.

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264. [2] Ibid.

union of principles and church-property should forthwith take place between the dissenters and the church of England. The reply of the queen was, "I will use all endeavours for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."[1] The new queen showed her zeal for church reform, by expelling from her chapel at St. James's "several fiddlers," who chiefly sustained the sacred music therein. Her majesty's religious deportment at church gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this conduct, by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters. They likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same;[2] but members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed. The queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.

King William, being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton-Court. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness, put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet. He had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible. He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' He only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety of court disappeared, and though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few

[1] White Kennet's History of England.
[2] Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

found their account in making their court to her. Though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came." It was the custom for presentations to be made to the queen after divine service. Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3rd, 1689, my brother Lawrence told me that he had been to Hampton-Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen; but it was in the crowd, as she came from church. He kissed her hand, and that was all."[1]

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,[2] and several hundreds of the lower English clergy,—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Sherlock,—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings and property rather than violate their consciences.[3] By the great body of the people they were infinitely reverenced, but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of nonjurors, or non-swearers. Queen Mary gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partisan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly regarding her personal demeanour: he refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Ken is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was great political wisdom in this

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

[2] Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough; and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the nonjuring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

[3] Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents.

observation, yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man, whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Ken. An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. Her majesty exercised her functions as the "*dual* head" of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—"That she hoped that I [Burnet] would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her," adding a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he writes, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."[1] The "notions" commended by her majesty were not much to the taste of the English people. Burnet's inaugural pastoral letter was condemned by parliament to be burnt by the common hangman, and was actually thus executed, the national pride being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent, the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest,—a distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace-yard, entitled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."[2]

Notwithstanding the settlement of the English crown in the names of both William and Mary, a glance at the lord chamberlain's books will prove that the queen (some days after her recognition at the Banqueting-house) was admitted to her own apartments at Whitehall by the power of her husband's name alone. The king's lord chamberlain, lord Dorset, signed a document, dated February 19, 1688-9, in the first year of his majesty king William's reign, addressed to William Bucke, blacksmith, authorizing him to make

[1] MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS.
[2] MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

new keys for the queen's apartments at Whitehall-palace, and to deliver the said new keys to her majesty's lord chamberlain, lord Wiltshire.[1] Mary was not admitted to her royal suite at the state-palace until February 29, when the king's lord chamberlain gave her access to a certain number of apartments in Whitehall, excepting those which the king's majesty had allotted otherwise, as marked by him in the margin.[2] Thus the queen's sovereign rights did not even give her free possession of her own apartments, for a portion of them had by her husband been arbitrarily awarded to some other person. It is not difficult to surmise for whom these apartments were destined by William. Lord Wiltshire's[3] warrant as lord chamberlain to the queen, was not made out until the 12th of the ensuing month.

The coronation of the joint sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia with which the queens-consort were inaugurated was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state were made for her.[4] An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation ceremony. The oath was altered decidedly to a Protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite. The coronation morning (April 11th) brought many cares to the triumphant sovereigns. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster-hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment lord Nottingham delivered to queen Mary the first

[1] Lord-chamberlain's books. [2] Which does not appear.

[3] Although his name appears in the pages of Lamberty as well as in lord chamberlain's warrants, no account can be found of the lord Wiltshire of 1688 in any English history: he had soon to give way to lord Nottingham as the queen's lord chamberlain.

[4] Regal Records, by J. Planche, esq., Menin, and above all, the abstract of the coronation-service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation-oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter, "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband; but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that king William forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having by harsh authority enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction;" and he took the opportunity of declaring, "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."[1] It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go as he did*."[2] These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."[3]

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, and of queen Mary Beatrice: she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales. The princess Anne, in the midst

[1] MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?"—"He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king, [James,] and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was the first person who received ye both in my arms."[1] It will be remembered that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,[2] which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood, and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these, occurring as they did at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once-beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations: "When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, 'Away with him from the face of the earth!' It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him. Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet too; for this news, coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys, which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country's liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place."[3]

[1] Memoirs of James II., p. 329.

[2] Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymples Appendix.

[3] Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III. sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains? or value the weight of gold or the lustre of jewels? The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution, must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, "that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o'clock," but such were the distractions of that eventful day, "that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one." The king went from the palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the privy-stairs, where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster-palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace-yard at ten o'clock, and went direct to the 'prince's chamber,' where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes.

The queen, who received the news of her father's landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion, to perform the private devotions considered suitable for her coronation-morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and was carried from Whitehall-palace, through the Privy-garden,[1] thence into the Channel or Cannon-row, and so across New Palace-yard, up Westminster-hall into the large state-room called 'the court of wards,' where she rested herself while the proceeding was set in order in the hall."[2] The place of the princess Anne is not

[1] "When Whitehall existed," says Menin, "a way was opened through Privy-gardens to New Palace-yard for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain."

[2] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) pp. 6–16. Lamberty.

noted in any account of the procession; in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.[1] The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of lords, and the peeresses in the Painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present,"—no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, "for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not, by a great number, equalling the procession in the preceding coronation." The peers and peeresses being drawn up in order, were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase, into Westminster-hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way: "they took their places in Westminster-hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table."

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phæton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject, nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; still less was that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges."—"Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths. Several noblemen and great ladies were absent." In all probability, the alarming news that James II. was then reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal household, and the

[1] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) pp. 6–16. Lamberty.

addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal sceptre, and state sword.

At the recognition, both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "Whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen?" The answer was, as usual, by acclamation. "The king was presented by the bishop of London, although," adds Lamberty, "the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey; the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph. The bishop of Rochester, as dean of the church, gave the king instructions how he was to conduct himself. Notwithstanding these instructions, an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk; the envelope was there, but, alas! the gold was absent. The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord treasurer, the lord treasurer returned the glance; then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering,—none were forthcoming. The gold bason was handed to the king, the king was penniless; to the queen, her majesty had no money; the bason remained void. A long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous," when lord Danby, who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse, and counted out twenty guineas for the king: the bason was therefore not sent empty away.

The holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss. The Bible thus presented is now at the Hague: in the title-page are these words, written in the hand of the queen: "This book was given the king and I at our *crownation*. MARIE, R."[1] Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of

[1] In Macaulay's England, vol. i. p. 394, the sentence is quoted as an instance of queen Mary's ignorance and want of education; yet the only variation from correct orthography occurs in the word "crownation,"—the queen's mode of spelling which word is *now* obsolete, but not illiterate. Milton, Dryden, and Addison, if their earlier editions are examined, will be found guilty of the same ignorance. If Mr. Macaulay had condescended to read queen Mary's series of historical letters, he would have found many passages in which her language expresses her ideas, not only with elegant simplicity, but with power and pathos. The historian had, perhaps, some confused notion of the ignorance of

Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon, which lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was—for the purpose, being an invective on the queen's father, by name, from beginning to end.[1] The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath, according to the recent alterations, "to maintain the Protestant religion as established by law." The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand: they likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous: the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.[2]

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials symbolical of sovereign power wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man and a very tall, fully formed woman carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts of charges made by the court-jeweller at this time for two new coronation-rings. The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen,

her sister queen Anne, whose mangled tenses, misspelled and misapplied adverbs and prepositions, may truly deserve censure.

[1] Menin's English Coronations, (William and Mary,) p. 64. Lamberty.

[2] Lamberty's History, vol. ii. p. 247. He was present, being one of Bentinck's secretaries.

Compton bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent: one was infirm, the other said "he would not come." Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts. Something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."[1]

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay, that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.[2] The coronation-banquet was in Westminster-hall. The story goes, that the challenge, when given, was accepted; for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual challenge of the champion took place, for Lamberty says, "When the time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute. At last two hours wore away; the pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark: he was the son of James II.'s champion. He made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady, William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done*." The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure pre-

[1] Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts. [2] Lamberty.

served by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster-hall.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day. The Jacobite Walk[1] in the park was probably the scene of this bravado, and had the champion accepted the challenge, a general engagement might have ensued. Dymoke, however, did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness.[2] This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of Redgauntlet. If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the house of commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath, — "that the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply. Her lord and master briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."[3]

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation ceremonial. In

[1] That there was such a promenade, we learn by Vernon's letter to the duke of Shrewsbury, vol. i. p. 89.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

[3] White Kennet's History of England.

truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh-castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent by post from the convention[1] of the estates of Scotland to offer them the northern sovereignty, assisted by a procession of those of the Scotch nobility in London who could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross: they seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy. The commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates with a speech, affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality, Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

The Scottish coronation-oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced it distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland. In the course of the recital occurred the words, "And we shall be careful to root out all heretics." Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath." The commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison. Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties, that "obstinate heretics by the law of Scotland can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their moveable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort,

[1] The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689; re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed. The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity. It ran thus: "I do promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."[1] When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to the houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. The Gazette enumerates king William's frequent visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary.[2] His custom was to go privately in his barge, the passage from the water-stairs to the house of lords being lined with his Dutch guards; yet never, by any chance, is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall-stairs to Parliament-stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them was, seated by her husband's side, in that fatal Banqueting-hall where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed, and which was literally stained with his blood. When it is remembered how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of that martyrdom; how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer; how she had seen her father and mother, in mourning garb

[1] Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

[2] The Gazette was, even at that period, formally recognised as an official government organ.

and bitter sorrow, seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven,[1] it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially as it has been shown that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.[2]

The internal state of the Banqueting-room, before it was consecrated in the reign of Anne as a chapel, is described by a foreigner a few years previously. The Italian secretary of Cosmo III., grand-duke of Tuscany, thus wrote of it: "Above a door opposite to the throne is a statue in *alto relievo* of Charles I., whose majestic mien saddens the spectator by the remembrance of the tragedy which took place in this very room. On the threshold of the window there are still to be seen drops of blood, which fell when that enormity was committed: they cannot be obliterated, though efforts have been made to do so."[3]

A remarkable feature in the state-documents of William and Mary, was the perpetual iteration of allusions to the reign of their dear uncle, Charles II. This peculiarity was not lost on the literary Jacobites who lurked in court; the queen was accordingly thus greeted in one of their frequent pasquinades:—

"Your royal uncle you are pleased to own,
But royal father, it should seem, you've none.
A dainty mushroom, without flesh or bone,
We dare not call you, for it seems you are
Great Charles' niece, o' the royal character,—
Great James's daughter *too*, we thought you were.
That you a father had you have forgot,
Or would have people think that he was not;
The very sound of royal James's name
As living king, adds to his daughter's shame.
The princess Mary would not have it known,
That she can sit upon king James's throne!"[4]

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyke, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and

[1] Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon.
[2] D'Avaux' Ambassades, as quoted in the preceding chapters.
[3] Travels of Cosmo III. in England, 1669, p. 368.
[4] Selected abstract from sir Robert Strange's MSS. See proclamations in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland-house, St. James's, where they received messages of welcome, from the king by lord Cornwallis, from the queen by sir Edward Villiers, her master of horse. Lord Cornbury brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.[1]

Dissension very soon ensued between the princess Anne and her sister the queen, "partly arising," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction of William III., that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humours of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of any body who would not talk a great deal; and the princess Anne was so silent, that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible for any body to labour more than I did to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,[2] for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law in the reversionary succession.

Great rewards had been distributed at the coronation among the promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or

[1] Gazette, May 27, 1689.

[2] Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court places; and from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough. But, to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne, she discovered that, whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"[1] As Anne had been malcontent with her father for not adding ten thousand pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. These were ominous hints for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was, indeed, so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things nor in small had he

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.* allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.

the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen, I cannot say, but he might have done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed, when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."[1] The situation of the princess Anne rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne: when the king dined at St. James's-palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them; nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aide-de-camp, a young noble cadet named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold van Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners. Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to any body;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?"—"Oh, yes," replied the young favourite; "he talks fast enough at night

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his History of England.

over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."[1] His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin. Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough."—"It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation; "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago." This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source,—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon, king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England; but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."[2] William really acted according to this idea, for he appointed Marlborough to the command of the English troops sent to Holland to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, thus removing him, for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of discord had arisen between the queen and her sister. They were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings, than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments at Whitehall which had

[1] Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282.
[2] Ibid.

been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II. to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister. When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with her majesty to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred, "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say, "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."[1] It appears that king William interposed his authority that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, having obtained the reversion, refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.[2] From that hour the hostility became permanent in the minds of the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smouldering under the semblance of kindness.

In June 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.

Blood had flowed; soldiers, in the name of the queen and husband, were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy councils at St. James's-palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; it was the Spanish Friar, by Dryden, interdicted because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night. "The only time," wrote her friend Nottingham,[1] "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine, [pelerine,] hood, or any thing she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever any thing applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at; for a daughter sitting to see a play acted which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the

[1] Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham, dated June 1689, given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple; see his Appendix, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch. Nottingham was at that time the queen's confidential adviser, and soon afterwards her lord chamberlain. He had not at this period made up his mind whether the revolutionary changes would be permanent.

moment when reports were prevalent that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation.

The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling. "Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and at the same time is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made furnished the town with talk till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse."[1] The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation for performing in the Spanish Friar by the queen's command. Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position as to order the cavalier comedy of The Committee, and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime-minister, Bentinck. This writer says, "that when the roundheads tender the oath of the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, 'Why should we take it, when the king will be restored in a few days?' When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave

[1] Autograph letter, by Daniel Finch, lord Nottingham.

three rounds of applause." The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered at the coronation of William and Mary.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man, his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakspeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch; no one could wonder at that circumstance, but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakspeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible."—"Not one," replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France,"[1]—a speech which proves that bulls are not limited to Irish eloquence.

The theatre at which queen Mary witnessed the representation of the Spanish Friar, was, in all probability, that called 'the queen's theatre,' Dorset-gardens.[2] It was evident that king William wished her to limit her theatrical diversions to

[1] Colley Cibber's Apology, p. 59. The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord chamberlain.

[2] Dorset-garden theatre, as early as Feb. 1688-9, is called in the London Gazette the Queen's Theatre. It was situated near Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. The site once belonged to the see of Salisbury, from which it had been reft as a gift to the Sackvilles, earls of Dorset, relatives to queen Elizabeth by Anne Boleyn. The theatre itself is said to have been a conventual hall. Queen Mary witnessed new plays by Tom D'Urfey, 1692 and 1694, performed, as the title-page avers, at her theatre in Dorset-garden. After her death, the actors transferred their theatre to Drury-lane.—Cunningham's London.

the plays performed at the palaces. Some historical lines were written about the same period, from which may be deduced the nervous anxiety manifested by queen Mary and her master of the revels concerning Shakspeare's plainly expressed feeling regarding right and wrong.

> "Oh, we have heard that impious sons before
> Rebelled for crowns their royal parents wore;
> But of unnatural daughters rarely hear,
> Save these of hapless James, and those of ancient Lear.
> Yet worse than cruel, scornful Goneril, thou;
> She took but what her monarch did allow,
> But thou, more impious, robbest thy father's brow!"[1]

After such an exhortation, few persons can wonder that the magnificent tragedy of Lear was viewed by Mary's theatrical critic as a Jacobitical libel.

Lord Nottingham, in his news-letter descriptive of the movements of his royal lady at this juncture, continues to narrate,—"Her majesty, being disappointed of her second play, amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the hall,[2] that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house;' but it seems, that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."

These tours through the curiosity-shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head. "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty

[1] MS. in possession of lady Strange. Few of the relics in this valuable collection of historical songs and poems are later than the year 1692.

[2] Either Westminster-hall or Exeter-Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny,—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophecies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.[1] King William was completely incensed at the queen's proceedings; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful, but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a proficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at *a house of ill repute*;" and added, with some little humour, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen [Mary Beatrice] had done the same." The king retorted, "whether she meant to make her an example?"—"More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was, for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames called 'the Folly,' accompanied by some of her suite. According to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.[2]

"The censures of the town," wrote lord Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked another fierce satire,

[1] Lord Nottingham's letter. [2] Ward's Picture of London.

which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the *literati* of the day, and the wits of the court, did congregate. In lines of great power, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia:—

"In time when princes cancelled nature's law,
In 'Declarations'[1] which themselves did draw;
When children used their parents to disown,
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown—
* * * * *
The king removed, the assembled states thought fit
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
Voted him regnant in the senate-house,
And with an empty name endowed his spouse,—
That elder Tullia, who some authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;
But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
To crush her father and her king alive,
And in remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball!
She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin;
Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

As for Marlborough, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire, and a sketch added of his wife:—

"His haughty female who, as folks declare,
Did always toss proud nostrils to the air,
Was to the younger Tullia[2] governess,
And did attend her when, in borrowed dress,
She fled by night from Tullius in distress;
A daughter *who by letters brought his foes*,
And used all arts her father to depose,—
A father always generously bent,
So kind, that he her wishes would prevent."

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington till George III. opened it to sir John Dalrymple: even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence

[1] The "Declaration" is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

[2] The princess Anne.

between the comparison of the family of Tullius made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished but known to few, shows that the writer of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than the authors to whom it is severally attributed, Dryden or Mainwaring, could possibly be.

Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favourite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession: he was her relative by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord-lieutenant, (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings,) to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the Protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law prevented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton, (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome,) was preferred, and off he went, as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to

revive the spirit of gaiety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June 1689:—"The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen, that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then what government is likely to be set up is unknown, whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way." Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court, permanently for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner, beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; whilst Mary, luxuriating in her native air and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on

their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow-walk." It is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chestnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there, and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe," (familiarly so called); her equerry, sir Edward Villiers; her first lady and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honour, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster: these seem to have been all the English of her household. Madame Stirum, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great dudgeon, because she could not be her first lady in England.[1]

The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"Hampton-Court Life,[2] in 1689.

"Mr. Dean says grace with a reverend face,
'Make room!' cries sir Thomas Duppa;[3]
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,
And you see him no more until supper."

The supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle,

[1] Lord-chamberlain's books, and Lamberty.

[2] Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's collection of state poems: Lansdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

[3] Sir T. Duppa's monument, at Westminster-abbey, notices that he was gentleman-usher to king William.

Henry earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good: her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell. She was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman. Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen-and-ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a background of white satin, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the riband of the Garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture queen Mary has inscribed on a slip of vellum, with her own hand, "My haire, cut off March y^e^ 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

"Hampton-Court, June 30th. On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina.[1] He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cottrell, master of the ceremonies."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table.

[1] The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman-catholic, under the protection of the pope, at Rome

The Gazette announced, "July 24th. This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son, at Hampton-Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came into her royal highness's bedchamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom." The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in Protestant principles, was deemed by the queen to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman-catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors: they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.[1]

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, even before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the house of commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise. The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the commons as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary, that either the king or the queen should expect that their sister could forego her undefined share of this provision. One night the queen took the princess severely to task, asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the house of commons?" Anne replied, that "she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends

[1] Hooper MSS.

have you but the king and me?"[1] The queen never mentioned the business again to her sister, although they met every night. Anne repeated it to lady Marlborough with more anger than she had ever before been known to express. King William prorogued the parliament just as a motion was about to be made, "That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him." Meantime, the princess was burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly. A perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed: the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. One day, a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast: she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good. When the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infant duke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.[2] The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton-Court with the king and queen, began to be excessively irksome to them, and before the autumn was past, the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child.

King William went from Hampton-Court to Newmarket October $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$, in one day: this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled: he lost four thousand guineas at basset, at one sitting.[3] The next morning, being

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 29.

[2] Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins: Tracts, British Museum.

[3] Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinck, earl of Portland.

in a state of great exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a *bon-mot*, declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covell whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, lord Halifax represented to the queen "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton-Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace near London would be a great convenience." [1]

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel-pits[2] for the prince's nursery: there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, presented him by the duchess of Ormonde, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, Shetland ponies, which were scarcely larger than good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman. Lady Fitzharding was the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne; besides being strongly in the interest of her sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king, she was considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour. This lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament for her provision drop; but

[1] Lamberty.

[2] The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia,) is preserved in the name of Craven-hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century: its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms, near Mrs. Loudon's house, Porchester-terrace.

the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and he urged on the measure as if his dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.[1] The hatred of queen Mary to her sister thenceforth became implacable,—not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

One winter's night of 1689, the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre; in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was at the same time robbed of a large silver cup. This daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate, or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet-lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table to illumine its depths."[2]

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90,—an epoch equally marked with anxiety to the Protestant branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland.

[1] Ralph. [2] Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

The saying went throughout the British realm, that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth only, the revenue which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.[1] What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry-bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous peculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The war was carried on in Ireland in the same spirit of peculation. The soldiers sent to oppose king James perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the house of commons. William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?"—"Yes, there are many," replied king William with a sigh. "There are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."[2]

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament annulled the just sentence of the law against the perjurer, and William and Mary

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix. Toone's Chronology.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

not only pensioned him with 520*l.* per annum,[1] but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England. Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen. Evelyn mentions, with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power, on account of former political intrigues. Notwithstanding all the personal favour and riches the king and queen were pleased to shower on Titus Oates, the parliament still refused to remove the stigma of perjury from him. What would be thought in these days, of a clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false witness?

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty. The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall-terrace; while the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein-gateway, and opened into St. James's-park. The Portsmouth apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her

[1] An extract from the Secret Service-book of William III. sets this assertion beyond dispute. The king privily paid this perjurer ten pounds every week, sir Denham Norreys having favoured us with an extract from the document among the Irish State-papers: the date from Sept. 29 to Dec. 25, 1690.

"*Titus Otes*, upon his all^ce^ of x*l.* per week, and is for four weeks, commencing on the 9th October and ending on the 6th Nov. . . . . 40 0 0"

This payment is regularly repeated through the account, and gives him 520*l.* per annum. Hume states only 400*l.* per annum to be the amount.

adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her.[1] The princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew,—"a compliment," as it was called in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he sat on his nurse's knee; and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she was in the room with her child. Sometimes queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.[2]

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease of Kensington-house, for which 30,000*l.* was paid out of the treasury,[3] and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde-park then came up to the great walk,[4] which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front to the palace. A wild gravel pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,[5] afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace: the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough. [2] Ibid.
[3] Tindal's Continuation.
[4] Knight's London. [5] Ibid.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The reins of government consigned to queen Mary—Plan to seize her father—Departure of William III. to Ireland—The queen's letters—She describes her quarrel with the queen-dowager—Arrest of her uncle—Enmity against him—Her Sabbath laws—Her want of money for building—Her regnal troubles—Her annoyance from lord Monmouth—She orders the fleet to fight—Loss of the battle of Beachy Head—Her letter on it—Writes to the Dutch admiral—Her affliction—Letter on the king's wound—On the battle of the Boyne—Her meeting with lord Lincoln—Visit to the privy council—Is named in Jacobite songs—She pleads for education in Ireland—Horrors inflicted there by her husband—Queen reviews the militia—Her disgust at Burnet and his sermon—Her discussions in council—Urged to seize power—Her fidelity to her spouse—Harassed with naval matters—Offers command to admiral Russell—Tormented with cabinet factions—Expects the king home—Kensington-palace and Hampton-Court unfinished—Dreads her husband's anger—Fears for his capture at sea—Plagued by factions—Beset by a mad lord—Regnal perplexities—Has the vapours.

Queen Mary was brought by William the Third to council June 3rd, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers during the king's absence. William appointed in her presence the junta of nine privy councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.[1] The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first practised, systematically, the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes. He was now marquess of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,[2] admiral Russell, and sir John Lowther. Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in

[1] Lord Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 316. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] This person is the same eccentric hero celebrated under the name of lord Peterborough in the reign of queen Anne. It is a task to identify historical characters under the rapid changes of titular appellation assumed by the revolutionists.

her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, which was, that she had suffered since her coronation great mental agony on account of her conduct to her father; and in consequence, had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson. He, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity, for furious comments were made on the sermon by his enemies, as a promulgation of the tenets of the Socinians. The most provoking assertion was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.[1]

"The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet,[2] "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen,—the poor queen!' repeating that twice with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him. He was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England; and though he had no mistrust or doubt of the cause he went on, yet, going against king James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and the queen, if her father should be either killed or taken prisoner.' He [king William] *desired my prayers*, and dismissed me very deeply affected with all he had said."[3] I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's person, for *one*[4] had sent *by me* a proposition to him, [Wil-

[1] Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The sermon was preached March 7, 1690. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

[2] Harleian MSS. No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

[3] Burnet's Own Times, which thus far varies little from the MSS.

[4] The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was sir Cloudesley Shovel. Burnet's MS. leaves the chronology of this remarkable

liam,] which seemed fair: That a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom the king [William] might depend, and commanded by one that the king [William] might trust, should be sent to Dublin, with orders to 'declare for king James.' He [the commander of the ship] offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin, for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew the king's temper [James] so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy;' for he [the betrayer] 'would *not engage in it*, unless he was assured he [James II.] *was not to be made a prisoner*.'[1] When *I* [Burnet] *carried this to the king*, [William,] he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed.' But he would not hearken to it, 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand;' so he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made." Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true, but sternly is it gainsaid by the secret proceedings of the pair. A warrant was found,[2] a few years

incident in his usual indefinite manner. He mentions it June 13, old style; it might have occurred previously.

[1] In Burnet's printed history the audacious figment is stated, "that king James was to be set on shore in the Catholic states of Spain or Italy, with a present of 20,000*l*." His manuscripts say nothing of this present.

[2] Lord Dartmouth, Notes to Burnet, vol. iv. p. 82. Torrington's papers were all seized after his defeat at Beachy Head, July 1, 1690. A writer in the Edinburgh Review, finding these facts distasteful to his preconceived ideas of history, has endeavoured, on mere assertion, to invalidate the connexion between William and Mary's privy-seal warrant for delivering their father up to the Dutch and this plan of Burnet for kidnapping him. The Edinburgh Review says the dates disagree. Let any reader examine the matter by chronological tables, and it will be seen that the date of the warrant must, perforce, be limited between the time James arrived at Dublin, April 1689, and Herbert lord Torrington's defeat at Beachy Head, June 29th, (o.s.) 1690, because Herbert lord Torrington never held any command afterwards. The dates *are* coincident, and cannot

afterwards by lord Dartmouth, among Herbert earl of Torrington's papers, written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorizing the same admiral [Torrington] "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain, or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of *as they should think proper*." The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts, were not likely to be very tender. The new information gained by comparing Burnet's manuscript notation of current events with the printed version given to the world in general, is worth attention. It has been shown that he claims the *merit* of introducing to William III. the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him; but whether the parricidal warrant mentioned by lord Dartmouth was only drawn at that very time, or had previously existed, it convicts the filial pair of deep hypocrisy, with their tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers." In further illustration of their true feelings may be seen, to this day, the London Gazette printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."[1]

"The queen would not enter on the government until the king was upon the seas," pursues Burnet's MSS. "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; she *wrought* much, [in handiworks,] and seemed to employ her thoughts on any thing but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass

be disconnected by abusive words. Lord Dartmouth *is* a credible witness; he bore evidence on a matter concerning his own peculiar business, for he was lord privy-seal in the reign of queen Anne, and avowedly spoke from the Torrington papers he found in his own office.

[1] London Gazette, July 1690, which is further quoted in Ralph's History, p. 21.

of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness; nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it. Only Shrewsbury told me [Burnet] that the king said to him, that 'Though he could not hit the right way of pleasing the nation, he was sure she could, and that we should be all very happy under her.'"[1]

Queen Mary bade adieu to her husband June $\frac{4}{14}$, 1690. He commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire[2] the same day, meaning to land in that part of Ireland which would enable him to effect a speedy junction of the great forces he brought with the miserable and dispirited army commanded by Schomberg and Kirke. The day of his departure the queen came to Whitehall-palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence and assumed the reins of government. In due time she received a letter from her husband, announcing his safe arrival at Carrickfergus, June $\frac{14}{24}$.

After William's departure to Ireland may be observed, for the *first time,* a recognition of Mary's participation in the sovereignty in her own palace, by the alteration in the lord chamberlain's warrants, which then begin to be dated in the second year of *their* majesties' instead of *his* majesty's reign. But never, in the most stormy periods of her regency, had the queen the slightest communication with her parliament excepting by commission,[3] the instruments for which bear her full sign-manual, MARIA REGINA; to which is added, *Guliel. et Maria, Dei gratia Angliæ,* &c. Nevertheless, the formula of all assented bills ran, *le Roy et la Reyne le veulent.*[4] Perhaps the king's regal jealousy of his wife had been aggravated by a remarkable circumstance,—that when the bill was passing in the spring of this year of

[1] Harleian Collection, Burnet's original autograph MSS., No. 6584.
[2] Diary of Lord Clarendon.
[3] MS. Journals of the House of Lords.
[4] So written.

1690, to enable the queen to exercise in the king's absence the sole sovereign power, very singular queries were started: for instance, "Whether, if the queen gave contrary commands to the king, or signed any documents contradicting his orders, *which sovereign* was to be obeyed?" Such is, however, the mere heading of the diurnal notation; the very remarkable debate which ensued thereon passed with closed doors, and if any minutes remain of the speeches, they exist in as yet undiscovered private manuscripts.

A glance over the long-sealed household records of the reign of William and Mary is sufficient to convince any person, not wilfully blind, to the exclusive patronage bestowed on the countrymen of the Dutch sovereign. His *vans* and *mynheers* monopolize all offices about his august person. Beginning with his principal favourites, Bentinck and Keppel, who were invidiously styled his minions by the great body of the people, and ending with his two corn-cutters, no names occur but those of foreigners.

The queen wrote daily to her spouse during the Irish campaign, giving him minute information on all occurrences, political and domestic. The first letter of the series found in king William's box at Kensington is as follows:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, June, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be; yet, being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to read as I to write, and, indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you at present that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which must continue while you are absent, though I trust, every post, to hear some good news of you; therefore I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad as it was in Holland, five years ago. I believe it came by standing too near the window when I took the waters.

"I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea. I beseech him, in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

Mary's next letter to her husband shows her launched on the sea of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 115.

details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation.[1] "I shall not trouble you," she adds, "with every thing the lords said to me at this time; the chief thing was, that they had had the *parson* in examination." Her majesty proceeds to relate, in diction rather too involved for direct quotation, why "this *parson*" was in trouble with the privy council. A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church-of-England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the parson" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of Catharine of Braganza, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household,—conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation.

The bitterness which pervaded the mind of Mary against the forlorn queen-dowager, her uncle's widow, whose friendless state in a foreign land ought to have called forth better feelings, is apparent throughout the whole of this correspondence. She proceeds thus to describe to her wedded partner how she took lord Feversham to task for the offences of his royal mistress. "I was," she writes,[2] "*extreme* angry, which the lords [of the privy-council] saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them, *that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this;* that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. First, lord Nottingham was to send for lord Feversham to him. I desired him 'to speak as angrily to him as possible,' which he promised to do. Lord Feversham was with him as soon as he got home, having heard of the *parson*

[1] It must be remembered that the West India islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

[2] Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii., from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

being examined. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, he seemed much concerned, and desired to come *and throw* himself at my feet, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bedchamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company, (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder." As lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round-tower at Windsor-castle,[1] on the committal of king William, perhaps his pallor proved his alarm lest the queen should send him back to his old place of durance.

Queen Mary's narrative proves that she gave her morning receptions in her bedchamber. She thus continues to narrate the tribulations of poor lord Feversham, who, being a Frenchman, was, of course, rather hyperbolical in his mode of apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain:— "He said," continued the queen, "that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so; but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with any body. He assured me the queen-dowager knew nothing of it: that it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or any thing I would call it.' I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect after the protestations he had made.' Upon which he said an abundance of words: I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last, he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him. I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to

[1] Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, second Series, vol. iv. p. 184. His name was Louis Duras: he was nephew to the great Turenne.

forgive him. I remember I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him; but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not.'

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment yesterday on my swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it. The queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself; and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax,[1] and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning. I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter."

Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levee, to receive a rating like her lord chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair; nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a Protestant place of worship which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says, "The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment, or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well; but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart, but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason; yet your absence is enough, but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease." The next day brought

[1] He was chancellor to the queen-dowager's (Catharine of Braganza) establishment.

tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event in two duplicate letters to her husband:—

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, June 22, half-past 11 at night.

"The news which is come to-night of the French fleet being upon the coast, *makes it thought* necessary to write to you *both ways*,[2] and I (that you may see how matters stand in my heart) prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington (admiral of the English fleet in the Channel) has made no haste, and I cannot tell whether his being sick, and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment, will be a sufficient excuse. But I will not take up your time with my reasonings. I *shall* only tell you that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear that I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger; for whether it threatens Ireland or this place, [England,] to me 'tis much as one to the fear, for as much a coward as you think me, I fear me for your dear person more than my poor *carcase*. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present, is not hearing from you. Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely

"Your's till death."

In the duplicate letter which she wrote at this exigence, the chief variation is in her pretty expressions of affection to her husband. She says to him, "As I was ready to go into my bed, lord Nott[ingham] came and brought me a letter, of which he is going to give you an account. For my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us,—you where you are, and *poor* I here." She again repeats, "that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character." William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 117, printed from king William's box, Kensington.

[2] By two different routes to Ireland: both of the queen's letters arrived safely.

for the capture of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom her mother's brothers were numbered; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, she reviewed in person the militia called "the London and Westminster trained-bands." Her next measure was to banish all the Catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, "clapping up" her uncle lord Clarendon in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. These are her words on the subject:—

"Since I writ to you about the coming of the French fleet upon the coast, the lords have been very busy. I shall not go about to give you an account of all things, but shall tell you some particular passages. One happened to-day at the *great* council, [privy council,] where I was by their advice. When they had resolved to seize on suspected persons, in naming them, sir H. Capel would have said something for lord Clarendon, (whose first wife, you know, was sir H. C.'s sister). Every body stared at him; but nobody preparing to answer, I ventured to speak, and told sir H. Capel 'that I believed every body knew, as I did, that there was too much against him [lord Clarendon] to leave him out of the list that was making.' I can't tell whether I ought to have said this; but when I knew your mind upon it, and had seen his [lord Clarendon's] letter, I believed it as necessary that he should be *clapt up* as any, and therefore thought myself obliged to say so. But as I do not know when I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be; and if I have done it now *mal-à-propos*, I am sorry, but could not help it, though, at the same time I must own I am sorrier than it may be well believed for him, finding the Dutch proverb true, which you know, but I should spoil in writing."[1]

It is to be regretted that queen Mary did not quote her Dutch proverb, since any thing in illustration of her feeling towards her mother's family would be an historical curiosity. Mary knew that the manner in which her uncle treated her advancement implied the severest blame on her conduct, and she never forgave him for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power.

At an early period of her regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney-car-

[1] Whitehall, June 24, [July 4, o.s.].

riages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, and their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. The queen had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays; but such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.[1] Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gamblings, both in England and Holland, thought that her majesty might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor, belonging to persons too often destitute of fire and conveniences for preparing their humble meal.

Mary seldom appeared at the privy council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *vivâ voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of "Mary the *daughter*," as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No; for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband. The queen continues her narrative, in the course of which the reiteration of her sneering phrase, "clapt up," proves that she had little pity for those whom her warrants had hurried into captivity. She says,—

"I hope the easterly wind is the only cause I do not hear from you, which I am very impatient for now; and, when I consider that you may be got a great way if you began to march last Thursday, I am in a million of fears, not knowing when you may be in danger. That alone is enough to *make* me the greatest pain imaginable, and in comparison of which all things else are not to be named. Yet, by a letter from lord Torrington,[2] dated three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I see he thought *this day* was like to decide a great deal there. I cannot but

[1] Somers' Tracts; British Museum.

[2] From the fleet he was commanding, off Beachy Head.

be in pain. It may be I do not reason *just* on the matter, but I fear, besides disheartening many people, the loss of a battle would be such an encouragement to the disaffected ones, that might put things here into disorder, which, in your absence, would be a terrible thing: but I thank God I trust in him, and that is really the only consolation I have.

"I was last night in Hyde-park, for the first time since you went: it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord chamberlain], and told him that he had put the queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to Bath. After which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington;[1] but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet.

"Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially because you pity me, which I like and desire from you, and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton-Court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the Channel, and at present between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come."

The queen alludes to the quadrangle at Hampton-Court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by sir Christopher Wren. It is apparent that the queen was fearful that her consort could not enjoy his tastes for war and building both at the same time. She wrote, two days after, to her absent king, dated Whitehall: the troubles of empire appear to thicken around her.

"By this express I shall write freely, and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of major Wildman.[2] It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence there is not one word come from Scotland, neither from lord *Melvin* nor colonel Mackay, to lord Marlborough, which methinks is unaccountable. Lord Nottingham desired I would sign letters to the governors of Berwick and Carlisle, not to let any persons go by who had not a pass, and that they should stop all the mails. This I have done, and the express is to be immediately sent away. I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you; therefore I hope it will have your approbation."

The intense difficulty of the queen's position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans

[1] Probably to Canonbury-house.

[2] Wildman had been engaged in all the plots for the last forty years. He appears to have been secretary to lord Monmouth, afterwards so well known as the warlike and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, heir of James II.'s friend, the old cavalier and Jacobite.

solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful, and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Such as it was, it is best to be comprehended through the medium of her own pen, as she relates her troubles to her only friend and confidant:—

"The duke of Bolton also tells me, last night, you had given him leave to raise some horse-volunteers, for which he should have had a commission; but that you went away, and therefore he would have *me* give it. I put it off, and lord Marlborough advises me not to give it. Lord president [Carmarthen] some time since told me the same thing, but I will not give any positive answer till you send me your directions. I must also give you an account of what lord Nottingham told me yesterday. He says, 'lord steward [the earl of Devonshire][1] was very angry at lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed 'that somebody should be joined in commission with him;' but that, the other lords said, 'could not be done.' So lord Monmouth offered to take one, whose name I have forgot, (he is newly made, I think, commissioner of the navy,) and (as lord Nottingham tells me you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if lord Torrington had not,) this man lord Monmouth proposed 'to take, and go together on board lord Torrington's ship as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command, in case he should be killed.' I told Nottingham 'I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer.' I added, 'that I could not think it proper, that he, being one of the nine you had named, [as her council of regency,] should be sent away.' Upon which lord Nottingham laughed, and said, 'That was the greatest compliment I could make lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel. I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant, and besides, to hinder propositions of this kind for Mr. Russell; for lord president [Carmarthen] has upon several occasions to me alone mentioned sending Mr. Russell, and I believe it was only to be rid of him. For my part, after what you have told me of all the nine, I should be very sorry to have him from hence."

This Mr. Russell was the person called admiral Russell in history. Queen Mary seems to have placed the utmost reliance on his fidelity, though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time he had taken some affront,—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues,—

[1] In this, as in other instances, the author's explanatory interpolations are in square brackets; the round parenthetical enclosures are by the queen.

"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell one day I desired it. When he came, I told him freely, 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that, since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be troublesome.' I hope I did not do amiss in this, and, indeed, I saw at that time no one but lord president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Lord Marlborough advised me 'to resolve to be present as often as was possible,' out of what intention I cannot judge; but I find they meet often at the secretary's office, and do not take much pains to give me an account. This I thought fit to tell you; pray be so kind to answer me as *particular* as you can.

"Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it is now staid [waited] for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do: don't love me less."

This letter and the succeeding one were written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy Head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral, for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry-bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.[1] Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral, Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement: knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coasts from invasion, and this

[1] The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William, (June 13.) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, "How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge. The fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks,—I fear not so soon; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul, that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the Channel." It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

opinion he communicated to the queen. Her proceedings may be gathered from her letter to her husband:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"June 28, N.S., 8 in the morning; (July 8, O.S.)

"Seeing I cannot always write when I will, I must do it when I can, and that upon something that happened yesterday. As for lord Torrington's letter, you will have an account of that, and the answer from lord Nottingham. I shall tell you, as far as I could judge, what the others did.

"Lord Carmarthen was with me, when lord Nottingham brought the letter: he was mightily hot upon sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet. I confess I saw, as I thought, the ill-consequence of that, having heard you say *they*[1] were not good friends, and believing lord Torrington, being in the post he is in, and of his humour, ought not to be provoked. Besides, I do believe lord president [Carmarthen] was willing to be rid of Mr. Russell, and I had no mind to *that;* so I said what I could against it, and found most of the lords of my mind when they met, but lord Monmouth was not with them. Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter for me to sign; but it was softened, and the only dispute was, 'whether he [lord Torrington] should have a positive order to fight?' At last, it was wrote in such terms as you will see, to which all agreed but lord steward, who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence;' which *was*, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms, (this was his expression,) and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him.' To which Mr. Russell answered, 'You must send for him prisoner, then;' and all the rest concluded it would breed too much disturbance in the sight of the enemy. So the letter was signed, and lord Nottingham writ another letter, in which he told him our other accounts received of the fleets from the Isle of Wight.

"I was no sooner a-bed, but lord Nottingham came to me from the lords, who were most of them still at his office, where lord Monmouth was come, very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth, (so that the admiralty would give him the commission of a captain,) and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join lord Torrington, and being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight:' Upon his earnest desire, and the approbation of the lords who were present, lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked 'who was there?' and finding few besides lord Monmouth and lord Nottingham,—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the lord president, lord steward, and sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either lord Pembroke or lord Marlborough,—I thought, in myself, they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

Every post-day lord Monmouth brought to the queen and her junta letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained an abstract of every

[1] *i. e.* Torrington and Russell.

thing that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers in the cabinet council, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Contenay, Amsterdam." The marquess of Carmarthen expressed his opinion to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council. Mary intimates her own suspicions on the subject to her absent consort, in the following guarded terms:—

"I own to you that I had a thought which I would not own, though I did find some of the lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of) which *comes* so constantly, and are so very exact, the last of which told even the debates of the committee as well as if one of the lords themselves had writ them. This, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition; and for my own part, I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company. Though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"*Ten at night.*—Since my writing this, there has come a great deal of news. As I was going to cabinet council, sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee there. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one major Born (I think his name is), who has the commission of captain, and not himself, he desiring his intentions may be kept as secret as may be, lest he should come too late; in the mean time, his regiment's being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He [lord Monmouth] made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe there are some great designs."

This passage reveals remarkable differences in the customs of England scarcely one century beyond the memory of man in the present time. The professions of naval and military warfare were not separated. Lord Monmouth, whose regiment was stationed at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land-officers had greatly distinguished themselves in the mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas, (Monmouth being one among them,) yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbad any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life." His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and a disgraceful naval defeat was the consequence. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets, but because

she doubted of Monmouth's fidelity.[1] Her majesty proceeds thus:—

"We had another *lemon letter*, with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin; but I cannot express what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying any thing more; yet must I strive with my heart to tell you, that this afternoon the ill news of the battle of Fleury came. I had a letter from the prince of Waldeck, with a copy of the account he sent you; so that I can say nothing but that God, in whose hands we only are, knows best why he has ordered it so, and to Him we must submit.

"This evening there has been a person with me, from whom you heard at Chester, [probably earl of Breadalbane,] and whom you there ordered to come to me, as he says 'he believes you will know him by this,' and will by no means be named, and what is worse, will name nobody; so I fear there is not much good to be done, yet I won't give over so. I must end my letter, for my eyes are at present in somewhat a worse condition than before I received your letter. My impatience for another is as great as my love, which will not end but with my life, which is very uneasy to me at present; but I trust in God, who can alone preserve and comfort me."

Among the other dangers which beset the queen's government, was an angry jealousy felt by many of her subjects, lest the hated earl of Sunderland should have any sway in her determinations. The precise time when the king and queen thought him sufficiently purified from his late profession of popery to appear at court has never been defined by history. He returned *incognito* a few weeks before the coronation, but he was forced to keep much in the back-ground, because the English people were unanimous in their resentment for his betrayal of king James. The public mind was thus expressed:—

"On Sunderland's coming to Court.

"Who could have thought that Rome's convert so near
The true protestant side of the queen should appear?

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[1] Among the causes of the decrepitude of the French monarchy in the last century, even so lately as the reign of Louis XVI., it was the custom to appoint any courtier of high rank, albeit utterly unused to naval affairs, (who had, perhaps, never even seen a ship,) to command the French navy. See the autobiography of that execrable coxcomb, the last duke of Lauzun, of his doings in 1773.

Sure his highness[1] forgets both the time and the place
Since this statesman and lord were admitted to grace.
Howe'er, since 'tis plain
He this peer will retain,
We heartily wish, for the good of his reign,
He may serve him as well as he did his last master,
And stick quite as close in the case of disaster.

May this peer, and the rest of the learned and wise
That are left here our *wan, silent* queen to advise,
Prove as true as before,—be like Churchill unmoved,
As watchful as Dorset, like Nottingham loved,
As just as Carmarthen,
Who never took farthing,
And as wise as the white dog of lady Fitzharding."[2]

It is probable that Monmouth wrote this formidable squib as well as the "lemon letters," for the sarcastic allusion to the queen's loquacity and rubicund complexion, by the expression "our wan, silent queen," proves that the author was acquainted with her personally, and was as well aware of her manners as of her complexion.

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head is the chief subject of the queen's next letter. Again Mary had "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expresses herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, (June 29, N.S.) July 7, O.S. 1690.
"Seven in the morning.

"I am sorry there is not as pleasing news to send you from hence as what I had last from you. I would not write last by the post, being assured the messenger this morning *should* overtake him before they came to Highlake. Here has been great things done, but so unanimously, that I hope, when you have an exact account from lord Nottingham, you will approve of it. I must confess I think they were in the right; but if I had not, I should have submitted my judgment when I saw all of a mind.

"What lord Torrington can say for himself I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here. The letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show sufficiently he was the only man there who had no mind to fight, and his not doing it was attributed to orders from hence, [*i. e.* from the council]. Those [orders] which were sent and obeyed, have had but very ill success, the news of which is come this morning.

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[1] King William, as prince of Orange.

[2] The verses must belong to the regency of 1690, because Churchill (Marlborough) was excluded from every other. Monmouth is the same person as Pope's lord Peterborough, who wrote some poems in this metre.

"I will not stop the messenger with staying for my letter, and 'tis unnecessary for me to say much, only as to the part of sending Mr. Russell away. I believe it was a great irregularity, and for my own part I was sorry to miss him here, after what you had told me, and the fear I am in of being imposed upon; but all were for it, and I could say nothing against it. I confess I was as sorry lord Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him."

The above letter was in answer to one which king William had sent, in remonstrance against Russell being transferred from his post in her council to superintend the disabled fleet, for the queen had evidently sent to recall him, since she resumes,—

"Mr. Russell was overtaken before he came to Canterbury, so the nine are again together. As to the ill success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than for any thing else; but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really *talkt* as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting to the arm of flesh. I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; the same God who has done so much can tell what is best, and I trust he will do more than we deserve.

"This afternoon I am to go to the great council, [privy council,] *to take order* about the prorogation of parliament, according to your orders. I long again to hear from you, which is my only comfort. I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before, but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his own cause. He of his mercy send us a happy meeting again! that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life."

In her next letter, she continued the painful subject of the defeat to king William, who was daily expecting to give battle to her father in Ireland:—

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{3}{13}$.

"If you knew in what fear I am that my letter I writ yesterday morning did not overtake the post, you would pity me, for though it is but one day's difference, yet I would not, for any thing, seem to have missed an opportunity of writing to you; and, indeed, as sleepy as I was *a*-Tuesday night I would have writ, had not lord Nottingham assured me the message should follow the next morning early, and so he was certain it would come time enough; but when the letter came in from lord Torrington, and what was to be done being thought necessary to acquaint you with, he stopt the messenger without telling me."

The queen then describes to her husband[1] the proceedings of her nine assistants, among whom she wished to choose two, to send down to take charge of the remains of the fleet, while lord Torrington was displaced and brought to

[1] In the same letter, printed from king William's Kensington box by sir John Dalrymple. See his Appendix, pp. 126, 127.

trial.[1] Lord Monmouth and Mr. Russell, the two professed seamen of the junta, both excused themselves to the queen from the ungracious office,—Monmouth, because he was related to the delinquent, and was not to *command* the fleet. Russell declined because he had served for many years under Torrington as his officer, "therefore," pursues queen Mary, in the phraseology of the times, "it would seem something indecent in him to be forward in offering his service in this particular."

Queen Mary, in this dilemma, turned to her lord chamberlain, and then to lord Marlborough, who both told her, very truly, "that they should make themselves ridiculous if they interfered in sea matters." On this, the queen herself named lord Devonshire and lord Pembroke; but at the same time she observed lord president Carmarthen "look very black, and found that he wished to undertake the commission himself." She drew him aside, after her consultation broke up, and told him "she could not spare him from his post, as king William had informed her he was the person whose advice she was most to rely upon." He replied, "he did not look upon himself as so tied." Her majesty remarks,—"There is another thing that I must acquaint you with, by-the-by, that I believe will anger him [Carmarthen], which is, that neither Mr. Hampden nor Mr. Pelham will sign the docket for lady Plymouth's 8000*l*. *He* complained to me; I promised to ask them about it, which I have done, and both of them asunder have told me 'the sum was too great to be spared at present, when money was so much wanted,' and, indeed, I think they are in the right. I hope you will let me know your mind

[1] He was not tried till the succeeding December, when a court-martial was held upon him at Sheerness, and he was unanimously acquitted. He was the man who led the Dutch fleet through the Downs at William's invasion. He was most unjustly treated in regard to all this odium, as the ships were utterly out of condition, and the men in want of every necessary, as food, ammunition, &c. He withdrew into obscurity and disgrace.—Dalrymple's Appendix. On his death, the title of Torrington was by George I. given to admiral Byng, a commander whom James II. had drawn from obscurity. The similarity of title and profession in these two admirals, who were contemporaries, causes great confusion in the history of the Revolution.

about it; but they say sir Stephen Fox signed it by surprise, and is of their mind. The only thing I could say to this was, 'that *you* had signed the warrant before you went, which I thought was enough.'" Thus this mysterious order for so large a mass from the public money is proved to have originated wholly from king William. It was equally distasteful to his wife and his ministers. The queen proceeded to say, "By advice, I writ a letter to admiral Evertzen, but I forgot to tell you so, and not knowing he spoke English, with much ado I writ it in Dutch, so as I believe he could have understood me; but *'tis* come back to be burnt." What a literary curiosity this Dutch letter of English Mary would have proved, if it had not, very provokingly to autograph collectors, "come back to be burnt!"

The next paragraph of Mary's narrative mentions interviews with her reputed lover, lord Shrewsbury, who might be considered (when all his advantages were computed) the mightiest power among the aristocracy of Great Britain. He was, at this juncture, a displaced prime-minister, yet displaced by his own obstinate renunciation of office:—

"Lord Shrewsbury was at my dinner. I told him 'I was glad to see him so well again;' he said, 'He had been at Epsom for the air, or else he would have been here sooner.' He stayed not long, but went away with Mr. Wharton, who I have not seen once at council, and but seldom any where. Lord Shrewsbury was here again at my supper, and as *I thought took pains to talk, which I did to him as formerly, by your directions.* Though by my letter, it may be, you would not think me in so much pain as I am, yet I must tell you I am very much so, but not for what lord Monmouth would have me be. He daily tells me of the great dangers we are in, and now has a mind to be sent to Holland, (of which you will hear either this, or the next post). I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before, and, indeed, things have but a melancholy prospect."

It seems ambiguous whether Mary means that all her political assistants proved alarmists and endeavoured to intimidate her, like lord Monmouth; or whether, as he did, they all wished to seek refuge in Holland. In whichever way the sense is taken, it affords strong proof that Mary's courage was firm, when the leading spirits of England quailed before the expected storm.

"I am fully persuaded," she continues, "that God will do some great thing or other, and, it may be, when human means fail he will show his power. This

makes me that I cannot be so much afraid as, it may be, I have reason for; but that which makes me in pain is, for fear what is done may not please you. I am sure it is my chief desire, but you know I must do what the others think fit, and I think they all desire, as much as may be, to act according to your mind. I long to hear from you, and know in what we have failed. For my own part, if I do in any thing what you don't like, 'tis my misfortune and not my fault, for I love you more than my life, and desire only to please you."

The queen's next letter is a hurried one, written under the influence of sadness. She was suffering from disease in her eyes, and is perforce obliged to confine the limits of her despatch to affectionate expressions:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"This is only to tell you I have received yours of the 28th of June, old style, which puts me in so many troubles, that I shall not trouble you with at present. To-morrow night an express shall go to you that cannot possibly be despatched to-night; and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight, and 'tis, to-morrow, the first Sunday of the month.[1] I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there when I had your dear company; but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever.

"Adieu! think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, *who* I love more than my life. I should have sent this last post, but not seeing madame Nieuhuys hindered me then, and makes me send it now, which I hope you will excuse."

Thus it is evident that the queen dared not give vent to her overcharged heart by tears, because weeping would injure her eyes. Her anxiety was increased the next day, by the tidings that her husband had been wounded in one of the skirmishes that preceded the hourly expected battle in Ireland:[2]—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{6}{16}$, 1690.

"I can never give God thanks enough, as long as I live, for your preservation. I hope, in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others; and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you, that I should think it *a-tempting* God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear. I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for

[1] She means to intimate, that she was to receive the sacrament then.

[2] A brief sketch of the war in Ireland had place in vol. vi.; Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

I do trust in God, and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him; yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight.

"Your writing me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and this thought puts me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what to do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing that lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself. For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come. Consider what depends upon your safety: there are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them; but, it may be, the worst may be over before this time, so that I will say no more.

"I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be despatched; I can say little on any subject at present, for really I had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else. It is now past ten o'clock. I don't tell it you for an excuse, for I am not sleepy."

The expectation of a battle between her father and her husband's forces in Ireland, and the alarm regarding the wound the latter had received, had the effect of keeping her majesty queen Mary wide awake at the hour of past ten o'clock, which was evidently the time usual for their high mightinesses in Holland to go to bed, or to *roost*, according to the Dutch language; for, in the course of this correspondence, she often mentions "that it is ten o'clock, and that she is so sleepy she cannot write." It may be observed that, in the commencement of this letter, her majesty dwells with much spiritual unction on the possibility "that her husband's wound was sent as a visitation for the sins of the British nation." She proceeds to ask the king's directions for the command of the fleet, which remained still unsettled. Lord Monmouth claimed the command, of which Torrington had been deprived; but Mary was fully aware of his Jacobite tendencies, and suspecting that his confidant, major Wildman, was author of the letters written in lemon-juice, she declined his services. She wished to appoint Russell, but he positively refused. Sir Richard Haddick and sir John Ashby were proposed by the council; but sir Richard Haddick wished

the office might be put in commission, with two seamen and one man of quality. And the queen adds, he thought that person might be the duke of Grafton; first, because he had "behaved lately 'very brave' in this last business," [*i. e.*, the defeat at Beachy Head,] and also "that he might learn, and so in time prove good for something,"[1]—a plain indication that she did not consider this illegitimate cousin good for much without improvement. While discussing the difficult matter of naval command, she observes to the king "that Shovel was considered the best officer of his age." He had just taken her father's only remaining frigate.

The news of the long-expected battle arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June;[2] the land victory took place the very day after, July 1st, but, as may be perceived by this correspondence, the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{7}{11}$, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies,—indeed, they are too great if we look on our deserts; but, as you say, 'tis his own cause,' and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear but he will perfect what he has begun. For myself in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't really as yet tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father, and her love for her husband,—

[1] Grafton had but a short time left "to learn and prove good for something," for he was killed a few months afterwards at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough, fighting as a land soldier.

[2] Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

mourning amidst victory for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by the Greek tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakspeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary *Te Deum*. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary position in the world. The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy,—

"When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon; but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know now what to say, but I hope in God you will more readily consent to what lord president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do.

"I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season; which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Every body agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom.* There are now bishoprics vacant, and other things; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.

"I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all; and I see the other [lord Nottingham] is always ready to yield to him, and seems to me to have a great deal of deference for him: whether they always agree or not, I cannot tell. Lord Marlborough is much with them, and loses no opportunity of coming upon all occasions with the others. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so, (I mean the whole nine,) for it has never come to put any thing to the vote; but I attribute that to the great danger I believe all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind."

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her remarks on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. Mary likewise adopted a very rational idea of the origin of the intercepted letters written in lemon-juice, which was suggested to her by Mr. Russell, that they were written on purpose to be intercepted, and to raise vain suspicions and doubts in the councillors towards each other. While lord Monmouth and his colleague Wildman were away at the fleet, these letters ceased, but directly they returned, the correspondence recommenced. Yet, totally unconscious of the conclusions the queen had drawn, lord Monmouth sedulously seized the opportunity of every conference he held with her to insinuate distrusts of his colleagues, which her majesty thus detailed to her partner in regality:—

"I had a conversation with lord Monmouth, t'other morning, in which he said, 'What a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly by the faults of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And, to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known? that what is said one day in the cabinet-council, is wrote next day to France? For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly. I have a great deal of reason to esteem lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some in his office,'—and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwit. I owned 'I wondered why you would let him serve here, since he would not go with you;' but I said, 'I supposed you knew why you did it.' And when he, lord Monmouth, began to talk high of ill-administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me, 'that I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers. That they had already removed lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to have *a bout* at lord Nottingham too? I would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.'

"I can't tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this, he [lord Monmouth] said, 'He had, indeed, been an enemy to lord Halifax, but he had done what he could do to save lord Carmarthen out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest. Upon which I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [lord Carmarthen[1]] 'upon account of our marriage;' *from which* he [lord Monmouth] still went on, 'that he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him 'if he thought *that* possible?' He said he could tell

[1] When he was lord Danby, one of the ministers of Charles II.

me much on that subject; but we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The reader will observe, in this colloquy, how fiercely the queen resented the shadow of an attack on her friend and lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham. She shows, too, resentment because lord Halifax had been displaced from the ministry, and her expressions are in thorough contradiction to the resentment king William affirmed she bore that lord for his personal ridicule of her father. Queen Mary proceeds to give her absent husband a rapid sketch of the characteristics and conduct of the chief of her councillors:—

"As for lord Pembroke, I never see him but in council. Lord *cham* [Shrewsbury[1]] comes as little as he can with decency, and seldom speaks, but he never comes to the cabinet council. Lord *stuard*, [Devonshire,] you know, will be a courtier among ladies. Speaking of him puts me in mind that M. Sesak, before we went to cards, came and made me a very handsome compliment on your victory and wound, and assured me 'no man living wished us a longer and happier reign.' But to return to *that* lord, who[2]—I think I have named all. I must say once my opinion, that lord Nottingham seems to be very hearty in all affairs; and, to my thinking, appears to be sincere, though he does not take much pains to persuade me of it upon all occasions, as others do, for he never spoke but once of himself, yet I confess I incline to have a good opinion of him. It may be his formal grave look deceives me. He brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold; so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself before every body till then. Then it was impossible.

"And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king, [meaning her father, James II.] and durst not ask him; but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for *your own sake*; yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*"

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder

[1] Great-chamberlain. The double regality made a perplexing duplication of state-offices and officers; for instance, lord Nottingham was not Mary's lord chamberlain as queen-consort, but held a place of more responsibility as lord chamberlain to her as a queen-regnant.

[2] This is as the queen wrote it; she has, through some interruption, left the construction of the sentence defective. By *that* lord, she means Monmouth, and recurs to his insinuations against her friend lord Nottingham.

name than "the late king" for the author of her being; and, withal, asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

"I have writ this," resumes Mary, in her letter, "at so many times, that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent you this night by the lords, and I do flatter myself nightly with the hopes to see you, for which I am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life."

The "proposition" on which the queen dwells with such fond interest was, that the king, having broken the Jacobite army, should return instantly to England. William was too good a general not to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of William III.'s great valour in this battle have resounded throughout Europe; but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops,—he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command. Surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valour in the ill-armed, and undisciplined, and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,[1] or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have

[1] Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at the crisis of the Revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback; but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

availed him as little on the seas. That most mysterious politician, Defoe, although a Dutchman by descent, in his Memoirs of Captain Carlton, first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not equally skilful in a cavalry-skirmish.

The standards and other spoils taken from king James at the battle of the Boyne, were by his daughter ordered to be carried in triumphant procession, and finally hung up in St. James's chapel, as stimulants to her devotions. Great was the indignation of her father's old friends and companions in arms at this proceeding. One of them has preserved its memory in an epigram, entitled,—

"ON SEEING THE COLOURS HUNG IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL.[1]

"Walking the park I, to my horror, there
Saw what from hardest hearts might force a tear,
The trophies of a monarch openly
Displayed in scorn before each vulgar eye,—
A crime which Absalom did never do.
Did ever he to every cobbler show
The relics of his father's overthrow?"

The author then urged king James to hurl his malediction on his daughter, not knowing that the awful denunciation had already mingled with the splendours of her coronation.

Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, wrote a long poem on the battle of the Boyne, in heroic verse. It consists of the most lofty eulogiums on William, without either naming or alluding to his antagonist. After lauding his valour and generosity, he leaves it in complete mystery against whom he fought, and but for the word "Boyne," no one could ever guess the subject. He sums up with the presumption, that if William had been a Frenchman, France would have said and done more to his honour and glory than ungrateful Englishmen deemed necessary:—

"Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,
The *Goblin's* labour,[2] and the poet's dream;

[1] MS. of sir Robert Strange.

[2] Probably meaning the name of Gobelin, the tapestry-worker.

The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.[1]

* * * * *

The queen, the charming queen herself, should grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horrors with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle?
Who can forget what all admired of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state?
Dissembling cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face;
As danger did approach, her courage rose,
And putting on the king, dismay'd his foes."

The last couplets present a true picture of the queen's personal demeanour at this tremendous crisis. Her efforts "to grin when her heart was bursting," according to her expressions in her letters, were seen by by-standers in the light she wished.

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{8}{18}$, 1690.

"Being resolved never to miss a post, I write now to let you know I have received yours by Mr. Grey, who came at nine in the morning, and was dressing till one before he brought it. To-morrow I think to write again by him. Now I shall tell you that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord president [Carmarthen] by name, (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues;' told me 'I must go back with him to council [privy council] to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington. He talked so like a madman that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so with much ado got from him.

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely

"Your's."

The unfortunate noble who was thus met by queen Mary with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer, but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her

[1] In allusion to the scratch which William received in the commencement of the action.

progress to Whitehall chapel. The earl of Lincoln then seated himself in Whitehall gallery,[1] bawling out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her,"—"although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose counsels her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy council. The troubles in which the queen was involved are best described by her own pen:—

"Whitehall, July $\frac{19}{29}$, 1690.

"I wrote to you *a*-Tuesday night by the post, only to show that I would miss no opportunity of doing it, and have kept Mr. Grey ever since, having nothing worth writing or troubling you with. I shall now begin with answering your letter to him by him, and thank God with all my soul for the continuance of your good success, and hope you will have no more to do but come back here, where you are wished for by all that love you or themselves,—I need not say most by me; it would be a wrong of me to suppose you doubt it.

"If the first part of your letter was *extreme* welcome, the next was not less so, for next to knowing of your health and success, that of your being satisfied with what has been done here is the best news, and till then I was very much in pain. You will see, also, that we have had the good fortune here to have done just as you would have had it yourself, in sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet; but that was prevented, as you will know before this. I told Mr. Russell what your design was there, and asked 'what I might write on it now?' He told me 'he should be always ready to serve you any way,' and seemed mightily pleased at what I had told him. I did not say it openly at the *committee*, [the council of nine,] because I know how much lord Monmouth would have been troubled; but I told lord president as you writ him word, and lord Nottingham, and lord Marlborough. It seems he [Russell] still wishes for a commission to other people, and not to be alone. The day that I received yours by Mr. Grey, which was on Tuesday noon, the *great council* was called extraordinarily, being thought fit to acquaint them with the good news."

By the "great council," the queen means to designate the privy council, which the king and his ministers had warned her from attending often. The members conceived their functions were unconstitutionally superseded by a body bearing some resemblance, at least in name, to the Venetian "council of ten."

Mary was placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without

[1] The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government, was not yet burnt down.

imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindliness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition which was not centered in that second self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in the continuation of her narrative, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy council, and describes the stormy scene raised therein because she had hitherto denied her presence, according to her husband's orders:—

"Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go, [to the privy council,] I asked them in the morning, 'If they thought it necessary?' that, for *my part, I did not.*' Lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'if I came?' The lord president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton."

That afternoon faction ran very high in the privy council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord steward [Devonshire] thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself in the dilemma:—

"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there, who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me; that they were privy councillors established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence.'

"I answered *them* [*i. e.* Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly; but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* [caprice] in some

there, [of the privy council,] which I did not think myself bound to please; for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when any body had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say I *would not* come, should now be so importunate.' But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time.

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of lord mayor's being called next day to the *great council*, [privy council,] where I was; but I must needs observe that he came with his answer ready wrote, and pulled out his paper and read it. Upon which, many of those who came with him looked upon one another as amazed, and the more because the lord president did not desire *it* till Friday."

The queen suspected some treachery in the singular circumstance that the '*lord mayor*' brought his speech ready written in his pocket, and pulled it out, and read it to her. Her majesty was not quite so familiar with speeches ready cut and dried as her successors have been: this was one of the first experiments of the kind, and queen Mary confessed herself amazed at the proceeding.

The members of the privy council were bent on protecting those Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scotland which gave great uneasiness to William and Mary, and, in conjunction with the French invasion, might have wrecked their government, if the leaders, lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, had not severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Rosse, then in London, was one of those betrayed. Queen Mary thus expresses herself regarding his apprehension: "Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the [privy] council that he might be sent to the Tower, as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him; and more, his own letters to sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not; he hindered lord Devon by a whisper,

and his son by a nod.[1] Lord Montague would not sign it *neither*. If this be usual I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so."

Her majesty continues in her letter to discuss, in no very perspicuous terms, the half-revealed Jacobite plot in Scotland, and mentioned the opinion of her "junta of nine," that sir James Montgomery,[2] a whig lately turned Jacobite, who was deeply concerned in the plot, "ought to be arrested and sent from Scotland, for he was crafty and malicious, and his confessions, if listened to, would implicate *honest* persons;" meaning, doubtless, by 'honest persons,' not only various members of the now discontented oligarchy who had aided in the revolution, but most of themselves,—the queen's assistant junta. Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up" who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every-day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress, for no one in the

[1] Lord Ross seems to have married a daughter of Rachel lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers.

[2] Sir James Montgomery had been in strong opposition to James II. during his reign: he was one of the principal deputies who had brought the offer of the Scottish crown to William and Mary. He became malcontent, as well as the other revolutionist leaders, Breadalbane, Annandale, and Ross, because his desire of gain was not sufficiently satisfied. He had therefore joined the Jacobite plot of 1689, which was disorganized by the death of Dundee at Killiecrankie. (See Dalrymple's Memoirs and Appendix.)

seventeenth century was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of sir George Rooke,[1] who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

Jacobite poetry had formed a powerful means of offence against the revolutionary government. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first Jacobite songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we've breath," were decidedly of English composition; but the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

> "There's Mary *the daughter*, there's Willy the cheater,
> There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Another party-song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary. It was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

[1] In the MS. collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?[1]
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae daughter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!

The rogue he sal na keep it lang,
To budge we'll make him fain again;
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
King James shall ha'e his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and melody, by Ogilvie of Inverquharity, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was a' for our rightful king," has previously been quoted. Perhaps the following beautiful song, in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germains:—

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
Nor ane that's dear to me,
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
He's far ayont the sea.

He's gane with ane[2] that was our ain,
And we may rue the day,
When our king's ae[3] daughter came,
To play sae foul a play.

Oh, gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ain true love to see.

Then wad I tell a joyful tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody."

At St. Germains, the window of the room once tenanted by king James juts boldly over a commanding view, as

[1] *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

[2] James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. He fought at the Boyne for James II., and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

[3] Mary: *ae* daughter, is 'eldest daughter.'

if to invite such winged minstrels,—and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it. The concluding verses allude to the plots of the period, regarding which the Jacobites were high in hope: by "the crow," or "corbie," is meant William III. and his party.

"The adder lies i'th' corbie's nest,
Beneath the corbie's wame;
And the blast that reaves the corbie's nest,
Shall blaw our good king hame.[1]

Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
Oh! bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I dare na name."

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July $\frac{1}{2}\frac{9}{0}$, with these words: "You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Kensington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders; if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death."

The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton-Court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:—

[1] James II.

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, 1690, July $\frac{13}{23}$, N. S., at eleven at night.

"You will excuse me from answering your letter I received yesterday morning, (which was writ on Sunday last,) when you know I have been this morning to Hampton-Court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time. Now I shall only tell you that things go on there [at Hampton-Court] very slowly. Want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and, indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it; and yet *it is* become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid,—I mean the privy seal which you passed long ago.

"I fancy the joy at St. Patrick's church was greater than can be exprest, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance, upon which, the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely "Your's."

In the three succeeding days she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish Channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries,—should intercept him on his return.

"All my *fears*," observes the queen,[2] "*is*[3] the French ships, which are going to St. George's Channel, and are already at Kinsale. If those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one, and that I shall see you, and endeavour myself to let you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own."

The queen, in continuation, gives more laudable proofs of her sincerity in religion than can previously be discovered in her conduct.

"I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well, if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there; and, indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the gospel."[4]

Alas! king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on Christian civilization of any

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 138. [2] Ibid., p. 141.
[3] So written. [4] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 141.

kind. The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be appropriated to the above virtuous use; but her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries inflicted on wretched Ireland during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities being perpetrated by his cruel troops: the slightest mention of one thrills the nerves with horror. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?"—"Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.[1]

Towards the end of July, it was found necessary that queen Mary should in person review the militia, which had been called out for the defence of the country, then threatened with invasion by the victorious fleets of France. This was trenching very closely on the office of her military lord and master, and she evidently deemed it proper to apologize for playing the general as well as the sovereign in his absence:—

"I go," she says in her next letter, "to Hyde-park, to see the militia drawn out there, next Monday; you may believe *I go against my will.* . . . . . I still must come back to my first saying; which is, that I do hope and flatter myself that you will be come back, if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be, I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, though I long never so much to see you, than that you should venture your dear person, which is a thousand times *more so* to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe."

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her

[1] Porter's History of Ireland. It is cited by the author of "Ireland as a Kingdom and Colony."

majesty's letter to the king, of July $\frac{16}{26}$, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory printed. Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected; consequently, Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself and the world believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows:[1] "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long* sermon this morning, which he has been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him . . . . . I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night; if not, I think I shall not rest. But if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, July $\frac{17}{27}$, 1690.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, and every thing I hear stir I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am at present, when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed, till I am almost asleep, in hopes; but they are vain, and I must once more go to bed in hopes of being waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope."

By the conclusion of this letter may be gathered, that her majesty's councillors were much agitated with quarrelsome divisions, and that stormy discussions constantly sprang up, to her great uneasiness. In truth, the immediate danger of her father's restoration had frightened them into something like unanimity while the queen presided over them; but

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 142. A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, the editor being an admirer of Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer.

after the battle of the Boyne they deemed that danger passed, and they relapsed, in consequence, into their usual state of factious animosity. Their tempers had previously greatly annoyed her liege lord, who had prepared her for their troublesome behaviour. She had secretly imagined that he found fault from his own cynical spirit; she thus owns that he knew them better than she did:—

"I cannot resolve to write you all that has past at council this day, till which time I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but I now see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.[1]

"Adieu! do but love me, and I can bear all."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames. The queen mentions that she had had the vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day: we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies: these were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the Rape of the Lock, represents all three keeping watch round his fainting Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions, especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day,—plagued by the council, and beset by a madman withal, according to her own description in the following letter:—

[1] The queen means, that her councillors are no more "*one in mind, than they are one in body.*"

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.[1]

"Whitehall, July $\frac{28}{18}$.

"Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at receiving yours from Timolin. At present I shall say nothing to you, but that I have, at last, seen the council in a great heat, but shall stay till I see you to tell you my mind upon it. Lord Nottingham will send you the account the commissioners have brought from sea, of the assurance of the fleet being ready Wednesday next.

"Lord Lincoln," pursues her majesty's historical narrative, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy, either, of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman, as I never heard any thing more in my life: he made me the *most extravagantest* compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within this few days; which is, 'that I have the power in my hand, and they wonder I do not make use of it;' and 'why should I stay for your return?' And 'whether I *should* [ought to] lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted; that is, when *they* must stay till an answer come.' I shall tell you more of this when I shall be so happy once more to see you, or when I can write you a long letter, *for I have taken the vapours*, and dare not to-night. But you know, whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own."

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 143.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Queen Mary urged to assume sovereignty independently of her husband—Dialogues with sir Thomas Lee—Affronted by him—Dialogue with lord Devonshire—Her perplexities—Her arrangements for the king's return—Laments the unfinished state of Kensington-palace—His angry reproof—Her humble apologies—Preparations at Kensington—General style of her writing—Proceedings of the princess Anne—Queen goes to look at Campden-house—Young duke of Gloucester settled there—William III.'s letter concerning the queen—Her celebration-ball at Whitehall deferred—The queen disappointed of her husband's return—Continuation of her letters—Her difficulties increase—Her troubles with naval matters—Listens to Dutch cabals—Joy at the king's approval—Announces that Kensington-palace is ready—Intercedes for Hamilton—Her interviews with informers—Detects a plot—Urges the king's return—State of England under her sway—Her aversion to Whitehall—Receives Zulestein—Communes with Jacobite traitors—Sends their secret confessions to William III.—Mentions Nevill Payne—Her fondness for Holland—Sends cannon and money to her husband—Mentions its loss—Her dialogue with Russell—Her tender expressions to the king—Gossip about his relatives—Her anguish of mind—Dread of the king's campaign in Flanders—Receives an amber cabinet—Hears news of the king's landing—Enmity to Catharine of Braganza—Meets king William—Their residence at Kensington—King's jealousy of his wife's government—Traits of costume.

Whether for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the king and queen, or really from motives of personal preference to herself as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent sovereignty. It is no slight amplification of her conjugal virtue to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement. A long historical despatch from the queen to her absent partner opens, according to custom, like a love-letter, as follows:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1, N.S. (July 21, O.S.) 1690.

"Last night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face, by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. I will not, at this time, tell you any thing that can be writ by others."

The gist of the political part of the epistle is the detail of the feuds in the two councils, founded on the facts that the king and queen wished Mr. Russell to take the command of the fleet. Subsequent events proved they were perfectly right; but Russell would not take the responsibility after the disastrous defeats which had succeeded each other since the Revolution. He chose to have two partners, one a nobleman,—his friend lord Shrewsbury, the ex-minister; the other, a seaman. The queen did not object to the appointment of Shrewsbury, but she always named him with mysterious prudery. Both herself and the king insisted on the third admiral being sir Richard Haddick; but Russell remained obstinate, for he hated Haddick. The lords of the admiralty, too, thought fit to place themselves in strong opposition to the queen, and in her next letter are represented as positively disobedient and contumacious to her authority,—ostensibly out of hatred to sir Richard Haddick, between whom and sir Thomas Lee (a leading man in the admiralty) there was a violent enmity. The queen concluded her letter with these words:—

"'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it when you are come: I will make my apology for the matter when I see you. I shall now only tell you I am in great pain to know if I have done well in this business, or no. Pardon all my faults, and believe that I commit none willingly; and that I love you more than my life."

Two days afterwards, the queen describes, with some animation, a dialogue between herself and sir Thomas Lee.[2]

"So the commissioners of the admiralty were sent for, and lord president Carmarthen told them what the resolution was.[3] Sir Thomas grew as pale as

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 146.

[2] That admirals Russell and Haddick should command the fleet, in conjunction with some great noble.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 148.

death, and told me 'that the custom was, that they [the lords of the admiralty] used to recommend, and that they were to answer for the persons, since they were to give them the commissions, and did not know but what they might be called to account in parliament.' Lord president answered and argued with them. At last, sir Thomas Lee came to say plainly, 'Haddick was the man they did not like.' He added, afterwards, 'I might give a commission if I liked, but they would not.' When I saw he *talkt* long, and insisted upon their privilege, I said, 'I perceived, then, that the king had given away his own power, and could not make an admiral which the admiralty did not like.' Sir Thomas Lee answered, 'No; no more he can't.' I was ready to say, 'Then the king should give the commission to such as would not dispute with him;' but I did not, though I must confess I was heartily angry. It may be, I am in the wrong; but, as yet, I cannot think so. Lord president, after more discourse, desired them to retire."

The blunt answer of sir Thomas Lee could not be digested by the queen, who soon found that he was set on by her friend Russell, whose hatred to sir Richard Haddick was equal to that of sir Thomas Lee. The next step taken by the lords of the admiralty was a downright refusal to sign the commission. Carmarthen, the lord president, brought this intelligence to the queen. He was, or pretended to be, in a very great rage. The observations her majesty made[1] on his angry demeanour, display good sense and command of temper:—

"I *askt* lord president what answer was to be sent? He was very angry, and *talkt* at a great rate; but I stopped him, and told him 'I was angry enough, and desired he would not be *too* much so, for I did not believe it a proper time.' Lord president answered, 'The best answer he could give from me was, that they, the lords of the admiralty, would do well to consider of it.' I desired he would add, 'that I could not change my mind, if it were proper to say so much.' He said, 'It was rather too little.'

"I saw Mr. Russell this morning, and I found him very much out of humour. *He excused sir Thomas Lee*, and would not believe he had said such a thing as I told you. I said, 'Indeed that he had angered me very much;' but he [Russell] endeavoured to talk it over. He said, 'that Haddick was not acceptable to them, because they believed lord Nottingham had recommended him, and they did not like that.' I saw Russell shifted off signing the commission, and, indeed, I never saw him out of humour before. There was company by, so I had not a fair opportunity of saying more to him; only he prest naming lord Shrewsbury for a third, [as joint admiral of the fleet,] as the best means to allay all these things. But as I had not time or convenience to say more to him then, I was fain to leave off at a place I would have said more upon. This I had the opportunity of doing this morning to lord Marlborough, who came to me about the same thing. I told him why I should be unwilling to name Shrewsbury myself, 'for I thought it would not be proper for me, by any means, to name a person who had quitted [*i. e.*, resigned office] just upon your going away, though

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 148.

I was persuaded you would trust him, and had a good opinion of him; yet for *me* to take upon me alone, (for we concluded none would be for it but those only who are trusted with the secret,[1] I mean lord Marl and Mr. Russell, and lord cham,) for me, I say, now so to name him [Shrewsbury] without being assured from yourself of your approbation, I thought not proper."

The queen's pique that Shrewsbury should have resigned office just at the time when he had an opportunity of assisting her in reigning, is, perhaps, apparent here. The rest of her detail of passing events is full of interesting individual particulars of her thoughts and feelings at this trying epoch:—

"I pray God to send you here quickly, for besides the desire I have to see you for my own sake, (which is not now to be named,) I see all breaking out into flames. Lord steward [Devonshire] was with me this afternoon from sir Thomas Lee, to excuse himself to me. He said, 'The reason was, because he saw this [the appointment of Haddick] was a business between two or three—a concerted thing, and that *made him;* he could not consent.' I told him [Devonshire] 'he himself could have assured sir Thomas Lee it was your own orders, in your letter from you to me.' At which he shaked his head. I *ask't*, 'If he or sir Thomas Lee did not believe me?' He said, 'sir Thomas Lee thought that Haddick was imposed on the king.' I said, 'I did not believe *that* was so easy.' 'I mean,' said lord [Devonshire], 'recommended by persons they don't much like.'—'Indeed, my lord, if they only dislike sir Richard Haddick because he is recommended by such as they don't approve, it will only confirm me in the belief that he is a fit man, since they make no other objection against him. I confess,' said I, 'my lord, I was very angry at what sir Thomas Lee said yesterday; but this is to make me more so, since I see 'tis not reason, but passion makes sir T. Lee speak thus.' Upon which, *we* [the queen and lord Devonshire] fell into discourse of the divisions, [quarrels in council,] which we both lamented, and I think we were both angry, though not with one another. He complained 'that people were too much *believed that ought not* to be so, and we could not agree.' I should never have done, should I *say* [repeat] all I hear on such matters; but what I have said, I think absolutely necessary for you to know. If I have been too angry, I am sorry for it. I don't believe I am easily provoked, but I think I had reason. If I may say so, I do not think people should be humoured to this degree. Mr. Russell again desired the duke of Grafton should not be in, [*i. e.* in command of the fleet,] and lord Nottingham, who was one of those who mentioned him before, desired me to let you know he is concerned at having mentioned him, having since been informed how unfit he is."

On account of his rude and brutal manners, which exasperated every one with whom he came in contact, the queen, who had wished this illegitimate cousin of hers to be employed that he might "become good for something," now

[1] What the secret was, is not very clear. In all probability, it was that king William was exceedingly desirous for Shrewsbury again to take office, let that office be whatsoever he chose. It seems very odd that a courtier of rank, not bred to the naval profession, should be solicited to command a fleet, but such were the customs of that day.

shrank from the responsibility of her recommendation. She continues thus:—

"One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is, about Kensington, whether you will go there though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's, and lady *Darby's* are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke, but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go *lye* only at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i. e.* at Whitehall] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all; for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies. . . . . I hope," concludes the queen, "this long letter may meet you so near, that you may bring your own answer. If not, if you love me, either write me a particular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:—

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, N.S. (July 24, O.S.) 1690.

"Last night I received yours from Benit-bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday. I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the pro*rogue*ing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault, that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse, on the subject of Kensington-palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June, to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities,—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable,—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:—

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 150.

"The outside of the house [at Kensington] is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up. But as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's, and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *councill*-room down, or *els* dress me there. And as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here, for 'tis no matter what inconveniencys any *els* suffers for your dear sake. I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there [at Kensington] will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here; but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived. God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express."

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally favourable specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day, who wrote *you was*, instead of *you were*. She generally uses her subjunctives correctly, and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have a logical connexion in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months old. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame: they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings

and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house,[1] situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington-palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young Noel, to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,[2] and his improved health manifested the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband. His replies have been vainly sought, yet, from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter; and this habit was acquired as an adult, for his hand, in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State-Paper office, is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French: it contains more matter than any other extant from William's pen, excepting the wrathful

[1] The front built by sir Baptist Hicks, in 1612, was demolished in the commencement of the present century. The old gateway, surmounted by the supporters of the Noel family, has been demolished since 1848.

[2] Memoirs of the young Duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

one relating to Dr. Covell's transgressions.[1] The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland by the lord steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:—

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.[2]

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my person, and the advantage[3] that I have gained over my enemies.[4] The misfortune that has befallen my fleet[5] has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.[6]

"If it had been possible, without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning, when I received your despatches; but, without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM, R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons; no place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat at La Hogue, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. The idea of a ball given by queen Mary in exultation over her father's losses at "the fatal Boyne-water," again exasperated that powerful satirist under whose scourge she had previously writhed. The following historical poem was disseminated in the usual manner, being transcribed

[1] Previously quoted.

[2] Holograph letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire, (then earl,) lord steward of the household. From the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[3] Battle of the Boyne.

[4] King James II. and the French. [5] Loss of the battle off Beachy Head

[6] Court-martial on lord Torrington.

in numerous manuscripts, and scattered in the Mall (Pall-mall) and the Birdcage-walk:—

"The youthful Tullia on her pillow lay
At dead of night, after a midnight ball,
In her own father's palace of Whitehall;
When straight the scene upon a sudden turns,
Her blood grows chill, the taper dimly burns;
A trembling seizes all her limbs with awe,
As her dead mother[1] did the curtain draw,
And thus begin:—
'Can quiet slumber ever close thine eyes?
Or is thy conscience sunk too low to rise?
From this same place was not thy aged sire
Compelled by midnight ruffians to retire?
Had he been murdered, there'd been mercy shown;
'Tis less to kill a king than to dethrone.
Where are the crimes of which he was accused?
How is the nation gulled, and he abused!'
Night's watchful sentinel here blew his horn,
'I must be gone!' her mother said; 'Farewell!
What you have seen and heard, your sister[2] tell.'
Thus having spoke, the vision disappears,
Leaving the trembling Mary drowned in tears."[3]

For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord steward,—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's father, some were fighting for him; others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her particular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball. The royal pleasure was thus notified to that lady by her mother-in-law, lady Devonshire:[4]—

[1] Anne Hyde. [2] Princess Anne of Denmark.

[3] Contemporary MSS. in possession of lady Strange, date 1690; evidently written before the burning of Whitehall, or the queen's rupture with the princess Anne.

[4] The hand is very large and masculine, but as the letter is signed E. Devonshire, and *her lord* is mentioned, it must be written by the countess.

THE COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE TO LADY CAVENDISH,[1] (DAUGHTER TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL).

(Saturday.)

"I am very glad to hear by Mr. Woolman, not only of your good health, but that I shall see you sooner than you seemed to intend I should. You may still be in time, as the queen desires, for the ball, for nobody can tell when it will be, the king's coming not being so soon as was expected. I hope there will be a respite, too, in the dancings at Whitehall, till it be for the great ball; yet there *is* more ladies than men, and worse dancers than them they have found can hardly be met with. Mrs. Moone danced rather worse than better than she did last year. My lord is come from Newmarket. My head aches, so I leave Betty,[2] dear daughter, to end my letter with what news she knows."

[*Betty's conclusion.*]

"I hope you will pardon my not answering yours at this present, but you may believe that I am very full of business when I fail it. We have danced very often at Whitehall, where you are wanting extremely, there being not above one or two tolerable dancers; and as for myself, I am worse at it than last year. We are just going to supper. I believe this would hardly pass with you for a letter if I should say more, so I will only desire you to give my humble service to my lady Ross. I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Belman that she does not come with you to town."

Endorsed—"To the Lady Hartington, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire."

The husband of "lady Ross" here mentioned, is the same lord Rosse who, it will be remembered, was then the object of queen Mary's particular displeasure. Her majesty, in a letter quoted a few pages back, we have seen express her lively displeasure that the powerful families of Devonshire and Bolton had successfully prevented her from incarcerating lord Rosse in the Tower, on her mere privy-council warrant.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against the Protestant party. The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker. An equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege, as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The Protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange

[1] Family Papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

[2] Probably lady Elizabeth Cavendish, youngest daughter to the earl and countess of Devonshire.

king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *mêlée* at the Boyne,"—"Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the valiant partisan to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill. William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter, for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English Channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen's letters continued to describe the difficulties which beset her at the helm of government. Her next epistle details the feuds and factions regarding the command of the fleet:—

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, Aug. 9, N.S. (July 30, O.S.) 1690.

"You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. That he brought yesterday was so welcome to me, that I won't go about expressing it, since 'tis impossible. But (for my misfortune) I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one, (if compared to any thing but the kindness I have for your dear self,) and that is the divisions, which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or at least appear more and more to me. The business of the commission is again put off by Mr. Russell."

Points of precedence had to be settled between the admirals Killigrew and sir John Ashby, before sir R. Haddick could accept the promotion the queen designed him. Her majesty, in discussing the affair with Russell, again mentioned her displeasure against sir Thomas Lee:—

"Russell went to excuse him, [Lee,]" she continues. "I said, 'that I must own to him, that were I in your place, I would not have borne his [sir Thomas Lee's] answer; but when he had in a manner refused to sign the commission, I should have put it into such hands as would have done it.' Mr. Russell said, 'He hoped I would not think of doing it now.' I told him, 'No, he might be sure, in your absence, I would not think of any thing of that nature, especially

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 151.

not without your orders for it.' At my coming from council I was told of Mr. Butler's being come.[1] He soon brought me your letters, and though I was in hourly expectation, yet being sure you were coming did really transport me so, that I have hardly recovered it yet, and there's such a joy everywhere, that 'tis not to be exprest.

"I went last night to Kensington, and will go again by and by. They promise me all shall be ready by Tuesday next, and this is Wednesday. That is the night, [the ensuing Tuesday,] by Mr. Butler's reckoning, that with a fair wind you may be here,[2] though I think, by your dear letter, it is possible you may come a day sooner. At most, if you lye here [*i. e.* at Whitehall] two nights, the third you may certainly, if it please God, be at Kensington. I will do my endeavour that it may be sooner; but one night, I reckon, you will be content to lie here. I writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington without my chamber; but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council-chamber, and that I can dress me in lord Portland's, and use his closet: M. Neinburg is gone to get other rooms for him. Thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own [chamber] will be ready: they promise it sooner.

"This letter will, I hope, meet you at Chester. It shall stay for you there, so that if there be any thing else you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so, if it be in my power. I have one thing to beg; which is, that if it be possible I may come and meet you on the road, either where you desire or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you, that *I am sure, had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it.* But do as you please; I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."

There is a little tender reproach implied in the concluding sentence. Perhaps Mary thought of Elizabeth Villiers, and wished to prevent her from holding a first conference with her husband; however, neither the queen nor her rival were to meet William so soon as was expected. His next despatch declared that his return was delayed, on which intelligence her majesty thus expresses herself, in a letter[3] dated

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{2}{12}$, 1690.

"Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it will be vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment 'tis to me you do not come so soon. I begin to be in great pain lest you should be in the storm *a*-Thursday night, which I am told was great, though its being *a t'other* side of the house, hindered my hearing it, but was soon delivered by your letter of the 29th from Ch.[4] I confess I deserve such a stop [*i. e.* the delay of the king's return] to my joy, since, may be, it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification

[1] This was the messenger with king William's letters.

[2] The king delayed his return till a month afterwards.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 153.

[4] Chapelford, where William's head-quarters were at that instant, is probably the place indicated by this contraction. The queen usually contracts proper names; thus lord Nottingham is always lord Nott; Pembroke, lord Pem; Marlborough, Marl; Feversham, Fev; lord chamberlain, cham, &c.

enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne; this is what goes to my heart. But yet I see the reasons for it so good, that I will not murmur, for certainly the glory would be greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here are much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour, as much as may be, to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.* Since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life, and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but he will still preserve you. Yet let me beg of you not to expose yourself unnecessarily; that will be too much tempting that Providence, which I hope will still watch over you.

"Mr. Russell is gone down to the fleet last Thursday, to hasten, as much as may be, all things there, and will be back *a-Monday*, when there is a great council appointed. I don't doubt but this commission will find many obstacles, and this [naming Killigrew] among such as don't like him will be called in question, as well as the other two, [*i. e.* Ashby and Haddick,] and I shall hear again 'tis a thing agreed among two or three.

"I will not write now, *no* more *than* I *used to do what others can*;[1] and, indeed, I am fit for nothing this day. My heart is so opprest, I don't know what to do. I have been at Kensington for some hours' quiet, to-morrow being the first Sunday of the month, and have made use of lord Portland's closet as I told you in my last I would. The house [Kensington-palace] would have been ready by Tuesday night, and I hope will be in better order now,—at least, it shall not be my fault if it is not. I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when, I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I think you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary,—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant. The elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations, which had become systematic; the English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly. The consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command which must,

[1] So written by the queen. In her hurry and trouble of mind, she has failed to express her meaning clearly, which is, "I will not now write to you any thing which can be written by others, for, indeed, I am fit for nothing to-day," &c. &c.

perforce, end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

Queen Mary was fully justified by her husband in the displeasure she had expressed at the insolence of sir Thomas Lee. She expresses her satisfaction at finding that the king viewed the affront in the same light as herself, in the following manner:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{5}{15}$, 1690.

"Last night I received yours of the 3rd of July, and with great satisfaction that it was plain; you approving of my anger is a great ease to me, and I hope may make things go on the better, if it be possible, though great pains are taken to hinder the persons named from serving at all,[1] or from agreeing, but I hope to little purpose."

In order to deprive sir Richard Haddick of the royal favour, a Dutchman of the queen's household was employed to tell her sir Richard railed furiously at every thing Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time.[2] A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"I should not write you this thought of mine, if I did not find several [of the council] of my mind, which makes me apt to believe I am not quite in the wrong,—but *that* you know better; and you may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in that, and all things whatever, and

[1] The four were Russell, Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby; all excepting Haddick, were extremely unwilling to take the command the queen offered them, and thus to risk the fate of lord Torrington. The historical result of all the queen's anxious deliberations was, that Torrington was sent to the Tower on the 9th of August, and Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby appointed joint admirals of the fleet. Russell positively refused serving with Haddick, having an intrigue on foot to advance Marlborough's brother, captain Churchill, over the heads of the veterans, as will be shown in the queen's succeeding letters.

[2] The Dutch navy was most severely handled by the French. The Dutch accused Torrington of remaining passive, and seeing with pleasure the French contest the day with them; but the bad state of the English fleet is most evident by Carmarthen's letter to king William, already quoted.

am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say, I ever suspect; but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

It was this intimate union of purpose and of interest between these two sovereigns, and the entire confidence in each other, that produced their great worldly prosperity. The same result is usually the case where unanimity prevails between a married pair, in whatever rank of life their lot may be cast, for never was a prophecy, or proverb, more divinely true, than that pronounced by the Saviour: "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

"I am sure," continues the queen's narrative of events, "I have all the reason in the world to praise God, who has sustained me in things so difficult to flesh and blood, and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure 'tis so great a mercy, I can never forget it. We have received many; God send us grace to value them as we ought! But nothing touches people's hearts here enough to make them agree; that would be too much happiness. Lord Nottingham will give you an account of all things, and of some letters, which by great luck are fallen into our hands. I have been at Kensington this evening, and made it now so late, that I am very sleepy, and so can't say much more. I shall only assure you, that I shall take all the pains I can. Kensington is ready. Had you come this night, as I did flatter myself you would have done, you could have lain there, that is to say, in the council-chamber; and there I fear you must lie when you do come, which God grant may be soon. I must needs tell you on the subject, that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What! leave Ireland unconquered,—the work unfinished?' Now, upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger? Thus people are never satisfied. But I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many *several* [different] things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me.

"I am very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon: that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears: I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God, in his mercy, keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first, before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it; but that has been ever so much my desire, that I can't do more for you, nor love you better."

Similar expressions of tenderness pervade her letter, dated August $\frac{1}{7}$, intermixed with state information and council disputes relative to calling a new parliament, and of the bankrupt state of the treasury, of which "sad stories are

told," the queen says, "by Mr. Hampden,[1] which I fear will prove true."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{19}{9}$, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31st, from Chapelford: what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary; but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day. I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fear full*; and yet one can hardly go without t'other,—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord steward [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de *Grammon*, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton]. They earnestly desire he may be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary, were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammon* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton,[2] mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Anthony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of Mémoires de Grammont. Count Anthony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William, by undertaking to induce lord-lieutenant Tyrconnel to yield up Ireland to him; and when he had obtained all the confidence with which the whigs could trust him, he posted over to Ireland, and did all in his power, by pen, interest, or

[1] This gentleman was as much concerned in the revolution of 1688, as his more celebrated ancestor had been in that of 1640, who declared death to be peculiarly welcome when it came on the battle-field at Chalgrove; but it came not speedily enough to his descendant, whose own desperate hand committed suicide. His name, as a bribed tool of France, at the time of the agitation of 'the popish plot,' is disgustingly apparent on Barillon's black list of payments made.—See Dalrymple's copy of the documents, Appendix, part i. p. 316. The whole of Barillon's despatches should be read; likewise p. 286. The originals are under the care of M. Dumont, a learned contemporary, at *Les Affaires Étrangères*, at Paris.

[2] The queen has throughout written his name, according to her usual abbreviations, *Ham*; but his description as the countess de Grammont's *brother*, clearly identifies him.

sword, in the cause of his master, king James. A man of delicate honour could not, would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid. Yet it is strange to find count Anthony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin too!

When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest. His answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour!" At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering, "Honour! on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament. No one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Mountjoy's family. Lord Mountjoy was then a prisoner in the Bastille, and Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.[1]

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[ilton]'s faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration, if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power. But that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it, I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you himself; but he begs me to do it.

"As for lord Mountjoy, I hope you will consider if any thing can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you, and she really died of grief, which makes me pity her case. His family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

The queen's humane appeal in behalf of lord Mountjoy's unfortunate children was successful, inasmuch as there appears in king William's Secret-service book a notation of a pittance allowed to them, small indeed in comparison with

[1] Mountjoy, who was considered the head of the Protestants in Ireland, went to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary. He had been seized and sent to the Bastille by Louis XIV., as a punishment for undertaking this mission; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

that weekly paid to the perjurer Titus Oates.[1] There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germains. "I have staid," continues the queen, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission. I want the first exceedingly; but I hope all is well, especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

The queen was about the same time deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Rosse. These men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the crown of Scotland, and to receive their oaths. They deemed they had not been rewarded commensurately with their merits, and therefore joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which the death of the great Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. According to what might be expected from the treachery of their characters, there was a race between these persons as to who should first betray the devoted Jacobites who had unfortunately trusted them. The titled informers made a bargain, that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims. Breadalbane, *incognito*, waylaid the king at Chester, to tell his tale.[2] Annandale came in disguise to the queen for the same purpose, and, it is said, had an interview with her on the evening of her birthday.[3] Rosse (regarding whose imprisonment the queen has described a contest between herself and the privy council) now offered

[1] The same summer, there is an entry to the following effect:—

"Lady Mountjoy's children upon our allowance of 3*l.*
per week to them . . . . . 12 0 0"

Extract from king William's Secret-service accounts, Ireland, with which we have been favoured by sir Denys Norreys, bart.

[2] Dalrymple's Memoirs.

[3] Dalrymple's Memoirs. It could not have been this year, as her birthday, April 30, had occurred before the king went to Ireland.

to confess to her all he knew; but, as he refused to reiterate his confessions as a witness against those he had accused, the queen finally committed him to the Tower.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{23}{13}$, 1690.

"You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night. I think if your letter had not come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person; but all that trouble made your news of the French having left *Limmerick* the more welcome, I will not say your letters, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope, not only that it will be quickly, but that you will come willingly, and that is a double joy to me; for before, I confess, I was afraid to have seen you dissatisfied when you were here, and that would have been very unpleasant; but now, I hope in God to see you soon, and see you as well pleased as this place will suffer you to be, for I fancy you will find people really worse and worse."

"Lord steward," [the earl of Devonshire,] continues Mary, falling into her usual style of narrative,

"was with me this afternoon, with whom I had a long conversation, which will be worth your while knowing when you come; but he has made me promise to write you word *now* some part of it, which is, that he begs you 'to consider if you will not have a new parliament, for this,' he is sure, 'will do no good: this,' he says, 'is his opinion.' I see it is a thing they are mightily set upon. Lord president, methinks, has very good arguments to try this [parliament] first; but of all this you will judge best when you come. I can't imagine how it comes to pass that you have not received my letter of the 26th July; I am sure I writ,[1] and that you will have had it by this time, or else there must be some carelessness in it, which must be *lookt* after.

"I have had this evening lord Annandale, who is to *tell all*, and then I am to procure a pardon from you; but I think I shall not be so easily deceived by him, as I fear lord Melville has been by sir James Montgomery. But these are things to talk of when you come back, which I pray God may be very soon. 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear you are so well. I pray God continue it. I hope this will meet you upon your way back; *so* it goes by express, that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater than that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life."

The arrival of two Dutchmen in the mean time, caused her majesty to add, as postscript, "I have seen Mr. Hop and Mr. Olderson, but have to say no more. You will have an account of the business of the admiralty from lord Nott." Mr. Hop was ambassador from the *Hogan Mogans*,—the States-General. The utmost jealousy was excited among

[1] She did write, and the reader, on looking back, will see it is a hurried, ill-spelled letter, on which some comment has been made. Mary reckons here by the new style.

the other diplomatists, because he had been received with a greater number of bows than any of them. Queen Mary likewise sent her best coach and horses, with their gayest trappings, attended by forty running footmen and pages, to fetch Mr. Hop to Whitehall when he brought his credentials.[1]

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. ¾, 1690.

"Though I have nothing to say to you worth writing, yet I cannot let any express go without doing it, and Mr. *Hop*, it seems, believes this business of the Swedish ship too considerable to stay till to-morrow. The commissioners of the admiralty have resolved to come to me to-morrow, with some names for flags. Mr. Russell recommends Churchill and Ellmor, because, he says, nothing has been done for them, though they were both trusted when you came over, and have ever been very true to your interest; but I think, if it be possible, to let them alone till you come, though Mr. Russell seems to think it cannot be delayed. I shall hear (if it must be so) what the other commissioners think, and do as well as I can."

Had the queen possessed the smallest germ of political justice, she would have recoiled from appointing captain Churchill to a place of trust. He had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the house of commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused. Taking convoy-money of merchant ships had been sternly forbidden by the sea-king, James II.; but among the evils of William and Mary's government was a most injurious one, that convoys were seldom provided, and when they were, the captains of the ships of war impoverished the merchant by the extortion of convoy-money.[2] Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood: his ship had been the first to desert king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins. At first, king William stood aghast at the

[1] Lamberty.

[2] A petition to the house of commons from the London merchants, presented Nov. 14th, 1689, proves that, in the first year of the Revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l*., were lost for want of convoys, or by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

rapacity with which such men as the Churchills, and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been so carefully guarded by the frugality of king James: it seemed as if the Revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft. At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the *habeas corpus* law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature; the summer circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays, had been incurred since her father's deposition. All was submitted to by the well-meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament.

The present system of military punishments can be traced no farther back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the Revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, they encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued, and to be surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the mutiny bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;[1] the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries,—the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well. When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the mutiny bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common soldiers among his troops. The most resolute he sent to Flanders, where, if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the mutiny bill and the Dutch code which

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

had superseded that of St. George.[1] Stranger innovations even than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers' Tracts in the British Museum there is a complaint, that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, sempstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

"I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; 'tis impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life."

The succeeding letter is wholly personal:—

"Queen Mary to King William.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{24}{14}$, 1690.

"I only write for fashion's sake, for I really have nothing in the world to say; yet I am resolved never to miss an opportunity of doing it while I live. To-morrow I am to go to the great council, [privy-council,] where my lord mayor and aldermen are to come to be thanked for their two regiments, and released of them. When that is over, I go, if it please God, to Hampton-Court, which I fear will not be much advanced.

"It has been such a storm of rain and wind this whole day, that I *thankt* God with my whole heart that you could not be near the sea. I hope the ill weather will spend itself now, that when you do come, you may have a quick passage. I have seen Mr. Zulestein to-day, who is so tanned that he frights me."

[1] It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by *death* and *desertion* in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous permission of W. Pitt Dundas, esq., from the royal Records of Scotland, Privy Council-books MS., Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language: it may be seen, in the Fœdera, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, is the first person who has ever traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

Zulestein is the same person whose marriage with Mary Worth caused queen Mary so much trouble in her youth. He was the beau of the Dutch court, and having made the Irish campaign with the king, had injured his fine complexion, which is rather affectedly mentioned by the queen. He was inseparable from the king, unless despatched on some mission wherein his diplomatic cunning was indispensable.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{26}{16}$, 1690.

"This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be, the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made sir William *Lochart* [Lockhart] write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand.

"I think I writ you word," continues her majesty's narrative of current events, "or should have done, that he lord [Annandale] sent by his wife to sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence*, and has my word to get your pardon. I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him.

"Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt, (wherewith this ends,) sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same, Simson; but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country; but his coldness made sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest*," [meaning the interest of her father].

The result of these private conferences with the queen was, that Neal, or Nevill Payne, the tutor of the young earl of Mar,[1] should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this Jacobite conspiracy, from which detestable task Montgomery, Annandale, Breadalbane, and the rest of the real betrayers had bargained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 161.

the queen's government, although they actually occurred some days after king William's return to England. The queen's letters are worded with guarded mystery, but as the prime-minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the real informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.[1] In the paper enclosed by the queen to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale to the queen, written by the hand of sir William Lockhart, according to the words of her letter above, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand: the Jacobites were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent-garden. The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here;[2] we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto will permit.

Mary again alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she now distinctly names as lord Breadalbane, saying,

"Lord Breadalbane came to see lord Annandale on his way to Chester, where he went *to meet you*. He told him that sir James Montgomery had certainly sent another message, [*i. e.* to king James, her father,] but he [Breadalbane] was not engaged in it, and he believed nobody was but lord Arran, though he could not be positive that lord Rosse was not likewise in. This he told me last night, and desires 'to be *askit* more questions, not knowing but he might remember more than he can yet think of.' Thus he seems to deal sincerely, but, to say the truth, I think one does not know what to believe. But this I am certain *off* [of], that lord Rosse did not keep his word with me, much less has sir James Montgomery with lord Melville; for he has been in town ever since this day was seven-night, and I have heard nothing of him,—a plain breach of the conditions.

"I hope in God I shall soon hear from you: 'tis a long while since I have, but I am not so *uneasie* as I was the last time, yet enough to make me wish extremely for a letter.

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[1] Cunningham's History of England.

[2] Printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 103, and is the same paper, the copy of which the queen mentions here as enclosed to the king; for it is dated the 14th of August, 1690, and endorsed "as given by sir William Lockhart to her most excellent majesty the queen."

"*D'Lone*[1] is to send lord Portland, by this post, a copy of a letter from Mr. Priestman, in which you will see what need you have of that Divine protection which has hitherto so watched over you, and which only can make me easy for your dear sake. The same God who has hitherto so preserved you, will, I hope, continue, and grant us a happy meeting here, and a blessed one hereafter. Farewell! 'tis too late for me to say any more, but that I am ever and *intirely* yours, and shall be so till death."

The queen, in the continuation of her narrative, affected to regret her former days passed in Holland.

In a remarkable letter, dated Whitehall, August $\frac{2}{12}\frac{8}{9}$, 1690, Mary says,—

"Last night, when it was just a week since I had heard from you, I received yours of the $\frac{3}{10}$, after I was *a*-bed. I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the *enemys* have still an army together, which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate, for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy; yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently every body thinks *all lost*."

Thus, the royal countenance was viewed, by those who habitually studied it, as a species of political barometer, from which might be learned news of the fate of the Irish campaign or the Jacobite plots. Hence arose the imperturbable demeanour which Mary assumed, designedly, as a diplomatic mask.

"This is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him, who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer *is* very uneasy to me. God give me patience!

"I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away. It is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would by that, better than any thing else, be able to judge of *mine* for you; and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear any thing. When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent him to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy Head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the command of her father, had so often beaten them. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman; for, in

[1] Meaning the queen's French secretary, D'Alonne.

her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen "of cowardice," and said, withal, "she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower."[1] She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues,—

"Harbord wrote to sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say. He pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me:* that they are so to you, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here, but I ask your pardon for this: if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done.

"To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotulorum* for lord Fitzharding: he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlborough that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord president Carmarthen:—

"Marlborough says, that lord president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head,* and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction,' as, indeed, I think 'tis but too plain in other things. How it is in this, you are best able to judge. I writ you word before what Mr. Russell said. You will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment *after my fashion.*"[2]

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, evidently desired to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 163. [2] Ibid.

Churchill, as in correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages: it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The queen, before she wrote again, was alarmed by the vague rumour of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland, who intercepted the supplies of cannons, provisions, and money which she had sent from England for the aid of her husband's troops, then besieging Limerick:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. $\frac{31}{21}$, 1690.

"This is only to let you know that I have received your duplicate of the 14th, which came by Waterford, and got hither last night by nine o'clock. There was no time lost in obeying your orders, but I have several remarks to make another time.

"Sir Robert Southwell's letter speaks of a misfortune to the artillery (which he refers to your letter) that is coming[1] by Dublin. I cannot imagine the reason 'tis not come yet, nor can I help being very impatient *for it*, [about it]. The messenger tells an imperfect story, which makes a great noise in the town, [in London,] and does not lessen the desire for knowing the truth; besides, 'tis such a comfort to hear from you, that I can't be blamed for wishing it. This is all I will say to-night, for should I begin to tell my fears that you will not be back so soon as I could wish, I should trouble you, and write myself asleep, it being late. You know my heart: I need say nothing of that, 'tis so entirely yours."

The next day brought the confirmation of the bad news. The event was briefly as follows: William had advanced to Limerick on August the 8th, o.s. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield, having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick with his forces, and laid an ambush among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition. The Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp, but Sarsfield re-

[1] The queen's ideas are confused between the artillery and her expected letter. We find by her succeeding letters, that this "*cross*," as she piously calls it, delayed the taking of Limerick.

turned safely back to Limerick.[1] The queen alludes to Sarsfield's successful action in her despatch[2] dated

"Whitehall, Sep. 1, (Aug. 22,) 1690.

"'This day at noon I received yours, which came by the way of Dublin, and am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such continued success, that it may be necessary to have *some little cross*. I hope in God this will not prove a main one to the main business,[3] though it is a terrible thought to me that your coming is put off again for so long time. I think it so, I'm sure, and have great reason, every manner of way.

"'I will say nothing of what my *poor* heart suffers, but must tell you that I am now in great pain about the naming of the flags. Mr. Russell came to me last night, and said it would now be absolutely necessary. I insisted upon staying till I heard from you. He desired to know 'if I had any particular reason?' I told him, plainly, 'that since I could not pretend to know myself who were the fittest, it troubled me to see all were not of a mind; that I was told, by several persons, that there were ancient officers in the fleet, who had behaved themselves very well this last time, [battle of Beachy Head,] and would certainly quit if these were preferred; so he [Russell] could not blame me if I desired in this difficulty to stay for your answer.' To this Russell answered, in more passion than I ever saw him, 'that Carter and Davis [the senior officers alluded to] were *too* pitiful fellows, and very mean seamen, though he knew lord president and lord Nottingham had spoken for them; and that next summer he would not command the fleet, if they had flags.' After a long dispute about this matter, I have put him off till the last moment comes when they are to sail. He [Russell] says, 'then he must speak of it to the commissioners, and hear who will speak against it, by which I may judge.'"

The matter was, for the promotion of the disgraced brother of Marlborough to a flag. How strange it is that queen Mary did not urge the impossibility of placing a man, branded as Churchill was, in such a situation. In these days, the public press would have thundered their anathemas against such a measure, wheresoever the English language was read or spoken.

"I see lord Marlborough's heart is very much set on this matter, and Mr. Russell, as you may see by what I write. On t'other side," adds her majesty, "lord president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, it will be called *the flag by favour*, as his brother [Marlborough] is called *the general by favour*.'"

Marlborough had as yet done little to justify, even in the eyes of his party, the extraordinary course of prosperity he had enjoyed, except by his services as revolutionist. Few persons at this period gave him credit for his skill

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History published by the Camden Society.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, part ii. p. 164.

[3] The seige of Limerick; see Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 164.

in military tactics, on which his fame was founded in the reign of Anne. As for his personal prowess, *that* was never greatly boasted, even by his warmest admirers. Queen Mary mentions, in the paragraph just quoted, the precise value at which he was rated by the revolutionary party, his compeers in 1690; and as she avowedly leant to the appointment of his peculating brother to an admiral's flag, as shown in her letter of August $\frac{22}{12}$, she certainly does not speak with the bitterness of opposition. Neither does queen Mary ever manifest the slightest enmity to Marlborough himself in this correspondence. Far from it; she always mentions him with complacency, though she owns her dislike to his wife. She continues, on the subject of the navy,—

"Lord president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, that absolutely this Carter will quit:' he commends him highly. But I must tell you another thing, which is, that he [lord president] is mightily dissatisfied with the business of Kinsale.[1] I see he does not oppose it, for he says, 'it is your order, and therefore must be obeyed;' but I find he raises many difficulties to me. What he does to others I cannot tell, but among other things he endeavours to fright me by the danger there is of being so exposed, when the fleet and 5000 men are gone, which he reckons all the force, and tells me how easy it will be then for the French to come with only transport-ships, and do what they will."

The victorious French fleet, which had for some weeks prevented the king of Great Britain from returning from Ireland, now began to find the autumnal seas dangerous; consequently, the passage was left free for William III. to slip over to England. The queen's narrative proceeds,—

"You will have an account from lord Nottingham of what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me, and I hope will believe that had your letter been less kind, I don't know what had become of me. 'Tis that only makes me bear all that now so torments me, and I give God thanks every day for your kindness. 'Tis such a satisfaction to me to find you are satis*fyed* with me, that I cannot express it; and I do so flatter myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you, that that thought alone in this world makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you daily expose yourself to, which *puts* me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over but the perpetual shooting you are now in is an intolerable thing to think on. For God's sake, take care of yourself. You owe it to your own [Holland] and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself where church and state are equally concerned, yet I must say you owe a little care for my sake, who I am sure loves you more than you can do me; and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life."

[1] Kinsale and Cork still held out for her father.

This tender strain pervades the letter she wrote five days after, in which she unveils still more of her feelings, and gives, withal, some amusing family-gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives :—

"Queen Mary to King William.[1]

"Whitehall, Sep. 5, (Aug. 26,) 1690.

"Yesterday I was very much disappointed when lord Nottingham brought me a letter from you, to find it was only a duplicate of a former, which brought your orders to lord Marlborough, so that I have now received three of yours of one date; you may be sure they are all *extreme* welcome, but I confess that which came yesterday would have been more so, had it been of a fresher date.

"I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies; and I ever heard *it* at the Hague that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good-nature] I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another cousin of yours does her spouse.*"

Meaning herself and William: with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love, while her ostensible purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences :—

"I can't help laughing at this wedding, though my poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any one who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well.

"I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest; and then Saturday, I suppose, you began *to make use of them.* Judge, then, what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do any thing without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week,—nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me,—at least, 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world. So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break*, and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe."[2]

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely Dante, in all his descriptions of torture, whether

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166. [2] Ibid., p. 167.

ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready to burst." Queen Mary, like all the royal race of Stuart, excepting her sister Anne, was born with literary abilities. Happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers, for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem. The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her hapless race. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than this, which sprang in unstudied simplicity from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is, against her inclination, in order to unburden her overcharged heart to its only confidant. She continues,—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me. I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy that I don't sink under this affliction,—nay, that I keep my health, for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain,—*that* would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart.

"I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before since you went, and that is now three months; for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass."

It is apparent, from this passage, that Mary had been chidden by her spouse on account of the length of these letters. She resumes,—

"'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me. It will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature; how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you. But, by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away. As little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain-in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives, when their husbands go to fight."

It is remarkable, that the only person besides her husband for whom, in her correspondence, queen Mary manifests a

human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention here, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says of this undertaking,—

"I hope this business will succeed. I find if it do not, those who have advised it will have an ill time, all, except lord Nottingham, being very much against it; lord president only complying because it was your order, but not liking it, and wondering England should be left so exposed, thinking it too great a hazard. There would be no end should I tell you all I hear upon this subject, but I thank God I am not afraid, nor do I doubt of the thing, since it is by your order. I pray God the weather does not change with you as it does here: it has rained all the last night and this day, and looks as if it were set in for it. Every thing frights me now, but were I once more so happy as to see you here, I fancy I should fear nothing.

"I have always forgot to tell you, that in the Utrecht Courant they have printed a letter of yours to the states of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them. I can't tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there."

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse relaxations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove possessed a cultivated mind; yet, like her ancestress the wife of the Conqueror, and Matilda Athelling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars, and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or spiritual.

The next paragraph in the queen's letter alludes to an eccentric character, whom we suppose to be the elector of Brandenburgh. From her description, his letter to her must have been a real curiosity, and we regret in vain that a copy was not enclosed to her spouse.

"I must tell you, that Mr. Johnson writes that Mr. Danckleman has writ the elector word that you received the news very coldly that he, the elector, was come to the army, which they say *vext* him. I wish you had seen a letter I had from him; it was full of so many extraordinary things, but *so like him*. I have had a present from him of an amber cabinet, for which I think it is not necessary *to write*."

The amber cabinet seems to indicate that the queen's eccentric correspondent was the sovereign of Prussia.[1]

"Now," concludes queen Mary, "my letter is so long, 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night. I can't end for my life, but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless you, and keep you from all dangers whatsoever, and to send us a happy meeting again here upon earth; and, at last, a joyful and blessed one in heaven in his good time. Farewell! Do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the desperate resistance of the governor, colonel Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked, September 5th, for England. His brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's-road, near Bristol, September $\frac{6}{16}$, driven by the equinoctial winds, before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British Channels, when the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water. The news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Sep. $\frac{18}{8}$, 1690.

"Lord Winchester is desirous to go meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell; but it may pass for what it ought to the world, and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *sleept* all this night for it, though I had but five hours rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

[1] He was made knight of the Garter about a month after, at the same time with the duke of Zell, another friend and ally of William III., the father of George I.'s unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea.

"I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, [Catharine of Braganza,] who came to town *a-Friday*, [on Friday]. She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limmericke* is not taken; for my part, I don't think of that, or any thing but you. God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies."

So closes this regnal correspondence: it concludes as it began, with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September $\frac{20}{10}$. How affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen met her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton-Court, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.

The queen is said to have resided, while the rebuilding of the state-rooms of Hampton-Court proceeded, in a suite of rooms called 'the Water Gallery,' the principal structure in which, the banqueting-room, is now in existence, and this communicated with the royal apartments of the queens of England by a subterranean way. The contemporary drawing, representing the original appearance of the banqueting-room, shows that it was turreted and had a flag-staff, which indicated, by the standard of England, when royalty abode at Hampton-Court.[1]

[1] Hampton-Court Tracts, King's MSS., Brit. Museum.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Great abilities of Mary II.—Birth and death of princess Anne's daughter—King sails for the Hague—Queen again governs *solus*—Condemns her father's friends to death—Remonstrances of lord Preston's child—Torture of Nevill Payne—Danger of the king—His praises of the queen—Her concerns with the church—Queen's danger at the conflagration of Whitehall—Takes refuge in St. James's-park—Insulted by the Jacobites—Return of the king—Queen's negotiation with Dr. Tillotson—King's departure—Queen appoints Dr. Tillotson primate—Promotes Dr. Hooper—Rage of the king—Grief of the queen—Her differences with her sister and George of Denmark—Anne demands the Garter for Marlborough—Her letter to the king—Contemptuous refusal of the queen—Anne and her favourites malcontent—They write to James II.—Queen's persecution of William Penn, the quaker—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Her conversation with Dr. Hooper—Return of the king—Queen reproached by him—His cynical remark on her—Princess Anne's letter to her father—Queen's open quarrel with her sister—Letters of the royal sisters on the dismissal of Marlborough—Final rupture and ejection of the Marlboroughs from Whitehall—Princess Anne departs with them—She borrows Sion-house of the duchess of Somerset—Queen Mary's reception of her sister at her drawing-room in Kensington-palace—Burnet's private opinions of the conduct of the queen and the princess Anne—She is deprived of her guards by the king and queen—Departure of the king.

The abilities of queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as a sovereign, have been as much underrated, as the goodness of her heart and Christian excellences have been over-estimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years that she was queen of Great Britain. On her talents for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell; her own letters fully develop the best part of her character and conduct. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom

resident more than four months together in England, and would scarcely have tarried that space of time, but for the purpose of inducing the parliament to advance enormous sums to support the war he carried on in Flanders, where he commanded as generalissimo of the confederated armies of the German empire against France, as heretofore, but with this difference, that all the wealth of the British kingdoms was turned to supply the funds for those fields of useless slaughter, the prospect of obtaining such sinews of war having been the main object of William's efforts to dethrone his uncle.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Hooper, the friend and chaplain of queen Mary, held her consort's abilities in as low estimation as he always did his character and religious principles, while he pointed out the great talents of the princess, and said, "that if her husband retained his throne, it would be by her skill and talents for governing. Few gave him credit for this assertion, but all came round to his idea when they had seen her at the helm for some months."[1] The king did not leave her so soon as she had dreaded in the summer, but his stay in England was a mere series of preparations for his spring campaign. Lord Marlborough arrived before the close of the autumn from Ireland, where he had met with brilliant success in reducing Cork and Kinsale: he had an audience of thanks from the king and queen at Kensington. Notwithstanding the flattering reception they gave him, he saw that they remembered with secret displeasure his interference when parliament settled the princess Anne's income. At St. James's-palace, the princess gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the queen, but the infant died in the course of a few hours.

The king left the queen to embark for the Hague at a very dangerous and unsettled time, just on the eve of the explosion of a plot for the subversion of their government. He took leave of her January $\frac{6}{16}$, 1690-1, and embarked with admiral Rooke and a fleet of twelve ships of the line.

[1] Hooper MS., edited in Trevor's William III., vol. ii.

The queen was left to govern, by the assistance of the same junta of nine, who were called by the discontented "the nine kings." The departure of William was celebrated by some English Jacobite impertinences in rhyme, which were said or sung by more persons than history records; and these lines note what history does not, the increasing corpulence of her majesty.

"DEPARTURE OF KING WILLIAM FROM QUEEN MARY.[1]

"He at the Boyne his father beat,
And mauled the Irish Turk;
The rebel he did make retreat,
With Ginkell and with Kirke.

But now he is to Holland gone,
That country to defend,
And left the queen and us alone,
No states have such a friend.

The royal dame can fill at once
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is thrice as big as he,
And bears three queens in one."

The minute traits pertaining to the queen's sayings and doings, and personal peculiarities, indicate that the authors of these satires were literally about her path, and stationed round her private apartments.

"Ye whigs and ye tories, repair to Whitehall,
And there ye shall see majestical Mall;
She fills up the throne in the absence of Willy,
Never was monarch so chattering and silly.

She's governed in council by marquis Carmarthen,
And praises the virtues of lady Fitzharding;
She eats like a horse, is as fat as a sow,
And she's led about by 'republic Jack Howe.'"[2]

"Republic Jack Howe" was her majesty's vice-chamberlain; he was remarked for his great enmity to king William. The sneer at the queen's praises of the virtue of Barbara Villiers, lady Fitzharding, is remarkable in the foregoing lines. Elizabeth Villiers is satirized as "Betty the beauty,"[3] an epithet little consistent with Swift's opinion of her person.

[1] Lansdowne MS., British Museum. MS. Songs, collected for Robert Harley, earl of Oxford.

[2] Ibid. Likewise in the MSS. of sir Robert Strange, with some undesirable variations.

[3] Ibid.

The very day after the king's departure, the important trial of lord Preston and Mr. Ashton (a gentleman of the household of the exiled queen Mary Beatrice) took place, for conspiring the restoration of James II. Lord Preston and Ashton were found guilty, on slender evidence, and condemned to death. It is said, that the daughter of lord Preston, lady Catharine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's life by a sudden appeal to the feelings of queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments at Windsor-castle, where he lately had an establishment as James II.'s lord chamberlain, which probably, in the violent confusion of events, had not been legally taken from his domestics and family. The day after the condemnation of lord Preston, the queen found the little lady Catharine in St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily, "What she saw in that picture, which made her look on it so particularly?"—"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours." The story goes, that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child.[1]

It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds. Glad should we be to record as a truth that the pardon of lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of queen Mary; but, alas! the real circumstances of the case will not suffer the idea to be cherished for a moment. Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray by his evidence the deep-laid ramifications of the plot, which compromised many of the nobility and clergy; above all, lord Preston's confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton, to

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution of Great Britain, &c. There are several minutiæ the author has supplied from traditions, preserved among her northern relatives.

whose case the appeal of little lady Catharine[1] applied as much as it did to her father. Queen Mary, however, signed the death-warrant of Ashton without any relenting, and he was executed. He died with great courage, and prayed for king James with his last breath.

Lord Preston's revelations implicated the queen's uncle, lord Clarendon, who continued under very severe incarceration in the Tower during her regency. The extensive conspiracy was connected with the formidable coalition in Scotland, which the queen had partially detected in the summer, when it will be remembered that Nevill Payne, the Jacobite tutor to the young earl of Mar, had been arrested by her orders during the absence of king William in Ireland. Her majesty had written, before the return of the king, it seems, several autograph letters to the privy council of Scotland, in which she had made some ominous inquiries as to what had become of Mr. Nevill Payne.[2] These inquiries were, to be sure, blended with many pious expressions, and as many recommendations "to praise God," which hints in state-documents, unfortunately, are too frequently followed by some unusual perpetration of cruelty to his creatures. The result was, the following infliction on her father's faithful and courageous servant. As it is difficult to abstain from indignant language in such a case, we will only use that addressed to the principal minister of her majesty for Scotland, who was then at court, expediting the business relating to this affair with the queen:—

"TO LORD MELVILLE.[3]

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Nevill Paine was questioned upon some things that were not of the greatest concern, and had but *gentle* torture given him,

[1] Lady Catharine Graham afterwards married the representative of the heroic line of Widdrington, whose fortunes fell in the subsequent northern struggles for the restoration of the house of Stuart, never to rise again.

[2] Melville Papers, pp. 582–585.

[3] Letter from the earl of Crafurd, at Edinburgh, to lord Melville, at Mary's court in London. Nevill Payne soon afterwards died of the effects of these cruelties. Great difficulty was experienced by the author of this Life in discovering the situation in life of Mr. Nevill Payne; at last, from Cunningham the historian's abuse of him as the preceptor to the young earl of Mar, it appears that he was a clergyman of the Scotch episcopalian church. Cunningham himself was preceptor to the duke of Argyle, lord Mar's opponent at Sheriffmuir.

being resolved to repeat it this day; which, accordingly, about six this evening, we inflicted on both his thumbs and one of his legs with all the severity that was consistent with humanity, [such humanity!] even to that pitch *that we could not preserve life and have gone farther;* but without the least success, for his answers to all our interrogatories were negatives. Yea, he was so manly and resolute under his suffering, that such of the council as were not acquainted with all the evidences were *bungled,* [staggered,] and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising to me and others that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours."

It is some satisfaction to perceive that the narrator of this atrocious scene was ashamed and conscience-stricken, and even sick, at the part he had played as chief-inquisitor in this hideous business, for he adds,—

"My stomach is, truly, so out of tune, by being a witness to an act so far cross to my natural temper, that I am fitter for rest than any thing else; but the dangers from *such conspirators to the person of our incomparable king* have prevailed over me, in the council's name, *to have been the prompter of the executioner* to increase the torture to so high a pitch."

While these appalling scenes were proceeding in London and Edinburgh, the life of the consort of the queen had been exposed to imminent danger from the elements. King William had made the coast of Holland two days after his departure, but found that the fleet in which he sailed dared approach no nearer to the coast at Goree than four miles, for a dense frost-fog was settled over the shore, and wrapped every object in its impenetrable shroud. The king was extremely anxious to arrive at the Hague, where their high mightinesses the States-deputies were waiting for him to open their sessions, and they had in the previous year expressed great jealousy of his long absence in his new sovereignty. Notwithstanding the fog, some fishermen ventured on board the king's ship, and reported that Goree was not a mile and a half distant; the king, therefore, resolved to be rowed on shore in his barge, into which he went with the duke of Ormonde, and some of the English nobility of his suite. In a few minutes the royal barge was totally lost in the fog, and could neither find the shore nor regain the fleet. Night fell, and the waves became rough with a ground-swell. The king lay down in the bottom of the open boat, only sheltered by his cloak; the waves washed over him several times, and the danger seemed great. Some one near the

king expressed his despair at their situation. "What! are you afraid to die with me?" asked his majesty, sternly.[1] At day-break the shore was discovered, and the king landed safely at Aranick Haak, and from thence went to the Hague, where he was received triumphantly, with illuminations and all possible rejoicings. It was his first state entrance into his old dominions as king of Great Britain, which the Dutch firmly believed was as much his conquest as it had been that of Norman William in the eleventh century. In all the pageantry at the Hague he was greeted with the cognomen of William "the Conqueror," to the shame and confusion of face of the duke of Ormonde, and many English nobles he brought in his train. The earl of Nottingham, the friend and confidential adviser of queen Mary, who was present at this entry, made some complimentary remark on the acclamations of the Dutch. William replied, "Ah, my lord! if my queen were but here, you would see a difference. Where they now give one shout for me, they would give ten for her."[2] Perhaps his recent danger had caused his heart to be unusually tender in its conjugal reminiscences.

It will be allowed that queen Mary must have possessed considerable personal and mental courage, when it is remembered that she was left alone at the helm of government during the awful events which marked the spring of 1690-1, when the execution of the devoted Ashton, and others of her father's friends, took place; likewise the incarceration of her eldest uncle. Far more dangerous was the step she had to take in dispossessing the apostolic archbishop of Canterbury, and other disinterested clergy of the church of England, who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to herself and her spouse. Nor could the queen have succeeded in this bold undertaking had she not been supported by a standing army, and if that army had not been blended with a numerous portion of foreigners: it was likewise under the unwonted terrors of the lash. Infinitely was the church of England beloved by the commonalty, and great reason

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 525.
[2] Echard's History of the Revolution.

had the people for manifesting towards its clergy the most ardent gratitude.

Those who are observers of historical facts, will readily concur in the remark, that all the changes in our national modes of worship have been effected by queens. Without dwelling on the tradition that the empress Helena, a British lady, planted the gospel in England, it may be remembered that Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin king of Northumbria, and her mother, revived the Christian religion by the agency of Paulinus; that Anne Boleyn caused Henry VIII. to open his eyes to the Reformation; that Katharine Parr's influence preserved the present endowments of our church; that Mary I. restored the Roman hierarchy to a feeble but cruel exercise of power, which was triumphantly wrested from that still formidable body by the able policy of queen Elizabeth. We have here to record innovations of a scarcely less important nature, which were effected by queen Mary II. in the established church of England. Evidence of the changes in queen Mary's own mind and conduct, from the days of her youth, when Hooper and Ken were her pastors, has been carefully and painfully collected and laid before our readers, who will, without difficulty, analyze the reasons why decadence and sorrow paralysed the church of England for nearly a century after the sway of this highly praised woman. When archbishop Sancroft suffered imprisonment for having resisted the rapid advances of James II. to place the Roman church on an equality with the church of England, all disinterested observers of history will allow that our established religion had attained a degree of perfection not often beheld on this earth; nor were the excellences of her clergy at that period confined to their mere learning and literary merit, although Hall, Hooker, George Herbert, Taylor, Barrow, Sanderson, and Ken, rise to memory as among the classics of their century. Recently tried by the persecutions of Cromwell, and still further purified in 1672 by the abrogation of the worst part of the penal laws, the church of England was thus prepared to offer, in the reign of Mary II., that great example of self-denial for

conscience' sake, which ought never to be forgotten by history.

Mary temporized for upwards of a year, in the astute expectation that the possession of the power, dignity, and splendid revenues of the see of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change of life and usages, would at last altogether shake the principles of archbishop Sancroft into some compromise with expediency. As she found that this was vain, she declared his deprivation, and warned him to quit Lambeth, February 1, 1690-1. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the church of England,[1] with several hundred divines, were deprived by queen Mary on the same day.[2] Sancroft took no notice of this act, but continued to live at the palace, exercising the same charity and hospitality as before. Bishop Ken remonstrated, and read a protestation in the market-place of Wells, pointing out the illegality of the queen's proceedings. Finding this was unavailing, Ken, who carried not away a sixpence from his bishopric, retired to the charity of his nephew, the rev. Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury-close. No successor had as yet been appointed to the see of Canterbury. Dean Tillotson was supposed to be the future archbishop. It was given out that the queen (regarding whose attachment to the church of England a political cry was raised) had the sole management of ecclesiastical affairs, and that the choice of all the dignitaries was her own unbiassed act. Archbishop Sancroft observed, "that he had committed no crime against church or state which could authorize his degradation, and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence." He, however, packed up his beloved books, and waited for that hour. Thousands of swords would have been flashing in the defence

[1] Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and Lake, bishop of Chichester, supplied the places of Lloyd of St. Asaph, and Trelawney of Bristol, and thus the number of the "sacred seven," who had equally resisted the corruptions of Rome and the innovations of dissent, was completed.

[2] D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft. Some say seven hundred clergy, others four hundred. Further information on this important point is afforded by Palin's History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717.

of the venerable primate if he would have endured the appeal to arms, but passive resistance he deemed the only, the proper demeanour for a Christian prelate of the reformed church. The people of the present age have forgotten the sneers that prevailed against these principles throughout a great part of the last century, and therefore are better able to appreciate conduct, assuredly more worthy of primitive Christianity than the mammon-worshipping seventeenth century would allow. A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint to fill the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury. Her tutor, Compton bishop of London, had the ambition to desire this high appointment; but his extreme ignorance, his military education, and the perpetual blunders he made in his functions, would not permit such advancement.[1]

The queen was, at this important juncture, earnestly solicited in behalf of her eldest uncle, Henry lord Clarendon, by his friend Katharine, the dowager lady Ranelagh, and by his brother, her uncle Lawrence, earl of Rochester, particularly, for some relaxation in the severity of his durance in the Tower. The reader will recall the queen's own extraordinary narrative of her committal of her eldest uncle to that fortress in the commencement of her last regency. Attainder and trial for high treason were now hanging over the head of Clarendon, whose health, moreover, was sinking under the depression of solitary confinement. Meantime, lady Ranelagh had previously negotiated the armistice between the queen and her uncle Rochester, through the agency of Burnet. The executor of Burnet[2] claims much credit for the generosity of that person, as the queen's uncles always disliked him; yet there was a mixture of policy in the interference, as, to use Burnet's own phraseology, "'twasn't decent" for the people to see one of the queen's uncles in durance in the Tower, and another in estrangement and impoverishment, because they beheld the exaltation of their

[1] With the idea of making his court, however, to the king for this purpose, bishop Compton had left his see, and accompanied him in his voyage to Holland.

[2] Life of Burnet, p. 272.

sister's daughter with horror. Had they been brothers of the queen's step-mother, such conduct might have been expected; but that the brothers of her *mother* should afford such examples, left on her cause a glaring reproach, which could not too soon be removed.

In one of lady Ranelagh's[1] remonstrances on the subject of the enmity between queen Mary and her uncles, she thus speaks of the queen: "This same royal person would not, I think, act unbecoming herself, or the eminent station God has placed her in, in assisting five innocent children, who have the honour to be related to her royal[2] mother, (who did still, with great tenderness, consider her own family when she was most raised above it,) especially when, in assisting them, her majesty will need only to concern herself to preserve a property made theirs by the law of England, which, as queen of this kingdom, she is obliged to maintain." It is probable that the allusion here made, is to some grant or pension formerly given by the Stuart sovereigns in aid of the maintenance of the ennobled family of Hyde, the titles of which, howsoever well deserved they might be, were not supported on the broad basis of hereditary estates, —a circumstance which places the conscientious opposition of Henry earl of Clarendon to his royal niece in a more decided light, and accounts, at the same time, for the compliance of her uncle Lawrence, earl of Rochester, after long reluctance. "I know not," says the queen's younger uncle, Lawrence, "whether the queen can do me any good in this affair, but I believe her majesty cannot but wish she could; however, I think I should have been very wanting to my children if I had not laid this case most humbly before her majesty, lest at one time she herself might say I might have been too negligent in making applications to her, which, having now done, I leave the rest, with all possible submission, to her

[1] Katharine lady Ranelagh was the dowager lady of that name, the daughter of Richard, first earl of Cork; she was nearly connected with the queen's maternal relatives.

[2] Anne Hyde, duchess of York, called "royal" by lady Ranelagh, because she was by marriage a member of the royal family.

own judgment, and to the reflection that *some good-natured moments* may incline her towards my family."

During the earl of Clarendon's hard confinement, his more complying brother thus writes of him: "Such a petition might be presented with a better grace [to the queen] if he were once out of the Tower on bail, than it would be while he is under this *close confinement*."[1] Again the brother strives to awaken some compassion in the heart of the queen, by pathetic reminiscences of their illustrious father, the grandsire on whose knees Mary had been reared at Twickenham. He writes to Burnet,—

"I will allow you, as a servant of the queen, to have as great a detestation of the contrivance,[2] as you can wish. But when I consider you, as you once were a concerned friend, to have a respect for his family, and particularly for our father, [the great earl of Clarendon,] who not only lost all the honours and preferments of this world, but even the comforts of it too, for the integrity and uprightness of his heart, you must forgive me if I conjure you, by all that is sacred, that you do not suffer this next heir to my good father's name to go down with sorrow to the grave. I cannot but think that the queen would do (and would be glad to avow it too,) some great thing for the memory of *that gentleman*, though long in his grave."

The queen's grandfather, lord Clarendon, is designated by the expression "that gentleman;" yet all the bearings of her conduct prove that Mary had as little tenderness for her maternal relatives as for her father, for in all her correspondence extant, the words "my mother" are not to be found traced by her pen. Yet this biography brings instances in which that parent's memory, and even that of her grandfather, were pressed on the queen's recollection. "I hope," continues her uncle Lawrence, still pleading against the attainder of his eldest brother by the government of his niece,—

"I hope there may be a charitable inclination to spare the *débris* of our broken family, for the sake of him that was the raiser of it. A calamity of the nature that I now deprecate has something in it so frightful, and *on some accounts so unnatural*, that I beg you [Burnet] for God's sake, from an angry man, to grow an advocate for me and for the family on this account."[3]

The last of these letters is dated New Park, April 2, 1691.

[1] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

[2] The Ashton and Preston plot, for participation in which the queen's eldest uncle was then imprisoned.

[3] Burnet's Life, p. 286.

It is doubtful whether the unfortunate lord Clarendon was liberated from the Tower until after the death of his old friend, admiral lord Dartmouth, committed to the Tower by queen Mary the day after the date of the above letter. Dartmouth died of grief and regret, after a few months' durance; and when the queen at last liberated her eldest uncle, he was to hold himself a prisoner within the limits of his country-house.

Queen Mary cherished a strong desire to add the noble French colony of Canada to her transatlantic dominions. In the preceding winter of 1691, Quebec was summoned to surrender to king William and queen Mary. The governor of Quebec, Frontinac, replied, "that he knew neither king William nor queen Mary; but, whosoever they might be, he should hold out the garrison given in charge from his master, Louis XIV., against them."[1] Under the queen's regency, a detachment of British troops was despatched to invade the colony, but the expedition was unsuccessful. Canada continued in the power of the original colonists for more than half a century.

King William returned to England to procure supplies of money and troops, April $\frac{3}{13}$, 1691. The night of his arrival, a tremendous fire had reduced the principal part of Whitehall to ashes, which presented only heaps of smoking ruins as he came up the river on the following morning. The conflagration commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister Anne. It was occasioned by linen igniting in the laundry. The Jacobite writers accuse king William of setting fire to Whitehall, because he could not bear to inhabit the former palaces of his uncles, and in the hope of excluding the public, who claimed, by prescription too ancient to be then controverted, the right of free entrance while their sovereigns sat in state at meat, or took their diversions. The demolition of Hampton-Court, the desolation of Greenwich-palace, and the desertion of Whitehall for Kensington, were quoted

[1] Dangeau, vol. ii. p. 369.

by the malcontents. The conflagration of Whitehall certainly originated by accident, for queen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite being contiguous to the queen's side, or privy-lodgings, the flames had communicated to the latter before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress into St. James's-park. Here new adventures befell her, for colonel Oglethorpe and sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, leaders of the Jacobite party, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her."—"She was notoriously insulted by them,"[1] repeats another manuscript authority. "The long gallery was then burnt, most of the royal apartments, with those of the king's officers and servants." Edmund Calamy is the only printed annalist of the times who alludes to the reproaches made to the queen. This author is too timid to enter into detail. However, those who compare his hints with our quotations, will see that these curious facts are confirmed by that respectable and honest nonconformist. Without particularizing where the offence was committed, Calamy confirms our MS. evidence in these words, speaking of sir John Fenwick: "He had taken several opportunities of affronting queen Mary in places of public resort."[2]

Many invaluable portraits and treasures of antiquity belonging to the ancient regality of England were consumed with Whitehall-palace. Some nameless poet of that day commemorated the event in these lines:—

> "See the imperial palace's remains,
> Where nothing now but desolation reigns;
> Fatal presage of monarchy's decline,
> And extirpation of the regal line."[3]

Since the pecuniary assistance which Dr. Tillotson had

[1] Birch MS. 4466, British Museum. Diary of Mr. Sampson, p. 43. Another contemporary manuscript repeats the same circumstances of the danger and distress of the queen, of which, no doubt, more detailed particulars exist in private letters, in the unpublished archives of different noble houses.

[2] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 388. [3] "Faction Displayed;" State poem.

rendered on the memorable experiment in popularity at Canterbury, king William had marked him for the highest advancement in the church of England. His majesty considered that Dr. Tillotson was perfectly willing to receive this appointment; nevertheless, some obstacle, stronger than the conventional refusal of episcopal promotion, seemed to deter him. Dr. Tillotson told the king, at last, "that he was married; that there had previously been but one or two married archbishops, and never an archbishop's widow; and as he had no provision wherewith to endow his wife, he considered, in case of her widowhood, it would be an unseemly sight if she left Lambeth to beg alms."[1] The king replied, "if that was his objection, the queen would settle all to his satisfaction, and that of Mrs. Tillotson." Accordingly, after a long interview with queen Mary, Dr. Tillotson declared "he was ready to take the place of archbishop Sancroft, as soon as her majesty found it vacant." That matter, however, promised to be full of difficulty, for Sancroft persisted in his assertion, "that if the queen wanted Lambeth, she must thrust him out of it." King William left her majesty *solus* to encounter all the embarrassments of the archbishop's deprivation and of the new appointment, as he sailed for Flanders, May 11th, 1691. The queen nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy, May 31st, 1691. She sent a mandate, signed by her own hand, warning Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. This he did not obey. The emissaries of the queen finally expelled him from his palace, June 23rd; he took a boat at the stairs the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, when he retired to end his days in his village in Suffolk.[2]

There was but one pen in the world capable of calumniating Sancroft: that pen belonged to Burnet. He has accused the apostolic man of having amply provided for himself from the revenues of Canterbury; but long before Burnet's books were printed, the circumstances in which Sancroft lived and died were well known to the world. In truth, the deprived

[1] Dr. Birch's Life of Tillotson. [2] Biographia Britannica.

archbishop went forth from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books: he had distributed all his revenues in charity, and would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate in Suffolk. To an ancient but lowly residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectably, from father to son, for three centuries, archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits. The use to which Sancroft put his savings has been revealed by a biography strictly founded on documents, the modest voice of which has, in our times, put to open shame his slanderer. From it we learn, that Sancroft began to devote his savings, when he was only dean of St. Paul's, to amplifying some of those miserable livings which too frequently fall to the lot of the best of the English clergy. The vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, was thus endowed. Seven livings were augmented by this practical Christian before queen Mary hurled him from his archbishopric: he likewise wrote earnest letters to his rich clergy, recommending them to "aid their poor brethren's livings." One glorious light of our church, Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our church has reason to bless Sancroft daily, for his self-denial and charitable exertions set the example to the great 'Bounty of queen Anne.'[1]

When Dr. Tillotson vacated the deanery of Canterbury to become primate, William sent the queen, from Holland, three names, as those from whom he chose the deanery to

[1] Burnet *must* have known these facts. In his printed history he accuses him in one page of enriching himself, and on the page opposite he is contemned for poverty. Any reader who wishes to see documentary proofs of Sancroft's good works and of Burnet's slander, may turn to Dr. D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft. The attack on Sancroft for enriching himself does not occur in Burnet's manuscript; *there* he only reviles and despises him for his miserable poverty. It is possible that the contradictory statement was introduced by Mackey "the spy," his executor. Collate with Harleian MSS. Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. pp. from 148 to 181.

be supplied,—thus usurping the ancient functions of the chapters of old;[1] a fact in utter contradiction to the assertion that he permitted his queen to exercise entirely the function of head of the church of England. Mary *did* venture to exercise the limited choice he allowed, so far as to appoint Dr. Hooper dean of Canterbury. The king supposed that his enmity to her former almoner was sufficiently known to his submissive partner; for it became evident, that although he had put Hooper's name on the list, it was only to give that divine the mortification of being rejected by her. William's rage was extreme when he found that he was thus taken at his word. One of the queen's ladies, who had married in Holland, (without doubt, the countess Zulestein,) wrote to Mrs. Hooper, "that their royal mistress would be bitterly chid on her husband's return." Indeed this, the worthiest appointment made in her reign, cost Mary many tears: "that was too often her case in England," continues our authority, "but in Holland it was daily so."

When the queen obtained the liberty, as she supposed, for this appointment, she sent for Dr. Hooper, by lord Nottingham, to Whitehall, and forthwith nominated him to the deanery. He was greatly surprised, and begged to know which of his livings, Lambeth or Woodhey, she would be pleased he should resign. "Neither," replied the queen. But the conscientious Hooper refused to retain pluralities,[2] and he laid down Woodhey, worth 300*l.* per annum, before he quitted the royal presence. Queen Mary was glad to give it to another of her chaplains, Dr. Hearn. The queen

[1] The conduct of king William, in this action, presents a most extraordinary antithesis to the ancient functions of the church on the appointment of dignitaries. "The heads of chapters, after sitting in convocation in their chapter-houses, presented *three names* to the king, praying him "to name from these churchmen (either of whom the church considered worthy of the office) the one most agreeable to his grace." The monarch did so, and forthwith received homage for the temporalities. It was not considered courteous of the chapter or chapters to give the monarch less choice than three. Sometimes there were six; the larger the number, the more preventive of faction was the custom deemed.—Brakelonde's Chronicle of St. Edmund's Bury: Camden Society.

[2] Dr. Hooper was a married man with a family; his example was therefore the more admirable. It must be remembered, that his daughter was the editress of this journal.

required of her old servant to inform her plainly, "why it was that Tillotson was looked upon as a Socinian?" Dr. Hooper attributed the report to the great intimacy between him and Dr. Firmin,[1] who was often seen at his table at Lambeth. This friendship had begun in their youth, and was still continued.[2]

The calamity of fire seemed to pursue king William and his royal consort. The queen had scarcely welcomed the king on his return to their newly-finished palace of Kensington, when an awful fire broke out there, about seven in the morning, November 10, 1691; it wrapped in flames the stone gallery and the adjacent apartments. When the roar of the fire became audible, William, believing a treacherous attack on his palace was in progress, called loudly for his sword,[3] but soon found that the foe was better quelled by a bucket of water. The queen likewise apprehended treason. At last, being convinced the fire was accidental, she descended with the king, as soon as they were dressed, into the garden, when they stood for some hours watching their foot-guards pass buckets of water, until by their activity the conflagration was subdued.[4]

The differences which subsisted between the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, in the winter of 1691, became more publicly apparent, owing to some awkward diplomacy that the king had set his consort to transact relative to prince George of Denmark. On his majesty's departure from England in the preceding May, the prince had asked permission "to serve him as a volunteer at sea;" the king gave his brother-in-law the embrace enjoined by courtly etiquette, but answered him not a word. George of Denmark took silence for consent, prepared his sea-equipage, and sent all on board the ship in which he intended to sail; but king William had left positive orders with queen Mary, "that she was not to

[1] He was the leader of the Socinians in London. We quote the dialogue, not because we have a wish to discuss controversial points, but because queen Mary was one of the speakers.

[2] Manuscript account of Dr. Hooper. Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 472.

[3] Tindal's Con. of Rapin, p. 76, from which the above incidents have been drawn.

[4] Defoe's Tour through Great Britain, vol. i. p. 12.

suffer prince George to sail with the fleet; yet she was not openly to forbid him to go." Thus the queen had the very difficult diplomatic task enjoined her by her spouse to impede the intentions of her brother-in-law, making it appear, at the same time, as if he staid by his own choice.

The queen, according to lady Marlborough's account,[1] observed her husband's directions exactly: she sent "a very great lord" to that lady, to desire that she would persuade the princess Anne to hinder prince George from his sea-expedition. The queen expected her (lady Marlborough) to accomplish it without letting her mistress know the reason. Lady Marlborough replied, "that it was natural for the princess to wish that her husband should stay at home, out of danger, yet there was doubt whether she would prevail on him to give up his expedition; but that as to herself, she could not undertake to say any thing to the princess, and conceal her reasons for speaking; yet, if she were permitted to use her majesty's name, she would say whatever was desired by her."[2] But this did not accord with her majesty's views.

The queen had now entered into a league with Lawrence Hyde, earl of Rochester, her younger uncle, who had been prevailed upon, to the indignation of her captive, his elder brother Clarendon, to take the oaths to her government,[3] and become one of her ministers. The earl of Rochester, who had been the particular object of the revilings of the princess Anne and her favourite, was at this time sent by queen Mary to explain her pleasure, "that prince George of Denmark was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, which measure was to appear to be his own choice." Prince George replied to this rather unreasonable intimation, "That there had been much talk in London respecting his intention; and as his preparations were very well known, if he sent for his sea-equipage from on board ship, as the queen desired, without giving any reason for such caprice, that he

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.
[2] Diary of Lord Clarendon.
[3] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.

should make a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of every one." His representation was undoubtedly true; and it was as true that the king and queen would not have had any objection to his incurring contempt by his obedience, in the eyes of the English people. The queen, finding that the prince of Denmark would not submit to the intervention of her will and pleasure in private, was obliged to send her lord chamberlain, Nottingham, in form, positively to forbid his embarkation.[1] "The queen and princess lived, in appearance," continues lady Marlborough, "as if nothing had happened, all that summer. Yet lord Portland, it was well known, had ever a great prejudice to my lord Marlborough; and Elizabeth Villiers, although I had never done her any injury, excepting not making my court to her, was my implacable enemy."[2]

The princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favourite, had thought fit to demand the order of the Garter, as a reward due to the military merit of lord Marlborough in Ireland. The request had been made by letter to her brother-in-law:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM.[3]

"SIR, "Tunbridge, Aug. 2, [1691].

"I hope you will pardon me for giving you this trouble, but I cannot help seconding the request the prince [George of Denmark] has now made you *to remember your promise of a Garter for lord Marlborough.* You cannot bestow it upon any one that has been more serviceable to you in the late revolution, nor that has ventured *their lives* for you as he has done since your coming to the crown; but if people will not think these merits enough, I cannot believe any body will be so unreasonable as to be dissatisfied, when it is known you are pleased to give it him on the prince's account and mine. I am sure I shall ever look upon it as a mark of your favour to us. I will not trouble you with any ceremony, because I know you do not care for it.

"ANNE."

The queen refused this demand. It has been stated that there was something of contempt in her manner of so doing, which exasperated the favourites of her sister into a degree of rage that led them to conspire the downfall of her husband and herself from the sovereignty. Lord Marlborough, in the same year, wrote to his former master,

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 41. [2] Ibid.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

James II., declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace, for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He made unbounded offers of his services, and finished by assuring him, "that he would bring the princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement."[1] Marlborough was then one of the council of nine assisting in the government. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, did not give much encouragement to this treason, and drily answered to Marlborough "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

Meantime, the queen's regency was agitated by plots, which were ramifications of that of lord Preston. She signed warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely and lord Dartmouth; she likewise molested the deprived primate, by sending a commission to his cottage in Suffolk to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could scarcely refrain from tears, when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door to answer his knock, because his only attendant, an old woman who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill. The queen's enmity was exceedingly great to William Penn, whose name was involved in these machinations; an entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania, and the good quaker was forced to hide his head and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his sect before the accession of James II. He wished to have an interview with the queen. "He could," he said, "convince her of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well, because the predominance of her father's religion must be ultimate destruction to his own. The personal friendship was warm which he bore 'to James Stuart;' but he loved him as such, and not as king. He was his benefactor," he said; "he loved him in his prosperity, and he never could speak against

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. Dalrymple's Appendix. Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, cannot deny this fact, but excuses it on the plea "that he desired only to *deceive* king James!"

him in his adversity."[1] But let him say what he would, William Penn was a persecuted man as long as queen Mary lived.

Queen Mary's government, in the summer of 1691, had been accompanied by a series of circumstances calamitous enough to daunt the courage of a more experienced ruler. Disastrous and bloody battles had been fought in Flanders, and great slaughter of the English troops ensued, without the satisfaction of victory. Corn was at a famine price; the country gentry and merchants were sinking under a weight of taxation, such as never had been heard or thought of in the British islands. The fleet had returned covered with disgrace; English seamen were overcome, merely by the horrible provisions and worthless ammunition which the corrupt ministry had provided for their use. All these tremendous difficulties had the queen to surmount, but her correspondence is not available for the history of this summer. It is known that she sojourned in her palace without a friend,—nay, without an object of affection. She had no affections except for her husband, and he was absent, exposed to a thousand dangers. She had no female friend among her numerous ladies, for in her voluminous correspondence which has been opened to the reader, where she has entered into the feelings of her own heart with minute and skilful anatomy, she has never mentioned *one* person as a friend. Indeed, her panegyrist, Burnet, in his curious manuscript narrative, observes, in the enumeration of her other "valuable qualities," that the queen never had a female friend. Her majesty certainly was, in 1691, in the most utter loneliness of heart. She was on ill terms with queen Catharine, and the cold, distant communication of mere state audiences which took place between herself and her sister, the princess Anne, was ready to break out, from the quietude of aversion to the active warfare of hatred that soon ensued.

The queen wrote to lady Russell,[2] in reply to an applica-

[1] This expression is in his letters in the Pepys' Collections.

[2] Bibl. Birch, 4163; Plut. cvi. D, p. 42. Dated 1691, July 30.

tion of that lady for the disposal of the auditorship of Wales, worth 400*l.* per annum, for Mr. Vaughan, her son; on this head, queen Mary observed,—

"I am sure that the king will be as willing to please you as myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing as, it may be, others do, that I lead at present. Besides the pain I am almost continually in for the king, it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither happy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought; but I must be content with what it pleases God, and this year I have had good reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland,[1] the news of which came so quick upon one another that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places. But I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must look for little good either from Flanders or sea. The king continues, God be praised, very well; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle were over,—I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself."

While the fleets of England and France were threatening each other, the Jacobites were active. On the other hand, those persons whose prosperity depended on the permanence of the Revolution, indefatigably infused in the queen's mind suspicions of all who were not their friends. Thus instigated, the queen sent for Dr. Hooper one day to chide him for his undutiful conduct to archbishop Tillotson. "I have been told," she said, "that you never wait on him; neither does Mrs. Hooper visit Mrs. Tillotson, as she ought to do." Dr. Hooper proved to the queen "that he had paid all the respect, and so had his wife, at Lambeth-palace that was proper, without proving intrusive." The queen smiled, and said "she did not believe the report was true when she heard it." The mischief-maker who had approached the ear of majesty then ventured somewhat further, and subsequently informed queen Mary that, of all places in the world, the apostolic Hooper had been figuring at a great cock-match at Bath, which it was supposed was a general muster for the Jacobite gentry of the west of England. Dr. Hooper, being questioned on this matter by queen Mary, replied, very quietly, "that it was true he had been at Bath some months that year, on account of the disastrous health of his wife, who was all the time in danger of her life." The queen graciously interrupted him to ask, "How Mrs.

[1] Surrender of Limerick, and subsequently of the whole island.

Hooper was then?" When dean Hooper had replied, he resumed the discussion, affirming "that he had never heard a tittle of the cock-match at Bath, or of the meeting of the Jacobite gentlemen there."

The queen then informed him of some minor malicious reports; among others, an accusation that he always travelled on the Sabbath. "It is true," replied Dr. Hooper, "that I am often on the road on the Sabbath, but it is in the pursuance of my clerical duty. I travel with my wife journeys of several days to Bath. I always rest the whole Sunday, and attend both services,—easily ascertained, as I usually preach for the minister where I tarry." The queen then told him, in a very gracious manner, "that she had never believed what he was accused of, but she would always let him know his faults, or rather, what he was accused of." Her majesty concluded by "letting him know" that her informer was Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.[1] Burnet was noted for his propensity to scandalous gossip, in the promulgation of which he little heeded the conventional decencies of time and place; as, for instance, lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, told lord Dartmouth[2] that he had heard bishop Burnet scandalize the duchess of York before her daughter, queen Mary, and a great deal of company, according to the well-known passage of slander printed in his history,—with this difference, that when speaking, he did not conceal the name of the person with whom he affirmed she was in love: this was Henry Sidney, created by William III. earl of Romney, and given an enormous grant of 17,000*l.* per annum. If lord Jersey could hear Burnet hold forth on this subject, the queen could do the same, as that noble was one of her household, whose duties placed him near her chair.

King William arrived safely at Kensington, October the 13th. The queen was for a time relieved from the heavy

[1] Hooper MS., in Trevor's William III., p. 473.

[2] Notes to Burnet, vol. i, p. 394; note and text. In the latter, Burnet expressly declares that Anne Hyde, duchess of York, induced her husband to become a Roman-catholic at the time when he received the sacrament according to the ritual of the church of England.

weight of the regnal sceptre, but she had to endure the bitterest reproaches, because she had purposely misconstrued his intention by the promotion of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury.

Not even in the most important crisis that occurred when the nation was under her guidance for the two previous years, was queen Mary ever permitted to meet her peers and commoners assembled in parliament, for the purpose of convening them or dismissing them. Her husband opened parliament after his return from Flanders, October 22, 1691, and, in his robes and crown, made a speech on the final reduction of Ireland, in the course of which he never once mentioned his wife. The king's neglect, whether proceeding from forgetfulness, ingratitude, or jealousy, was quickly repaired by parliament; for on the 27th of the same month, the lords and commons almost simultaneously moved "that addresses be presented to her majesty at Whitehall,[1] giving her thanks for her prudent care in the administration of the government in his majesty's absence." The new archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson, was requested by the lords to draw up their address, which was thus worded:—

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, from a true sense of the quiet and happiness the nation hath enjoyed in your majesty's administration of government in the king's absence, do hold ourselves obliged to present our most humble acknowledgments to your majesty for your prudent conduct therein, to the universal satisfaction as well as the security of the kingdom."

The house of lords also requested lord Villiers (newly raised to the peerage as viscount, and then lord chamberlain to the queen) "to attend her majesty presently, to know what time her majesty will appoint for this house to attend her with the address." After some delay, lord Villiers acquainted the house "that he had attended her majesty as commanded, who hath appointed three o' the clock this Friday afternoon for the house to attend her with the address, in the drawing-room at Whitehall." This room must have been the withdrawing-room adjoining the well-known Banqueting-hall at Whitehall, which had been spared by the

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, from the library of E. C. Davey, esq.

flames that had recently devastated nearly the whole of the palace.

The king had obtained some information on the subject of Marlborough's correspondence with James II. He attributed to his treacherous betrayal the failure of an attack made on Brest by the English fleet in the preceding summer.[1] "Upon my honour," replied Marlborough, "I never mentioned it but in confidence to my wife."—"I never mention any thing in confidence to mine," was the reply of king William. The cynical spirit of this answer bears some analogy to the temper of king William, yet the utter impossibility of the assertion, to one who knew that Mary held the reins of government on the most confidential terms with her husband, makes it doubtful that the king ever made use of any such words. The anecdote is widely known, but it is founded on nothing but hearsay and tradition. It seems to have been invented by Marlborough to account, in an off-hand way, to the world that this serious treachery had accidentally slipped out in a gossip-letter from lady Marlborough to her sister, lady Tyrconnel, who was with the royal exiles at the court of St. Germains; for how could king William say to one of the council of nine that he never told any thing confidentially to the queen, when her letters give full proof that the most important matters were expedited by her? William could make repartees which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; yet he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words. Such characters seldom make remarks which are at once absurd and self-contradictory. Whatsoever might have been the real version of this angry dialogue, it led to the result that Marlborough took the step he had hinted to James II., and under his influence, and that of his wife, the princess Anne was induced to pen a penitential epistle to her father.[2] It was in these terms:—

[1] There were two attacks on Brest in this reign, both abortive; the one here mentioned, in which there was a great slaughter of the English, and another in 1694, when general Tollemache was killed. There is documentary evidence that Marlborough betrayed the last.—Dalrymple's History.

[2] James II.'s Memoirs, edited by J. S. Clark, 1816. Likewise Macpherson's History, vol. ii. p. 609, for the letter.

"Dec. $\frac{1}{11}$, 1691.

"I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission to you, and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recall what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late,—of being less suspected of insincerity than perhaps they would have been at any time before. It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

"I have had a great mind to beg you to make *one compliment for me;* but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself, at present, with hoping the bearer will make a *compliment* for me to the queen."

Now the bearer in whose hands this letter was deposited for conveyance, (as some say, by the princess Anne herself,) was the last person likely to fetch and carry with suitable grace the affected verbal trash called *compliments* by the fine ladies of that day. He was a bluff and stout Welchman, captain Davy Lloyd, one of James II.'s veteran sea-commanders. Davy held the daughters of his old master in the utmost contempt, which he did not scruple to express, at times, without any very refined choice of epithets.

Both queen Mary and king William were soon apprized that some such epistle was compounded, long before it reached the hands of James II. Lady Fitzharding, it has been noted, was the spy[1] of her sister Elizabeth Villiers, in the family of the princess Anne; and by her agency, king William knew accurately, within a very few hours, all that passed at the Cockpit. The princess Anne rather encouraged than suppressed the daring imprudence of her favourite lady Marlborough, and they would vituperate the reigning monarch with the most virulent terms of abuse.[2] Thus all the elements of discord were ready for violent explosion, which actually took place on the evening of January 9, 1691-2, when a personal altercation ensued between the

[1] This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his Life of Marlborough, vol. i p. 48.
[2] Ibid.

queen and the princess Anne.[1] There is no doubt but that Anne's partiality for the Marlboroughs was the subject of dispute. No particulars, however, transpired, excepting what may be gleaned from subsequent letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough. From these it appears that the queen threatened to deprive her sister of half her income. The princess Anne well knew that parliament having secured to her the whole, such threats were vain, since, if the wishes of her sister and her spouse had been consulted, she would have been in possession of neither half of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed her by her country. The princess Anne had just received her payment of this allowance, and had settled on the Marlboroughs an annuity from it of 1000*l.*,[2] circumstances which had probably added to the exasperation of the queen, who considered that the whole of that sum was torn from the ways and means of her husband to carry on the war.

The next morning, it was the turn of lord Marlborough to fulfil his duties as one of the lords of the bedchamber to king William, who secretly resolved to expel him from his service, and to make the manner of his doing it very disagreeable to him. Marlborough commenced his waiting-week without the least remark being made; but after he had put on the king's shirt and done his duty for the morning, lord Nottingham was sent to him with an abrupt message, "that the king had no further wish for his services, and that he was commanded to *sell* or *dispose* of all his employments." Every one was immediately busied in guessing his crime; it was, however, generally supposed to be making mischief between the princess and the king and queen. The king and queen further desired "that he, lord Marlborough, would absent himself from their presence for the future."[3]

The anguish that the princess Anne manifested at this disgrace of her favourite's husband was excessive: she

[1] The date of Coxe is here followed.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Letter of lord Basil Hamilton to his father, the duke of Hamilton.

greatly exasperated the king and queen by her tearful eyes and sad countenance when she visited them. The princess's anticipations of still harsher measures probably led to her depression of spirits, since she received an anonymous letter before the end of January, which warned her that the next step taken by the government would be the imprisonment of lord Marlborough. The letter likewise gave her a really salutary warning respecting the treachery of lady Fitzharding, and that "all the tears she had shed, and the words she had spoken on the subject of lord Marlborough's disgrace, had been betrayed to the king" by that household spy. It must excite great surprise in those to whom the under-currents of events are unknown, to think what could impel king William to utterly cashier a person who had been so useful to him in the revolution as lord Marlborough; however, Evelyn, a contemporary, discusses the point plainly enough, in these words:[1] "Lord Marlborough, lieutenant-general, gentleman of the bedchamber, dismissed from all his employments, military and other, for his faults in excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion, on all occasions, from his inferior officers." These charges were disgraceful enough to induce confusion of countenance in any near connexion of the delinquent; but the practice of robbing the public had become so common, that it was seldom charged against any one who had not been concerned in schemes generally considered more dangerously inimical to the government.

Neither king William nor his consort dared openly accuse the Marlboroughs of having abetted the princess Anne in a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led a third of their subjects to follow their example. The silence of the king and queen (at least in regard to the public) on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened lady Marlborough sufficiently to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception-day at Kensington, about three weeks after the disgrace of her husband. On the morrow queen Mary forbad the repeti-

[1] Evelyn's Diary, January 24, 1691-2.

tion of lady Marlborough's intrusion, in the following letter to the princess Anne:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.[1]

"Kensington, Friday, 5th of Feb.

"Having something to say to you which I know will not be very pleasing, I choose rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprise you, though I think what I am going to tell you should not, if you give yourself time to think, that never any body was suffered to live at court in lord Marlborough's circumstances. *I need not repeat the cause he has given the king to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to extremities, though people do deserve it.*"

In this dark hint is embodied all the information the queen chose to give her sister regarding the cause of the disgrace of her sister's favourites and guides. The passage, written with extreme caution, was prepared thus, to guard against the political mischief which might be done by the princess Anne and her audacious ruler, from making the queen's letter of remonstrance public among their party. At the same time it is manifest, that previous remonstrance and explanation on the offences of the princess and the Marlboroughs had been resorted to by her majesty. What these offences and injuries were, the preceding pages of this biography fully explain. This section of the queen's letter is an instance of the sagacity for which she was famed. The whole is written with moderation, when the provocation is considered, and the fearful dangers with which the throne of Mary and her beloved husband was surrounded in 1692, dangers which the correspondence of Anne and her coadjutors with her exiled father greatly aggravated. Queen Mary continues,—

"I hope you do me the justice to believe it is much against my will that I now tell you that, after this, it is very unfit that lady Marlborough should stay with you, since that gives her husband so just a pretence of being where he should not. I think I might have expected you should have spoke to me of *it*; and the king and I, both believing *it*, made us stay thus long. But seeing you was so far from *it* that you brought lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put *it* off no longer, but tell you *she must not stay*, and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her as the strangest thing that ever was done. Nor could all my kindness for you, (which is always ready to turn all you do the best way,) at any other time, have hindered me from

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 44. We have vainly searched for the originals of these letters, being unwilling to take lady Marlborough's version.

showing you so that moment, *but I considered your condition,* and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then."

Contrary to her usual style, in this letter the sentences of the queen are not constructed logically in all their bearings; her reiterated "*it*" seems to mean, that she and king William expected the princess Anne to propose to them the dismissal of lady Marlborough, on account of the disgrace of that person's husband, instead of bringing her into their evening drawing-room as coolly as if nothing had happened. Notwithstanding her folly in thus conducting herself, the situation of the princess Anne required consideration and forbearance, for she was, in February 1691-2, within a few weeks of her confinement, and her health at such times was always precarious. The queen's excessive self-praises of her own kindness to her sister are remarkable enough; they are founded on the fact that, in consideration "for her condition," she did not reprove the princess publicly, and expel the intruder she brought with her, as her majesty thought they deserved.

"But now I must tell you," resumes queen Mary, "it was very unkind in a sister, would have been very uncivil in an equal; and I need not say I have more to claim, which, though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you. 'Tis upon that account I tell you plainly, lady Marlborough must not continue with you, in the circumstances her lord is.

"I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it, for I have all the real kindness imaginable for you; and as I ever have, so will always do my part to live with you as sisters ought; that is, not only like so near relations, but like friends, and as such I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your kindness for *her* [lady Marlborough] made you at first forget what you should have for the king and me, and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher ways; but the sight of lady Marlborough having changed my thoughts, does naturally alter my style. And since by that I see how little you seem to consider what, even in common civility, you owe us, I have told it you plainly, but, withal, assure you that, let me have never so much reason to take any thing ill of you, my kindness is so great that I can pass over most things, and live with you as becomes [us]. And I desire to do so merely from that motive, for I do love you as my sister, and nothing but yourself can make me do otherwise; and that is the reason I choose to write this rather than tell it to you, that you may overcome your first thoughts. And when you have well considered, you will find that, though the thing be hard, (which I again assure you I am sorry for,) yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what yourself would do were you [queen] in my place.

"I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one. I shall come to your drawing-room to-morrow

before you play, because you know why I cannot make one.[1] At some other time we shall reason the business calmly, which I will willingly do, or any thing else that may show it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together. Nor will I ever be other, by choice, than

"Your truly loving and affectionate sister,

"M. R."

Lady Marlborough published queen Mary's letter, but sedulously hid the provocation which elicited both that and the command contained therein. In her narrative of the events of this era, she carefully conceals the spring that caused them, which was, the treacherous correspondence of her husband with the court of St. Germains, and the letter he had prompted the princess Anne to write to her father.

Historical truth can only be found in contemporary documents and narratives, yet not in one alone; many must be compared and collated, before the mists in which selfish interests seek to envelope facts can be dispelled. Lady Marlborough devotes several pages to the most enthusiastic praises of herself; her disinterestedness and devotion to the princess Anne are lauded to the skies. When in the list of her virtues she discusses her honesty, she thus expresses herself: "As to the present power the princess Anne had to enrich me, her revenue was no such vast thing, as that I could propose to draw any mighty matters from thence; and besides, sir Benjamin Bathurst had the management of it. I had no share in that service."[2] Yet 50,000*l.* per annum is a large revenue even in these times, and in the early days of the national debt it bore a much higher comparative value.

The princess Anne, after she had read her sister's letter, summoned her uncle Rochester to her assistance. That nobleman, from a thorough appreciation of the turbulence and treachery which were united in the character of lady Marlborough, had, in her outset of life, strongly advised James II. to exclude her from the household of his daughter Anne;[3] but the indulgence of the father yielded to the supplications of his child. When lord Rochester came to the

[1] This was because the queen did not choose to sit down to the basset-table with lady Marlborough.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 54.

[3] Ralph's History.

Cockpit, at the entreaty of the princess Anne, she put in his hand the following letter. It was evidently the production of a consultation with the favourite, since it is by no means in the style of the princess herself.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[1]

"Your majesty was in the right to think that your letter would be very surprising to me; for you must needs be sensible enough of the kindness I have for my lady Marlborough, to know that a command from you to part from her must be the greatest mortification in the world to me, and, indeed, of such a nature, as I might well have hoped your kindness to me would have always prevented. I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any fault to you, and it would be extremely to her advantage if I could here repeat every word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole life. I confess it is no small addition to my trouble to find the want of your majesty's kindness to me on this occasion, since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the actions of my life.

"Your care of my present condition is extremely obliging, and if you could be pleased to add to it so far as, upon my account, to recall your severe command, (as I must beg leave to call it in a manner so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed on me, that you would *scarce* require it from the meanest of your subjects,) I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable mark of your kindness to me. And as I must freely own, that as I think this proceeding can be for no other intent than to give me a very sensible mortification, so there is no misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer rather than the thoughts of parting with her, [lady Marlborough].

"If, after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be pressed on this matter, yet your majesty may be assured that, as my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the king and you, so it shall always be my endeavour, wherever I am, to preserve it carefully for the time to come as becomes

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister and servant,

"From the Cockpit, Feb. 6th, 1692." "ANNE.

It may be worthy of observation, that the date of this epistle is on the birthday of Anne. When lord Rochester had perused this letter, the princess Anne requested that he would be the bearer of it from her to her majesty, to which the uncle put a positive negative. He had hoped, that the end of the controversy between his royal nieces would have been the removal of such a fosterer of strife as lady Marlborough had proved herself to be since she had arrived at woman's estate, and he would not carry a letter which forbade that hope. He then withdrew from the conference, declaring his intention of mediating in all measures which led to reconciliation; which was, by strenuously advising

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 55–57.

the queen to send lady Marlborough at once from the Cockpit to her house at St. Albans. Meantime, after the princess or her favourite had concocted the letter quoted above, it was copied and sent to her majesty that day, by the hands of one of the servants of the princess. Queen Mary returned as answer a mere official message, carried to the Cockpit by her lord chamberlain Nottingham, warning lord and lady Marlborough to abide no longer at the palace of Whitehall,[1] a measure which was the first step her majesty took on the advice of lord Rochester.

The princess Anne considered that her sister had no more right to dictate what servants she should retain in her residence of the Cockpit, than in any other private house, since it had been purchased for her by their uncle Charles II. after it had been alienated from the rest of the palace of Whitehall, in common with many other buildings appertaining to that part of the vast edifice which abutted on St. James's-park. But the Cockpit, the Holbein-gateway, and the adjoining Banqueting-house were, at that period, all that were left of the once-extensive palace. When the queen's message of expulsion from the Cockpit was delivered to lady Marlborough, the princess Anne took the resolution of withdrawing from it at the same time, and announced her intention to her sister in the following epistle:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.[2]

"I am very sorry to find, that all I have said myself, and my lord Rochester for me, has not had effect enough to keep your majesty from persisting in a resolution, which you are satisfied must be so great a mortification to me as, to avoid it, I shall be obliged to retire, and deprive myself of the satisfaction of living where I might have frequent opportunities of assuring you of that duty and respect which I always have been, and shall be desirous to pay you, upon all occasions.

"My only consolation in this extremity is, that not having done any thing in all my life to deserve your unkindness, I hope I shall not be long under the necessity of absenting myself from you, the thought of which is so uneasy to me, that I find myself too much indisposed to give your majesty any further trouble at this time.

"February 8, 1692."

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[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 48, and Ralph's "Other Side of the Question."

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 58.

The approaching accouchement of the princess rendered all harshness to her odious in the eyes of every one. One of the royal palaces had usually been appointed for her retirement at such times, but as the queen had thought proper to expel her favourite friend from her own private residence, the princess affected to consider that she should be too much at the royal mercy, if her accouchement took place either at St. James's-palace or Hampton-Court. It was the policy of the party of the princess Anne to give her, as much as possible, the semblance of injured distress, and the appearance of being hunted out of house and home at a period dangerous to her health, and even to her life. There can be no doubt that the mistress of 50,000*l.* per annum need not have been obliged to sue for the charitable grant of a home to abide in during the period of her accouchement; yet, a few hours before leaving the Cockpit, the princess Anne sent a request to the duchess of Somerset, to lend her Sion-house for her residence during the ensuing summer. This lady was the wife of a kinsman of the princess, commonly called the proud duke of Somerset;[1] she was the heiress of the great Percy inheritance, and as such, the possessor of the ancient historical palace of Sion.

William III., whose activity in petty instances of annoyance is singularly at variance with his received character for magnanimity, immediately sent to the duke of Somerset, and, in a conference with him, endeavoured to induce him to put a negative on the request of the princess Anne.[2] But such mighty English nobles as Somerset and his consort, the Percy-heiress, soon proved to the foreign monarch how independent they were of any such influence. The duchess of Somerset forthwith sent an affectionate message to the princess Anne, declaring "that Sion-house was entirely at her service." Before the princess left her residence of the Cockpit for Sion-house, she thought proper to attend the drawing-room of their majesties at Kensington-palace.

[1] He was the representative of Katharine Gray, and of course a prince of the English blood-royal from the younger sister of Henry VIII.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 59.

In this interview, according to the phraseology of the Marlborough, the princess Anne made her majesty "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue."

The massacre of Glencoe[1] occurred February 14, 1692. It is but justice to queen Mary to observe, that this atrocity did not disgrace the period when she swayed the regnal sceptre; neither is her signature appended to the detestable warrant perpetrated by her husband, which authorized the slaughter, in cold blood, of upwards of a hundred men, women, and little children, of her subjects. The circumstances have been of late years too often narrated to need relating here; but, as the wickedness was committed in a reign in which a woman's name is partly responsible, it is desirable, by the production of the documents, to show that the iniquity was wholly devised, as well as executed, by men.[2]

An historian[3] especially partial to the character of William III., considers as a great grievance the inquiry into the massacre of Glencoe, and with much *naïveté* observes,

[1] It may be a point of curiosity to learn what James II. thought of this sacrifice of his faithful subjects. After observing that he had been careful to preserve the lives of his Scottish friends, by candidly acknowledging to them that he had no funds to aid them, and earnestly advising their submission as early as August 1691, he continues, "They accordingly made their submission. But contrary to all faith, by an order that Nero himself would have had a horror of, the prince of Orange ordered the soldiers to massacre the Glencoe people in cold blood. It was hard to imagine that the prince of Orange could apprehend danger from such a handful of men; but he either thought that severity necessary to make an example of, or he had a particular pique against that clan. Either of these reasons, according to his morality, was sufficient to do an inhuman thing. Yet this was the pretended assertor of the lives and liberties of the British nation, to whom all oaths were to be made a sacrifice of, rather than he should not reign over it."—Autograph Memoirs of king James. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 239.

[2] A document nearly similar, signed by William III., is carefully preserved by the present lord Lovat, authorizing the extermination of the clan Fraser. The conduct of Simon Fraser had, it is true, been intolerably wicked; but that was no fault of the women and children of his district, which likewise comprised the feudal sovereignty of 1000 men capable of bearing arms, of whom many must have been perfectly innocent of wrong.—See Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites. These attempts at extermination had for precedents the massacre of St. Bartholomew's-day, the wars in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, and the conduct of the Spaniards to the Caribs.

[3] Cunningham.

that the said inquiry was "remarkably troublesome to many *respectable* people." The Scotch parliament pronounced it "a barbarously murderous transaction." After this opinion, the "respectable people" concerned in it put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing the following warrant:—

"WILLIAM, R.[1]

"As for the M'Donalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to *extirpate* that set of thieves.

"W. R."

This extermination, which was extended in intention to the Frasers, and other clans in the highlands, must have originated in the mind of William himself, as is evident by the wording of the warrant. A Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country; at the same time, it is improbable that any English minister suggested an extirpation, because even the execution of military law in England was always regarded with horror.[2] Perhaps the open quarrels which then agitated the royal family prevented public attention from dwelling on the atrocities perpetrated by the king's warrant in the north.

The princess Anne withdrew to Sion about the beginning of March, taking with her lady Marlborough, on whom she

[1] Lord Stair proved, that when William III.'s signature was doubly affixed, as in this warrant, the execution was to be prompt and urgent.

[2] Sir John Dalrymple's History and Appendix. Campbell of Glenlyon was the mere executioner. The following letter will show that the Dutch monarch's agent directed, from his master, that the children of Macdonald of Glencoe were to be murdered:—

"For their Majesties' service. To Capt. Campbell.

"SIR, "Ballacholis, Feb. 12, 1692.

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox *and his cubs* do not escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at five in the morning precisely, and by that hour I'll strive and be at you with a stronger party. This is by the king's *especial commission*, for the good of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See these be put in execution without fear, *else you may be expected to be treated as not true to the king's government*, nor as a man fit to carry a commission in king William's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

lavished more affection than ever. As an instance of ill-will, king William gave orders that his sister-in-law should be deprived of the guards by whom she had been attended since her father had given her an independent establishment. The princess lost her guards just as she had the most need of them, for the roads all round the metropolis swarmed with highwaymen; her carriage was stopped, and she was robbed, between Brentford and Sion, soon after her establishment there. The adventure was made the subject of many lampoons, and great odium was thrown on the king and queen, on account of the danger to which the heiress-presumptive was exposed through their harshness. The act of depriving the princess Anne of the usual adjuncts of her rank, was a parting blow before her persecutor left England for his usual Flemish campaign. The king resigned the sole government, for a third time, into the hands of his queen, and bade her farewell on the 5th of March. He sailed with a wind so favourable, that he reached the Hague on the succeeding day, and from thence went to Loo.[1]

To illustrate the narrative of these royal quarrels, the reader must be given an insight of Burnet's genuine opinion on this subject, written in his own hand.[2] It will be allowed to be a great historical curiosity; his opinions must raise a smile, when it is remembered how closely and approvingly intimate he and the duchess of Marlborough were in after life:—"About the end of the session in parliament, the king called for Marlborough's commissions, and dismissed him out of his service. The king [William] said to myself upon it, 'He had very good reason to believe that Marlborough had made his peace with king James, and was engaged in a correspondence with France. It was certain he was doing all he could to set

[1] M. de Dangeau writes in his Journal, March 15, 1692, that his news from England announced, "that when the princess of Denmark quitted the court, her husband followed her; that William took all the guards from them, and forbade them the honours of the court they had been accustomed to receive; and that William, after this exploit, went to Holland on the 24th of March."

[2] Harleian MS. The hand is precisely the same with the autograph papers relative to Burnet's ministry at the death of William lord Russell, in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

on a faction in the army and nation against the Dutch and to lessen the king, as well as his wife, who was so absolute a favourite with the princess, [Anne,] that she seemed to be the mistress of her heart and thoughts, which were alienated both from the king and queen. The queen had taken all possible methods to gain her sister, and had left no means unessayed, except purchasing her favourite, which her majesty thought it below her to do. That being the strongest passion in the princess's breast, all other ways proved ineffectual; so a visible coldness grew between the sisters. Many rude things were daily said at that court, [the establishment of the princess Anne,] and they struggled to render themselves very popular, though with very ill success; for the queen grew to be so universally beloved, that nothing would stand against her in the affections of the nation. Upon Marlborough's disgrace, his wife was ordered to leave court. This the princess Anne resented so highly, that she left the court likewise, for, she said, 'she would not have her servants taken from her.' All persons that have credit with her have tried to make her submit to the queen, but to no purpose. She has since that time lived in a private house, and the distance between the sisters has now risen so high, that the visiting of the princess is looked upon as a neglect of the queen's displeasure; so that the princess is now as much alone as can be imagined. The enemies of the government began to make great court to her; but they fell off from her very soon, and she sunk into such neglect, that if she did not please herself in an inflexible stiffness of humour, it would be very uneasy to her."

Burnet, in his manuscript notations, (where he always used the *present* tense,)[1] speaks likewise with much acridity on the impropriety which he asserts was committed by admiral Russell in expostulating, with great rudeness, to king William on Marlborough's disgrace, demanding to see the proofs of his fault, and reminding the king, in a tone "not very agreeable," that it was he who carried the letters between his majesty and Marlborough before the Revolu-

[1] Harleian MSS., 6584.

tion.[1] This was just before he undertook the command of the fleet of La Hogue. Notwithstanding all Burnet's revilings of Russell for his rough and brutal temper, and his Jacobitism, every true-hearted person must venerate him for upholding the honour of his country and her naval flag (which had been wofully humbled since the Revolution) above every political consideration. It appears, by the well-known exclamation of his old master, king James, when he beheld the bravery of his English sailors at La Hogue, that he was entirely of the same opinion.

[1] Harleian Collection, No. 6585. It is curious to compare the condemnatory passages which occur against the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, throughout Burnet's manuscripts, with the entire suppression of the same in his printed work, and with the close intimacy which existed afterwards between these congenial souls.

MARY II

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Vigour of the queen's government—Accouchement of princess Anne at Sion-house—Death of her infant—Her danger—Queen visits her—Queen's harsh manner—Long illness of the princess—Her letters (as Mrs. Morley) on queen's sending Marlborough to the Tower—Negotiation between the queen and princess—Their letters—Victory of La Hogue—Queen's conduct—Her portrait by Vandervaart, (*description of second portrait*)—Severity of her reign—Princess Anne's letter brought to James II.—Remarks on the royal sisters by the messenger—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Princess Anne settled at Berkeley-house—Scries of letters on petty annoyances (as Mrs. Morley), to lady Marlborough (as Mrs. Freeman)—Queen stands sponsor with archbishop Tillotson—His curious letter on it—Return of the king—Anecdotes of the queen—Verses on her knitting—Continued enmity to princess Anne—Queen accompanies the king to Margate—Obliged to return to Canterbury—King's departure—Anecdotes of the queen's stay at Canterbury—Queen relates particulars to Dr. Hooper—Her presents to the cathedral altar—Queen and the theatre—Her persecution of Dryden—Anecdotes of the queen and her infant nephew—Return of the king.

Queen Mary was again left, surrounded by unexampled difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. A great naval force was collecting and arming for the invasion of the country; the French had remained masters of the seas ever since the Revolution, despite the junction of the fleets of England with the rival forces of Holland. The queen had reason to believe that the only competent naval commander from whose skill she could hope for success, was desirous of her father's restoration; she likewise knew that the princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II. containing these words, it is said, was intercepted by the king and

queen, and that it was the cause of the disgrace of the Marlboroughs, since they were mentioned as active agents in the projected treason. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling, and, to a spirit less firm, would have been insurmountable. But she was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties. It was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy.

One of queen Mary's earliest occupations was, to review the trained-bands of London and Westminster, mustered in Hyde-park to the number of 10,000 men: they were destined to the defence of the capital in case of an invasion from France. She likewise ordered the suspected admiral Russell to proceed to sea, while her royal partner in Holland caused the Dutch fleet to hasten out, to form a junction with the naval force of England under the command of Russell. How singular it is that history, which is so lavish in commendations on the excellence of queen Mary's private virtues, should leave her abilities as a ruler unnoticed. Time has unveiled the separate treacheries of her coadjutors in government: the queen was the only person at the head of affairs on whom the least reliance could have been reposed in time of urgency. It is well known now that Nottingham, Godolphin, Russell, and many others, both high and low in her ministry, were watching every event, to turn with the tide if it tended to the restoration of her father. But while giving queen Mary every credit as a wise and courageous ruler in the successive dangers which menaced her government in the spring of 1692, what can be said of her humanity, when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year? The princess Anne sent sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion-house with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not

think fit to see sir Benjamin Bathurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.[1]

After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17th, 1692, a living son, who was named George, after her husband; but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, being a Dutch-woman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion-house to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew. Lady Charlotte waited some time before the queen saw her. At last, after her majesty had held a consultation with her uncle lord Rochester, the messenger of the princess was admitted into the royal presence. The queen herself informed lady Charlotte Bevervaart that she should visit the princess that afternoon; indeed, her majesty arrived at Sion almost as soon as that lady.

Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by her two principal ladies, the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have made the first step by coming to you; and I now expect that you should make the next by dismissing lady Marlborough." The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unseasonable attack; her lips trembled as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular; and I hope, at some time or other, it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and prepared, without another word, to depart. Prince George of Denmark, who was present at this extra-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 69.

ordinary scene, led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed. The two ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress comported themselves according to their individual dispositions on the occasion. Lady Derby, who had been recommended to the queen by the princess Anne as groom of the stole, in those halcyon days when these royal sisters were rejoicing together on the success of the Revolution, now showed her ingratitude by turning away from the sick bed without making the slightest inquiry after the poor invalid; but lady Scarborough behaved in a manner better becoming a womanly character.

The queen retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."[1] Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this cruel interview arose from remorse, not repentance, for the unfeeling words she regretted were the last she ever uttered to her sister. Thus the three persons of the Protestant branch of the royal family in England were irreconcilably divided during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood. It will be allowed that the causes of war and division with the exiled Roman-catholic head of their family were of a lofty nature: there is an historic grandeur in a contention for the establishment of differing creeds, and even for the possession of thrones; great, and even good princes, have struggled unto the death when such mighty interests have been at stake. But when enmities that last to death between sisters may be traced in their origin to such trash as disputes concerning convenient lodgings or amount of pocket-money, what can be the opinion of the dignity of such minds?

Queen Mary had received a letter, in the same April,

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 69–71.

directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him. It was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germains to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.[1] Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

As may be supposed, the princess Anne did not undergo all the harassing agitation the queen's harshness inflicted on her in the hour of her weakness and suffering with impunity. A dangerous fever followed her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. From this dispute, some information regarding the royal etiquette of that period may be ascertained, for it appears that her majesty, queen Mary II., honoured all her female nobility not below the rank of a countess with a state lying-in visit; but if she knew not better how to comport herself in a sick room than she did in that of her sister, these royal visitations must have thinned the ranks of her female nobility. Long before the princess Anne was convalescent she underwent fresh agony of alarm: by her majesty's orders lord Marlborough was arrested, and was forthwith hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing, all day long, notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion in order to visit and assist her husband. The earliest letter written by the princess Anne to lady Marlborough after this event, seems to have been the following. It is dateless, but probably occurs the day after Marlborough's incarceration in the Tower. Although the princess had not then left her lying-in chamber, it seems she had been agitated by reports that her own arrest was pending. She addresses lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had pre-

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 32. Memoirs of James II.

viously agreed upon: she terms herself, as usual. Mrs. Morley:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it, for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me, though how they can do that, without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess.

"I am just told by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you,[1] pray let me see you before the wind changes; for afterwards, one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another. But let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman, and I swear I would live on bread and water between two walls without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

The correspondence of lord Marlborough with the court of St. Germains was the cause of his arrest; it would be waste of time, after the specimens produced regarding it, to discuss it as a mystery. Many circumstances prove that queen Mary had accurate intelligence of his treacherous intrigues. It is as evident, that the intention of her government was not to prove his guilt home to him, lest the princess Anne's share in it should be revealed,—not that the queen screened her sister out of tenderness, but from a sagacious anticipation that, if her conduct were discovered, most of her party would not scruple in following her example. Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen acted with proper precaution, by securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough until the expected naval battle was decided. Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her approach; but she wished it to be spread far and wide, and to become universally known, that she had

[1] So written; meaning, "if it is easy for you to come to me."—Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 51. Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester. He returned her royal highness a polite answer that he would come to her, but said not when; therefore the princess observed, in one of her notes, that she dared not go to London, as she had intended to do, to meet lady Marlborough, lest the prelate should arrive at Sion during her absence.[1]

The next morning, the bishop of Worcester actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen, but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce some disgust in her sister on account of his partiality. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me,—and should you do it without my consent, (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of Heaven)—I will shut myself up and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, being, moreover, married to a prince to whom she was much attached, and was deemed a model of the conjugal virtues. The princess Anne finally prevailed on bishop Stillingfleet to deliver the letter she had prepared to the queen:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

"Sion, the 20th of May, [1692].

"I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have, of late, had the misfortune of being so much under your majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon any thing I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74–76.

"And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther as not to permit me to pay my duty to you. That, I acknowledge, would be a great increase of affliction to me, and nothing but your majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it; for whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, *yet I will strive to hide it as much as possible.*"[1]

This last sentence is disgusting in its falsehood, because the princess had, according to her voluntary avowal, deliberately devised the whole plan of writing and sending the letter by the bishop, with the intention of making her wrongs as publicly notorious as possible.

The bishop of Worcester, if we may trust the account of the princess Anne, returned to her not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The princess seems to have had no other end than to elicit some harsh answer, and to let her sister be aware that she had been apprized of her command to forbid any of the nobility to pay her their usual visits at Sion. The princess had added, at the conclusion of her letter, "That she would not pretend to reside at the Cockpit, unless her majesty would make it *easy* to her." This was meant as a leading question, to ascertain whether, if she returned to that isolated fragment of Whitehall, the queen would wink at the presence there of lady Marlborough. The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne by the bishop of Worcester, was couched in these words:—

"Queen Mary to the Princess Anne.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise; and I will do no more.

"Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,[2] for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we ought. You know what I required of you; and now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,[3] or you must not wonder that I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me, nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 76. The letter ends with a formula of great devotion to the queen.

[2] By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

[3] By the dismissal of lady Marlborough.

are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister,

"MARIE, R."

The princess Anne gathered from this answer, that her sister was inflexible regarding the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from the precincts of Whitehall,—a circumstance which decided the question of her future residence. She was at that time in treaty for a lease of the princely mansion built by John lord Berkeley, and after the reception of the royal epistle, she hastened to conclude the business, and settle her household there.[1] The princess did not wholly forsake the Cockpit; she retained her possession of that establishment, and used it as cantonments for those of her servants who were not offensive to the government.

The plans and politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand, in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled these arrangements. It is a letter which thoroughly displays her disposition, written about two days after that to the queen dated May 20th:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH.

(*Under the designation of Mrs. Freeman.*)

"May 22, [1692,] Sion-house.

"I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son,[2] knowing very well what it is to lose a child; but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much.

"Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me, I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Sometime next week I believe it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley-house."[3]

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[1] The princess Anne's residence at Berkeley-house is usually stated to have taken place in 1690 to 1691; but her letter herewith marks the precise time of her concluding the agreement.

[2] Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

[3] This marks the time exactly of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley-house, which was her town-house till after the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire) situated on the site of the present Devonshire-house. The noble old trees, which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages:—

"The bishop [of Worcester] brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter, he said he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable;* and, I confess, I think *the more it is told about* that I would have waited on the queen, but that she refused seeing me, *is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to any body when it comes in my way.*

"There were some in the family, [the household of the princess,] as soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince [George of Denmark] to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen; and another [of her household] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' But we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original*, for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never any body was so used by a sister! But I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me.

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," [concludes this remarkable missive,] "farewell! I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am every day more and more

"Your's.

"P. S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maule and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loath, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government,—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were, perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution. It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and

Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour. She felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country at the same time: she trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the Protestant cause had been lost; but the reins of sovereignty being held by a queen, whose manners were soft and popular, created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look-out for him, especially if he had king James on board; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and, with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from thinking this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least

imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flag-ship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor Carter (who was a Jacobite without concealment) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet not aware of his affection to his old master. There is a noble historical ballad, one of the naval songs of England, which illustrates the battle of La Hogue in fewer and more impressive words than any other pen can do:—

"THE VICTORY OF LA HOGUE.

"Thursday, in the morn, the ides of May,
(Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two,)
Brave Russell did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing slow;
'All hands above—aloft! let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand attend his gun!
Follow me, you soon will see,
A battle soon begun.'

Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire.
Mighty fate stood looking on,
While a flood,
All of blood,
Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun.[1]

Sulphur, smoke, and fire filled the air,
And with their thunders scared the Gallic shores
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lily banners streaming now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow,
The final overthrow,—
British colours ride the vanquished main!

See! they fly amazed through rocks and sands,
On danger they rush, to shun direr fate;
Vainly they seek for aid their native land,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.

[1] Tourville's flag ship was Le Soleil Royal.

For evermore adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun!
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun.
Now we sing
Live the king,
And drink success to every British tar!"

This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends, (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock,) out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary.

When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold to be distributed among the common sailors, and sent gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition, that after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that from this circumstance the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into a hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers. The vigour and ability of queen Mary's government at the period of difficulty preceding the battle of La Hogue, became themes of commendation of all the poets of her party. Among the verses to her honour, those of Pomfret are really the best:—

"When her great lord to foreign wars is gone,
And left his Mary here to reign alone,
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace;
How good she was, how generous, how wise,
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!"

Vandervaart's pencil[1] proves the great difference a few years, accompanied by increase of *embonpoint*, can make in the person of a female. Mary II. appeared in 1692, accord-

[1] Several fine engravings in the mezzotinto style, from the original portrait of Mary at this period, may be seen in the British Museum, in the collection of English portraits, vol. xi. p. 127. Maria D. G. Angliæ, Scoticæ, et Hiberniæ Regina, &c. *Vandervaar pinxit; J. Smith fecit. Sold by E. Cooper Three Pidgeons, in Bedford-street.* Another, same plate, in Crowles' London, vol. xi.

ing to the engraving, as represented in the second portrait which illustrates this volume. All angles are filled up in this delineation of the royal matron; her cheeks, which present any thing but roundness of contour in her elegant portrait painted by Wissing for her father, when she was princess of Orange,[1] are now comely, and she appears on the verge of that decided obesity which is presented in her portraits and medals about the period of her demise. The architecture to the right of the queen marks both the date of the present portrait, and the place where her majesty is represented to be seated. The round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the chapel-royal there. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery, probably listening to some favourite preacher. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century.

The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the Spectator as head-clothes: it superseded the use of the bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a cornette head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as love-locks, serving as basements to the lace structure. Broad and full lappets border the cheeks on each side, and fall as low as the elbows, and are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. Probably these lappets, or side veils, drew over the face to shade off the sun. The brocade robe is stiff-bodied, and very hard and high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up

[1] See frontispiece.

with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, that mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume. The queen must have been constant to this style of dress, since one of her Dutch portraits, on which is marked the year 1688, presents her precisely in the same attire. It is a fine work of art, of the Flemish school, in the possession of lord Braybrooke, by whose permission it was exhibited a few years since at the British Institution. The queen is represented sitting in a doleful-looking apartment, by a table with a green cloth, calling strongly to mind the small and dark parlour she was forced to dine in, after she had resigned her dining-room at the Hague to serve for her chapel.

At the awful crisis of the battle of La Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully-formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery-companies in person, which civic militia was considered, in that century, formidable as a military body. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government: the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of the queen's father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII.[1] The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of being brow-beat by the insults of judge

[1] Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 209.

Treby from the bench. There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason; they were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him." He likewise forgave his jury, who expressed themselves penitent for his death. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,[1] England, after the Revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to the members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the History of the Edict of Nantes. "It was a wonderful pleasure to queen Mary," observes Dunton,[2] "to see this history made English. It was the only book to which she granted her royal licence in 1693." Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain, but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series: many of them, quaint,

[1] Smollett.

[2] Dunton's Auto-biography, p. 153. John Dunton opened his shop, at the sign of the Raven in the Poultry, the day of the proclamation of William and Mary. He soon after published the Secret History of Whitehall, the blackest libel on the family of his royal patroness that had yet appeared: it was concocted by one Wooley, a hack-writer, and John Dunton himself.

absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to out-do the vainglorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. A medal, which was struck in Holland in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique in artistical productions, for no other potentate, either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,[1] "the more remarkable, as the antients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.[2] This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand. Fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed: the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime. On the right side are three stakes; on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch: the other side is adorned with the gallows, and the other quarters. August 13, 1692, the day of the butchery, is beneath.[3] Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal. The monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely disgraced the epoch. Medals in those days must have taken the place of political caricatures; in these of William and Mary, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling their adversaries. Several medals were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Gorce; he is seen in the boat, in his wig and armour, pointing to

[1] Medallic History of the four last Reigns,—William, Mary, Anne, and George; with prints of the Medals: p. 23, plate 14.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

[3] The author has lately been shown one of these extraordinary medals in silver by W. D. Haggard, esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., extant in his valuable collection at Hammersmith.

two gothic towers which seem to command the port of Goree. Towards the end of Mary's life she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with two or three ponderous chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated, than this series of medals illustrative of the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army which the ships of Tourville were intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his Journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his treasons, that if they were not accompanied by sincerity, they had, at least, a specious appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange [William III.], and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. The most interested persons' repentance may be credited, when they can hope to mend their fortunes by repairing their fault, and better their condition by returning to their duty."[1] Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father, when he received the intimation of the repentance of his daughter Anne, and of her favourites the Marlboroughs. Captain Davy Lloyd, the old sea-comrade of James II., who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, over-hearing this remark, re-opened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle.[1] Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and, as some say, with the princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation, when he heard her father mention her with fondness. When impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister, queen Mary; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated. If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a Protestant religion was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the Revolution took place. Anne therefore remains convicted of betraying not only her king and father, but the monarch of the Revolution, whom she had helped to raise. As her father was still more devoted to the church of Rome in 1691 and 1692 than in 1688, base self-interest or revengeful pique must have been the ruling motives of her communication with him.

From some unexplained caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him.

[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

Her majesty had recourse to the intervention of his venerated relative, Rachel lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:—"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer, to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the king will think I have done enough on that matter or no, I cannot tell; but it is not in my nature to compliment, which always makes me take people at their words."[1]

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister. According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalescence, when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Sion-house would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepoint,[2] who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess; and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high-spirited, but she sent her excuse in writing to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty. To this letter the following answer was returned:—

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[1] Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 96.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE DOWAGER-LADY THANET.[1]

"It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially such as seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is, to think how little I have deserved them from the queen; and that thought, I hope, will help me to support them with less impatience.

"I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you upon this occasion, since I have found she can be so very unkind to, &c.,

"ANNE."

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion-house, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The report of the honours with which the mayor and corporation of Bath received Anne, enraged her majesty. The mortifications were but trifling which the queen had the power to inflict, yet she did her worst, and condescended to order such letters as the following to be written to the mayor of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his city thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown:—

"LORD NOTTINGHAM, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, TO THE MAYOR OF BATH.[2]

"SIR,

"The queen has been informed, that yourself and your brethren have attended the princess with the same respect and ceremony as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her majesty has had to be displeased with the princess, and therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not, for the future, to pay her highness any respect or ceremony without leave from her majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.

"Your most humble servant,

"NOTTINGHAM."

This undignified mandate was duly received by the mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen, who were sorely troubled and perplexed therewith. They consulted with Mr. Harrington, of Helston, as to what course would be most prudent to take, without making himself an instrument of the queen's malice by putting a public affront on their illustrious visitor. In consequence of Harrington's advice, he commu-

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 96.

[2] Ibid, p. 98.

nicated the letter to Anne, who is said to have smiled at the paltry manifestation of her august sister's ill-will, and with great good sense desired the corporation to omit all mark of distinction to herself in future, as she would not, on any account, wish that the friendly city of Bath should incur the ill-will of their majesties on her account. In consequence of this reply, the mayor and corporation, who had been accustomed to attend her royal highness in procession to the abbey-church every Sunday, discontinued that mark of attention for the future;[1] but the ungenerous conduct of the queen had, of course, the effect, always to be observed in the English character, of exciting the enthusiasm of the independent citizens in favour of her persecuted sister. Anne's manner of treating the withdrawal of such honours as a corporation could bestow, is told in an affectionate note which she wrote to her favourite after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.[2]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if any thing has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked to-night as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. I fancied, yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed it. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the *name* your faithful Morley has given them."

The pronoun *they* perhaps pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of "Caliban" and "monster" were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law king William at this juncture; but in neither of these, nor in others not quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom

[1] History of Bath, by the rev. Richard Warner.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 99.

of giving nick-names,—a proceeding to which only the lowest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them which were meant to designate king William.

It appears, from Dr. Pearse's Memorials of Bath, that the place of residence of the princess Anne was called in that city the Abbey-house, a mansion now demolished, but which was then inhabited by a Dr. Sherwood, the most celebrated physician in the west of England. The princess was his patient as well as his tenant: he caused a private communication to be made between the Abbey-house and the king's bath for her use. The following letter from the princess to her favourite was written, it is supposed, at Berkeley-house, soon after leaving Bath.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.[1]

(*Under the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home; and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up, and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me, if you had not been, [*i. e.* never existed,] if you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels.

"And if they [*i. e.* king William and queen Mary] should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum), have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty, (it is true, *the king*[2] was so kind as to pay my debts); and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it?

"Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, however, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore rest satisfied you are no ways the cause. And let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more,—no, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

"P. S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month."

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[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 99. The square brackets contain the explanations by the author; the round ones are the parentheses of the princess.

[2] This was her father, James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotes.

The above letter, and the succeeding one of the same series, are totally without dates; but there are some allusions to the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently to his release on bail, which circumstances caused considerable absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess; because, to use the phrase so often occurring in Burnet's historical narratives, "'twas scarce *decent*" that a person under bail for treason should reside in the family of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown.

The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail was exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at Berkeley-house took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bedchamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitzharding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough,—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture, "she was a queen, and would be obeyed." this sentence, according

to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing harshness.[1]

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in which entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.[2]

(*By the names of Morley and Freeman.*)

"In *obedience* to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me; and he is so far from being of another opinion, that, if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more."

"Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched that, for the sake of 20,000*l.*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done?

"But suppose that I did submit, and that the king could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind?"[3] It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were betraying their country from private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 100. [2] Ibid., p. 84.

[3] Blanks are left in the printed copy for the epithets of 'Caliban' and 'Dutch monster,' which are restored from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self-praise,—"No, my dear Mrs. Freeman! never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sunshine day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again." Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate,—"a sunshine-day" neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery-palace of Campden-house, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

If our readers wish to form any idea of the features of the metropolis, and its manners and customs, under the sway of Mary II., in like manner as they have been shown under our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns, vain would be the search among the folios which it has pleased the policy of modern writers to call *history;* in truth, filled up as they are with dry details of foreign battles, and the mere outward movements of cabinet diplomacy, such narrative is the history of any country rather than our own. There were, however, writers who traced with horrible exactitude popular manners at the close of the seventeenth century, even as the gentler pen of Addison drew the statistics of society in the latter years of queen Anne. From one of these works are gathered a few memorials of localities in London and Westminster at the close of the seventeenth century. The author has chosen to sketch a tour through London, beginning with May fair,—not the well-known *locale* of fashionable celebrity, but an ancient fair held on the sites of those streets, which fair, departing wholly from the useful purposes which caused its foundation, had become coarsely vicious. The tourist and his friend, to convey them to "the May fair," took a hackney-coach, a vehicle resembling the modern hired carriages of the kind in nothing but in name. "For want of glasses to our coach," he says, "we drew up tin sashes, pinked

with holes like a cullender, to defend us from stifling with the dust."[1]

Among the strange proceedings at the May fair, the describer of its "humours" mentions "that a countryman, walking in its vicinity, near the Hayhill-farm, (now Farm-street,) had picked up a toad in one of the ditches; and seeing a coach full of ladies of quality proceeding to look at the fair, he became much incensed at the sight of the *loup* masks by which they hid their faces, and preserved at once their complexions and their *incognito*. 'In those black vizards you look as ugly as my toad here,' said the man to them; and so saying, he tossed the creature into the low-hung carriage, a manœuvre which caused the whole party to alight in great consternation for the purpose of expelling their unwelcome inmate, to the infinite delight of the mob of May fair." Such parties of the queen's ladies, escorted by her lord chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace, and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James." This circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish[2] to her lord, descriptive of some such excursion;[3] but it was to the St. James's fair, and seems to have been performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy being a certain sir James, of whose identity no traces are to be found in her letter, but we presume that he was sir James Lowther. There is some reason to suppose that the queen was of the party. "I have been but once to the fair; sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings: the queen's fairing cost him twenty guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James's-palace. He addressed himself extremely to the afore-named lady, [Jane Alling-

[1] Ward's London. [2] Daughter of Rachel lady Russell.

[3] Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

ton,] and never left her all the time we stayed there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *gouvernantes*, lady Derby and sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to choose a fairing."[1]

St. James's-palace is described, by the author quoted above,[2] as being entered "through a lofty porch into the first court, where a parcel of country-boobies were gazing at the whale's ribs with great amazement." Thus it appears that the naval kings of England had ornamented the gates of their home palace with this maritime trophy. Then, after describing the beauties of the palace, and promenading in the Birdcage-walk, he went to take a turn on the parade, "which is," he says, "in a morning quite covered with the bones of red herrings! From thence we walked to the canal, where ducks were frisking in the water and standing on their heads, showing as many tricks as a Bartholomew tumbler. I said to my friend, 'Her majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.'" Queen Mary was thus considered as the heiress of the pet ducks of her uncle Charles II., as well as of his crown. "We then took a view of the famed figure of the Gladiator, which is indeed well worthy of the place it stands in. Behind this figure, at the foot of the pedestal, we sat down to see the aqueduct, and watch its inhabitants the ducks, who delighted us with their pastimes. Thence we walked by the decoy, where meandering waters glided smoothly beneath their osier canopies. We turned from thence into a long lime-walk; at the termination of this delectable alley was a knot of lofty elms by a pond side, round which were commodious seats. Here a parcel of old cavaliers were conning over the history of the civil wars, and perhaps comparing the two revolutions."

In the course of their walk, they pass Westminster-abbey. The remarks prove that it was in a state of the most dreadful desolation, and that it was crowded with "the poor of St.

[1] This letter has no date of year or day, but it is in answer to one from her lord, directed to her at Arlington-house, (since Buckingham-house,) dated July 1692, in which he begs her to buy him a fairing. July 25th is St. James's-day, when the fair commenced.

[2] Ward's London.

Margaret's parish, begging in the time of divine service;" that is, the pauper population of the fearful haunts of misery and vice in the purlieus of the streets round the abbey, came to hold out their hands for the offertory given by the abbey-congregation,—a proof that all organization of proper distribution was even then broken up. "We crossed the palace-yard, on the east end of which lay the relics of Westminster clock-house,[1] in a confused heap; from thence we moved on to the tennis-court of Whitehall-palace, fenced round with network." This the author affected to consider "as a net set up to catch Jacobites;" therefore it may be presumed it was one of their haunts. "We passed the tennis-court, and went forwards to Whitehall, whose ruins we viewed with no little concern, as consumed by flames near so much water, and all that artists, at the cost of our greatest kings, had improved to delight and stateliness, remains dissolved in rubbish; those spacious rooms where majesty has sat so oft, attended with the glories of the court —the just, the wise, the beautiful—now huddled in confusion, as if the misfortunes of princes were visited on their palaces as well as persons. Through several out-courts we came to Scotland-yard, covered with recumbent soldiers, who were basking in the sun." At Whitehall-stairs the author embarked for the city. "When we came upon Tower-hill, the first object that more particularly affected us was that emblem of destruction, the scaffold. Next to this *memento mori* we were struck with the Traitors'-gate, where the fall of the moat-waters, in cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that it is enough to fright a prisoner out of the world before his time of execution. The passage to it is fortified with rusty iron guns." They saw the regalia, "with the crown made for the coronation of her *late* majesty, [Mary Beatrice of Modena,] and three crowns worn by her present majesty, Mary II., with distinct robes for several occasions."

[1] The Clock-house had been demolished by the roundhead mob forty years before, as popish, at the time they demolished Charing-cross.

No comments are made upon the state of the arts by this writer; in times of war, even if monarchs have the taste to wish to reward them, they are usually destitute of funds. The frightful costume of periwigs, in which the masculine portion of the human race were at this period enveloped, from the age of three years to their graves, greatly injured the pictorial representation of the human form: portrait and historical painting then commenced the dull decline which subsisted from Kneller to Hogarth. Some few artists obtained reputation as painters of animals and flowers: these were all Flemings or Dutchmen. Queen Mary patronised the celebrated flower-artist, John Baptist Monnoyer,[1] who was brought to England by the duke of Montague, to decorate the walls and ceilings of Montague-house with the beautiful wreaths of flowers that were once the admiration of succeeding generations.[2] His most curious work is said to be a looking-glass at Kensington-palace, which queen Mary employed him to decorate for her. She watched the progress of this beautiful representation of still-life with the greatest interest. Tradition says it was wholly painted in her presence. In all probability, the exquisite wreaths of flowers round looking-glasses at Hampton-Court were painted by Monnoyer for his royal patroness.

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress. In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of a sumptuary-law she designed for the purpose of suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the *fontange*, a streaming ribbon floating from the summit of the high head-dresses, first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times, and queen Mary's contemporary affirms, that her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her ma-

[1] Biography of Monnoyer, Granger. [2] The British Museum.

jesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster-abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious *fontange*. The costume she projected for her female subjects, (if the periodicals of her day be correct,)[1] was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era: it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could with impunity impose sumptuary laws, and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-ties, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a queer-shaped hat; and had the queen known any thing of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries[2] as presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as the "city minxes" who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel lady Russell, it appears that lady was a frequent applicant for places and pensions; but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of any thing, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king, there is every reason to believe, followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the Restoration, of selling court places.[3] This mode Rachel lady Russell either could not, or would not, understand: queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and the lady sought other means of making more powerful interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer

[1] London Spy, 1699. [2] See Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

[3] According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal to sell his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them

gives some view of the queen at this period of her reign. "On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, '*Perhaps not.*' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother; and the queen asking 'whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on *me*, which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her majesty to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master [William III.] and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I, *who am said not to be baptized myself*, may have the honour to baptize a prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit every thing, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who, when he was in drink, always went and showed himself to his best friends; but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one, so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"Jo. Cant."[1]

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted; but he had just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connexion with this incident, he should name one of

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson, cxxi. Works, vol. i.

the great objections urged against his primacy by the non-juring church,—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact remains dubious, for he does not clear the point, since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,[1] which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite:—

"Epitaphium Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,*
Semi mortua, semi sepulta," &c.

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church,
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!
You weep and wail and sadly search,
To hide from the mocking enemy,
The utter shame of your misery.
Let not Rome know,
The depths of your woe,
By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs
Defiled and choked by a plague of frogs.
Oh, sorrowing, wretched Anglican church!
Speak not of your Head or Archbishop;
For that schismatic primate and Hollander king
Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. The religion of William III.—that of the Dutch dissenters, is utterly bare of all rites. He was never baptized in Holland, and he certainly was not in England. His first compliance with the rites of the church of England was, by communicating at the altar of the chapel at St. James's-palace in the winter of 1688, while the convention was debating his election to the throne. His hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.[2]

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connexion with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government in the autumn of 1692. The robbers of royalty were never

[1] Cole's MSS.; British Museum.
[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

discovered, neither were the perpetrators of the following sacrilege, which had preceded the daring escalade of the queen's dressing-room. "Whereas there was a robbery committed in the collegiate church of Westminster, the 30th of December, 1689; two large silver candlesticks, three suits of rich velvets fringed with gold, for the communion-table and altar, three damask table-cloths, the covers of the great Bible and Prayer-book." There is no reward offered for the discovery by the government, but pardon is offered, if within forty days any accomplice declared his instigators.[1]

Queen Mary, on the 13th of September, 1692, issued that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."[2] The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"[3] completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant supply will forthwith ensue; and, to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while, at the same time, the evil the queen meant it to suppress, increased at the rate of a hundred per cent. The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation[4] unfortunately continued in

[1] The dean and chapter offered 100*l.* reward. Gazette, 1689, Jan.

[2] Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 93, vol. i.

[3] The MS. Journals of the House of Lords (library of E. C. Davey, esq., Grove, Yoxford) repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the house for this unwise purpose, which, judging, by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have died rather than enforce. The king's personal tastes, and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article, were the causes of this conduct.

[4] Lord Mohun's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht enters into the statistics of crime in this woful century with rectitude of purpose and power of ability. The date of his era did not enable him to trace the cause of the evil of blood-money to its origin, but those who wish to see its results in the course of a quarter of a century, will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I., who is not in the least accountable for abuses which existed before his reign.

active operation for almost a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned on its enormities until the end of the last century,[1] for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the present police. A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one terrific error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen-regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers acting in unison, with a prison discipline formed after the nearest idea of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime. Mary ought to have made firm resistance against the edict, and if she found her cabinet council contumacious, she ought to have referred it to parliament, where its consequences might have met with the free discussion of many minds.

Much of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed, the greatest national misfortune that ever befell this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from an early period, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medicinal purposes.[2] Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own virtue of tem-

[1] Colquhoun on Crime.

[2] Stowe's London. Statutes at Large; British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman-French law dialect.

perance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction; and those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate for the purpose of earnestly recommending to legislators its encouragement; yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in manuscript journals of parliament.[1] What would have been said of James I., if, in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one noted literary character belonging to church or law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness, and to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale earnestly supported the restrictive law, and opposed its abrogation, declaring that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors." The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign.[2] It is, perhaps, the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person,—orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as

[1] MS. Journals of the House of Lords, in the library of E. C. Davey, esq., Grove, Yoxford.

[2] Whiston's Auto-biography.

not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?[1] Yet her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder" as probable recruits, rather than worthy members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers, (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy of the revolutionary government regarding the influence of the reformed catholic church on the minds of the poor, the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. Executions under the reward-conviction system, which soon was supported by parliament, often amounted to forty victims per month for London only; and when the most dreadful revelations took place of gangs of miscreants congregated for the purposes of obtaining the blood-rewards by the denouncement of innocent persons, liberal as the law was in dispensation of death, no commensurate punishment whatsoever was found on the statute-book for those who had been murderers by wholesale by false

[1] The reward known as 'blood-money,' gave rise to an organized crew of human fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was, for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates; which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the property of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. When they received this horrid donation, the confederates divided the spoil at an entertainment, which went among the association by the significant name of "the blood-feast." Fearful it is to relate that, emboldened by the prosperous working of this trade, the thief-takers often dispensed with the dangerous machinery of drawing in dupes, and boldly swore away the lives of totally innocent people, who were the victims of this dreadful confederacy without the slightest participation in any robbery. A captain of one of these gangs, called Jonathan Wild, when the measure of his inquity was full, put in a paper at his trial stating his good services, as he had been rewarded for the hanging of *sixty-seven* highwaymen and *returned convicts!*—Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

witness. As if to make the matter worse, the cruel legislature put the traffickers in human life in the pillory, where they were atrociously immolated by the mob. Proper reprobation cannot be given to wicked laws that make crime profitable to a vast number of persons, without pointing out the frightful duration of such laws. Notwithstanding many appalling public exposures of the murderous traffic of false witnesses from the time when Mary II. instituted the blood rewards, her grievous system lasted till the recent days of 1816.[1] Many dissertations have been written on these direful proceedings, all replete with fearful interest; yet the task of tracing up the source of sorrow to her cruel enactments has never entered the idea of statistic writers. But to mark the awful point of the year, the hour, and the day when the woe first arose, is an act of historical justice. Much of the sorrow and crime of our present era may be traced to the calamitous acts of legislation by which William III. encouraged gin distilling, and his queen instituted blood-money.[2]

To court popularity with the English, king William, moreover, did all in his power to depress the industry of the

[1] The whole system was swept away in 1816, according to Knight's London, p. 233, vol. iv. The evidence of the good policeman, Townshend, is worth reading on this head. Some traces of the direful system still work woe in our distant convict colonies. See the works of captain Maconochie.

[2] Captain Maconochie, whose late government of Norfolk Island has drawn so much public attention, thus expresses himself in his first work on "Penal Science," as he aptly calls that knowledge which is best worthy of the attention of a paternal legislature. When speaking of one of his measures, which he found most effectual in the cure of crime, he says, "It will give each man a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, a highly advantageous circumstance, associating all with the government in the maintenance of discipline instead of, *as now too frequently occurs, an interest in encouraging, and subsequently revealing the crimes of others,—a most detestable feature in the present system.*" Thus it seems that the mistakes or perversities of the edict emanating from the government of Mary II. and her cabinet, Sept. 13, 1692, are still bringing forth bad fruit. The following observations, quoted by the same work, were probably written in illustration of this fatal act of council: "To set a price on the head of a criminal, or otherwise on a great scale to reward the information of accomplices, is the strongest proof of a weak or unwise government. Such an edict confounds the ideas of virtue and morality, at all times too wavering in the mind of man. It encourages treachery, and to prevent one crime, gives birth to a thousand. Such are the expedients of weak and ignorant nations, whose laws are like temporary repairs to a tottering fabric."—Australiana, p. 73, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H.

Irish, and by that means ruined a number of the most worthy of that portion of his subjects. "I shall," said he, in his speech to the English commons on the 21st of July, 1698, "do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland."[1] Alas, poor Ireland! crushed in her virtuous efforts for employing her starving population by the unpaternal foreigner who had been entrusted with the sovereignty of the British empire, dearly and deeply have her children cause to rue the success of William's ruthless determination to inflict evils, for which wiser and better rulers are anxiously seeking to provide remedies.

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hard-contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion, which prevailed as much in the capital of the English as in that of the victorious French. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlin-lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck like a scarf, with long ends. This mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it till his dying day. It mattered little who lost, or who won in Flanders; a certain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states was exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were wofully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war: "Ah!" said he, "the last guinea will carry the victory." The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for the defence of this country, but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand and practise marine warfare.

[1] Dr. Playfair's Family Antiquities; Ireland.

Directly the king arrived, his brother-in-law, the prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, 'a compliment,' which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, therefore he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual." [1] Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive her of such a trifling mark of distinction without he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St. James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

Not a vestige at present remains of the once-magnificent mansion where the princess Anne retired from the wrath of her sister and her sister's spouse, and kept her little court apart when banished by them from the court of England. Berkeley-house was in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square, to which it gave its name. It has long ago been destroyed by fire. In ancient times there was a farm on this place, abutting on Hyde-park, known by the pretty pastoral name of Hay-hill Farm, noted in history as the spot where the severest struggle took place in the insurrection led by Wyatt, and where his head was set up on a pole after his execution. This farm fell into the possession of lord John Berkeley, who built on it a stately mansion, and laid out the Hay-hill Farm in ornamental grounds pertaining to it.

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 103.

Berkeley-house is said to have been, in the days of queen Mary, the last house in Piccadilly.[1]

The return of king William in safety was celebrated by a thanksgiving on the 10th of November, and by a grand civic dinner at Guildhall, which their majesties attended in person. The enormous taxes necessary to be raised to meet the expenses of the next Flanders campaign, after all the disastrous losses king William had sustained, made attention to the citizens requisite. The queen likewise dined in state with the king at the new armoury at the Tower, since destroyed by fire. It had been commenced by her father. A splendid banquet was laid out in the great room, then considered the largest in Europe. The royal pair were waited upon by the master-architects and their workmen in masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.[2]

The Jacobite war was virtually concluded; an efficient navy, appointed and supplied by honest ministers, would have been alone sufficient to guard the coasts of Great Britain from insult and to protect commerce. Very far was the intention of king William from pursuing a line of policy consistent with the vital interests of England. His object was to obtain

[1] Evelyn says, in August 1672, "I dined with lord John Berkeley in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it cost him 30,000*l*. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis* without *closets*, [dressing or retiring room]. The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely, the kitchen and stables ill-placed, and the corridor even worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and above all the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and the pretty *piscina*." This, in plain English, is a fishpond, which has probably been long filled up; but the inequality of the ground still makes Berkeley-square and its neighbourhood the most picturesque spot in the unpicturesque *beau-monde* of our metropolis. A terrace extended along the ridge of the hill. "The holly hedges on that terrace," continues Evelyn, "I advised the planting of; the porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, the very worst in the book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, was the architect." Such were the now-departed glories of Berkeley-house. The site of its grounds and dependencies extended from Devonshire-house to Curzon-street, and the Hay-hill Farm is to be traced in the present appellations of the adjacent streets, as Hill-street, Farm-street, besides the historical street of Hay-hill, which were all appertaining to the old farm, and were the grounds of the mansion which gave name to the present Berkeley-square.

[2] Toone's Chronological History.

funds to maintain a great army in Flanders, where every year he lost a sharply contested battle, where the enormous sums raised by unprecedented taxation in England were expended, and never circulated back again,—a calamity which is, perhaps a just punishment on insular kingdoms maintaining foreign armies. The feudal laws, with their forty days' military service, had provided, not without some statistic wisdom, against such injurious effects on national prosperity.

The queen's attention to business during her regencies, and her natural feelings as an Englishwoman, might have led her to protect the interests of her country; she was, notwithstanding, zealous in her exertions to appropriate all she could raise by taxation to the maintenance of that foreign warfare which was the sole passion of her husband's life. When William was in England, she seemed wholly occupied in needle-work and knotting. Her panegyrists mention that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant; yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes. "Her majesty," says a contemporary,[1] "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour of a sudden grown, that not only assembly-rooms and visiting [drawing] rooms, but the streets, the roads,—nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry. It was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater, because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful or beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe made after the royal

[1] Tindal's Continuation.

example survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. The contemporary who relates the circumstance, breaks into enthusiastic encomiums on this "pretty industry," and likewise informs us that her majesty, "resolving as much as in her lay to strike at the very root of vice and idleness, encouraged the setting up of a linen manufacture, in which many thousands of poor people were employed."[1] It would have been only just to the memory of Mary II. if the place and particulars of this right royal work had been pointed out, in order that she might receive equal credit with her great ancestress, queen Philippa. But Mary II. must have lavished her kindness "on many thousands of most ungrateful linen weavers," who have forgotten it in a very short time.

Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle, could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of "thread fringe" is satirized in the verses of sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

"Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by his valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread fringes for ye.

Blest we, who from such queens are freed,[2]
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads;
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

[1] Tindal's Continuation, p. 66.

[2] Catharine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable, written just after queen Catharine returned to Portugal.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound;
The fringe that this campaign has wrought,
Though it cost the nation but a groat,
Thy conquests will surround."

It is easy to gather from these lines, and from some others on the wars of William III., that the witty sir Charles Sedley was no friend to the Dutch hero. He celebrated his return to England, in 1792, with another epigram:—

"The author, sure, must take great pains,
Who fairly writes the story,
In which of these two last campaigns,
Was gained the greatest glory.

For while he marched on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing."

Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley-house; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catharine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the Revolution; and after queen Mary was on the throne, he said, "I have now returned the obligation I owed to king James. He made my daughter a countess; I have helped to make his daughter a queen."

Queen Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. This countess of Dorchester, who appears to have been a lady of the bedchamber at the Revolution, on its successful completion had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen when she held her first drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed,—"Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him." Lady Dorchester had just been

concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had shed some blood, and had kept her elder uncle in prison. Lady Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil. The queen, for some reason best known to herself, suffered lady Dorchester to intrude her speeches upon her regarding matters of taste. Her majesty wished to rival her uncle's Lely room of beauties at Hampton-Court; but her artist, Kneller, who could paint a plain man in an ugly wig, or a masculine woman in whalebone armour and a cornette cap, with startling verity, was no hand at a beauty. The costume was tasteless, the ladies were grim, the artist truthful; consequently, queen Mary's "beauty-room" was a failure throughout. The duchess of Somerset, whose ardent ringlets are really marvels of art, is absolutely the belle of the collection. Worse results ensued than the perpetrating of a score of plain portraits. There are always handsome women at an English court, and the real beauties were almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen had given the palm of loveliness to her frights. The queen was surprised at her sudden unpopularity with the female nobility, and lady Dorchester spoke her oracular opinion on the measure: "Madam," she said, "were his majesty to order portraits of all the clever men in his dominions, would not the rest consider themselves treated as block-heads?"[1]

At the same Christmas occur some notices illustrative of Anne's residence at Berkeley-house, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James's, written by some Jacobite, concerning a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects, which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement from court.

[1] Cole MSS., Brit. Mus. There is the same incident, with little variation, in the Tour of a German Artist in England, vol. i. p. 95.

"THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"Welcome, great princess! to this lowly place,
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;
Your praise each day by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung.
God bless our queen! and yet I may, moreover,
Own you our queen in Berkeley-street and Dover:
May your great prince and you live numerous years!
This is the subject of our loyal prayers."

Appended to these verses is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the *habeas corpus* act: "The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clark of the council, were as follows: Ye are to take a messenger, and to find out the dwelling-house of the bellman of Piccadilly; and when you meet with him, search his fur cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. You are privately to acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give you an account in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about those streets without our licence. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess, in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess; for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace of Lambeth, (it being contrary to his [archbishop Tillotson's] education).

[1] Collection of popular Songs, for the earl of Oxford; Lansdowne Papers.

Lastly, you are to acquaint both the bellman and the parson that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty; but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."[1] There are one or two points in this *jeu-d'esprit* that have reference to circumstances on which this biography has previously dwelt. "That the princess is neither to be *regarded* by day, or *guarded* by night," and "that any one may rob her," alludes to the highway robbery, either real or pretended, she had suffered the preceding spring, when travelling from London to Sion, after the malice of her brother-in-law had deprived her of her guards. And as for the evil report at Lambeth, to be made of Dr. Birch for his bowings at St. James's, he is threatened with the anger of Dr. Tillotson, because that archbishop, when a presbyterian, had not been used to any church ceremonial.

A settled, but more quiet hostility was now established between the royal sisters during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every mark of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley-house, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and 'her Dutch Caliban,' as they called the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germains, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once-beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossiped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the

[1] Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers, p. 73, No. 852. The date given here is 1690, but this must be an error of the transcriber, since Anne herself distinctly points out the day, in 1692, when she first treated for that residence, nor were the differences between the royal sisters public in 1690.

restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley-house.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him; "for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city. The mansion was owned," says our authority,[1] "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up or carried off every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamberlain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayers told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury.'—'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she stayed some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived

[1] Hooper MS., printed in Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 474. There is no date, but as other authors maintain the king was baffled by the wind, and returned from Margate this spring, it was probably 1693.

dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse himself for not being at the deanery to entertain her majesty, who thus gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there. Yours is the cleanest house I ever was in; and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut-tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely, (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft). In the afternoon I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."[1] Dean Hooper told the queen "that she had condemned the walnut-tree and the windows at the deanery," for her majesty intimated "that she should come again to Canterbury on the like occasion." She never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut-tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, 'if he approved,' she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the furniture to be dirty; but as there was not enough of the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it.' The queen, when all was ready, despatched to the cathedral a page of her backstairs, who always arranged matters regarding her gifts, with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with the figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

with plain velvet: the fringe for the whole was a *rufted* one of gold, silver, and purple; it alone cost the queen 500*l*."[1]

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb. In that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition at Southwark fair, representing the great earthquake which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica,[2]—a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,[3] he being then in his camp at Flanders at dinner in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof. Yet queen Mary, in her attempted reforms among the lower classes, was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a frequenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness."[4] Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,[5] "was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the Old Bachelor, of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist at her death." But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless; his memory only exists by the fact, that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse; she went to see the plays of this

[1] Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

[2] An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 3000 persons, Sep. 8, 1602.—Evelyn, Toone, &c. The shock was felt in England.

[3] Life of Edmund Calamy.

[4] Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

[5] Evelyn.

odious author, and in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the Volunteers, or the Stockjobbers, one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bear it with a princely magnanimity? She and our country have the greatest stake in Europe. She is to be reverenced and admired; but hard it is to imitate so glorious an example, and, methinks, a private lady may be happier." This is, perhaps, the only passage which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate. It is useless to aver that the taste of her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down" the vicious plays of Shadwell as well as the poor puppet-show at Southwark fair, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collier, a nonjuring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well-known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collier was "not among *her* friends."

The same year, the queen ordered for her dramatic regale the Double Dealer, one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood." He was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, then a stage-struck youth, who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty. Her majesty was received with a new prologue, written by Congreve, and spoken by Mrs. Barry; two lines of it are preserved:—

"But never were in Rome or Athens seen,
So fair a circle and so bright a queen."[1]

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronised were those implicated with that perjurer, and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare, poor and parsimonious: difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received an appointment as one of their historiographers. On what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered, but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, a long panegyric in rhyme on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on the success of king William in establishing the revolution in 1688.

Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension: he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen condescended to act as his personal enemy, by suborning writers to attack his dramatic works. "About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,[2] "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries (I suppose Trenchard) had informed the queen

[1] Colley Cibber, who relates this anecdote in his Apology, says expressly, "the queen came and was received." He does not mention that the "choir dramatique" were transferred to Whitehall or St. James's, therefore it must be concluded that she went to the public playhouse, called the Queen's, in Dorset Gardens, Fleet-street.—Apology of Colley Cibber, Bellchambers' edition, pp. 195, 196.

[2] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Dryden.

that I had abused her government,—these were the words in the epistle to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing." A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of sickness and destitution, his play of Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency. Had he written on the subject of Agis, we may imagine that the daughter of James II. might have dreaded the effects of an English audience being led to form comparisons between her conduct and that of the divine Chelidonis; but Cleomenes bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that Cleomenes with his faithful consort are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes to deliver Sparta from a foreign yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first-cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict. Cleomenes was performed, but a very strong party was raised against it by her majesty's court; and, though the purest of all Dryden's productions, it scarcely lived out the nine nights which were then requisite to make a play profitable to a dramatic poet. On queen Mary's side, it has been urged that Dryden had previously provoked her by his prologue to his former play of the Prophetess, in which he had ventured to introduce some sarcastic allusions to the female regency, the war in Ireland, and to reflect on the Revolution itself. All this had given great offence to Mary, and she had forbidden its repetition.

The queen, having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, sent for the illustrious Henry Purcell and the rev. Mr. Gostling, belonging to the chapel-royal; also for Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a fine voice, and was likewise celebrated as a lutanist. The vocalists sung several melodies by Purcell, while that great composer accompanied them on the harpsichord; but queen Mary became weary of Purcell's exalted style, and before his face inquired if Arabella Hunt could sing the old Scotch ballad of

"Cold and raw the wind doth blaw."

The lady sang it to her lute; the mightiest composer that England ever boasted sitting, meantime, unemployed at his instrument, not a little mortified at the queen's preference of a ballad, the words of which might not only be considered vulgar, but something worse. Supposing, however, that it was the air with which her majesty was so much pleased, Purcell adapted it to her next birthday ode, sung by Mr. Gostling. The queen had been accustomed to hear Mr. Gostling's performance in her earlier days, when he used to join in duets with her royal uncle Charles II., who sang the tenor, while her unfortunate father, then the gay and gallant duke of York, accompanied them on the guitar. Purcell's feelings, it seems, were much wounded by the queen's manner when she silenced his compositions; the incident was never forgotten by him: in consequence it has been interwoven with the history of his science.[1]

As the young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden-house, he was, when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, taken daily there: her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke likewise took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter, a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond[2] of

[1] Hawkins' History of Music. Ancient Scotch Music; Maitland Club.

[2] Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester.

him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate. She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds, which was rather pompously announced in the Gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden-house, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for at four years old he was scarcely able to walk without support.

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and of the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at St. Vincent, —that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare,—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue, likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders,—that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat, for executions ensued for cowardice. Such were the troubles of a divided nation.

These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7th. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said they should be inquired into. The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy council, "that as they seemed better satisfied

with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country."[1] This threat was, of course, a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary; but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime-minister who had at various times during the last twenty years governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquess of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted Mammon into the supremacy, of which the king and church had been deprived at the Revolution. He had systematically devoted a large share of the unexampled taxation raised since the Revolution to purchasing a majority in the house of commons. The queen always looked up to this wily veteran with considerable deference while he was president of her council. From her letters to her husband her reasons have been quoted, because, when lord Danby, he had negotiated her marriage.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November 23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.[2] The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk church-yard. There is a tablet raised to his memory, on the outside of the porch of Fressingfield

[1] Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.
[2] D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village. A poet of his native county has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft. His words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:—

> "He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,
> For his small heritage and humble bowers.
> * * * * *
> Now with his staff in his paternal ground,
> Amid his orchard trees he may be found,
> An old man late returned where he was seen,
> Sporting a child upon the village green.
> How many a changeful year had passed between!
> Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there
> A heart kept young by piety and prayer,
> That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,
> 'Be not for me afflicted: it is well,
> 'For 'twas in my integrity I fell.'"[1]

"Sancroft had died a year before, in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor: "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next. The fate of archbishop Sancroft had a remarkable effect on the mind of the most original genius of his times, who was then rising into the first consciousness of great and varied powers. When Sancroft died, all hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness left the mind of Swift. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift, nevertheless, resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt

[1] These lines are by the rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer which the venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his death-bed.

the surface might be. He took his farewell, in his "Ode to Sancroft," of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire. How can a documentary historian read without emotion that magnificent invocation with which Swift, the young kinsman of John Dryden, commences his elegy[1] on the fall of Sancroft!

"Truth, the eternal child of holiest heaven!
Brightest effluence of the immortal ray!
Chief cherub and chief lamp of that high seven
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day!
First of God's mighty attributes,
Thou daily seest him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fixed depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place.
How shall we find thee, then, in dark disputes?
How shall we search thee in a battle gained,
Or a weak argument by force maintained?

For where is e'en thy image on our earth,
Since heaven will claim thy residence and birth?
And God himself has said, 'Ye shall not find it here!'
Since this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made.

Is not good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
In the divinity of his retreat,
The brightest pattern earth can show?
But fools, for being strong and numerous grown,
Suppose the truth, like the whole world, their own;
And holy Sancroft's course irregular appears,
Because entirely opposed to theirs.

Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins,—
Say, hapless isle, although
It is a bloody list we know,—
Has given thee up a dwelling place for fiends?
Sin and the plague ever abound
In easy governments and fruitful ground;
Evils which a too gentle king,
Too flourishing a spring,
And too warm summers bring.

Our Britain's soil is over rank, and breeds
Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds;
And every noxious weed so lofty grows,
As if it meant to o'ershade the royal rose,—

[1] These extracts are from a copy in Cole's Miscellaneous MSS., in which the poem is far superior in perspicuity and polish to the copies printed in the editions of Swift's works, where, however, it is very rare.

The royal rose, the glory of our morn,
But ah! too much without a thorn.
Forgive (original mildness) this ungoverned zeal,
'Tis all the angry Muse can do.
In the pollution of these days
No province now is left her but to rail,
For poetry has lost the art to praise,
Alas! the occasions are so very few."

Swift fulfilled the determination here expressed so completely, that the quotation of this historical poem will excite no little surprise, for it is forgotten or stifled among the profusion of his productions of a contrary tendency. Nevertheless, Swift, as a contemporary memorialist, throws true light on the events of his era, when his historical notations were not garbled for premature publication. Having lamented the undeserved adversity of the disinterested primate of the English church, Swift buckled his fortunes on those of that primate's mortal enemy, William III. The king, on becoming acquainted with Swift at the house of sir William Temple, offered him a troop of horse; and after wondering wherefore a man of his unclerical mind refused an occupation more fitting to it than that of Christian tuition, he left him with no other benefit than teaching him the Dutch way of cutting asparagus from the beds at Moor Park, when his majesty staid with sir William Temple. King William likewise inculcated the propriety of his mode of eating this vegetable, which was to devour the whole of the stalks. Swift insisted on all his guests practising the same refined royal method when, in after life, he became dean of St. Patrick's; but more out of satire on the "glorious memory," and to vex its Irish adorers, than for any sincere admiration of this Dutch custom.[1]

[1] Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

MARY II.

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Anecdotes of Mary II.—Gossip of the court—Her attention to her nephew—Princess Anne's arrangements for him—His vicinity to the queen at Campden-house—Often visits her majesty—Departure of the king—Queen founds Greenwich Hospital—Anecdotes of the queen and her nephew—Disasters in the queen's government—Return of the king—Archbishop Tillotson struck with death in the queen's presence—Queen's observations regarding Dr. Hooper—Queen appoints Dr. Tennison archbishop—Lord Jersey's remonstrance—Her reply—Queen taken ill at Kensington—Sits up to destroy papers—Fluctuations in her disorder—Proceedings of her sister—Queen's illness results in the smallpox—Her danger—Anguish of the king—Princess Anne sends lady Fitzharding with message to the queen—Queen's sufferings from erysipelas—Her life despaired of—Preparations for death—Delirious fancies—Dangerous state of the king—Death of Mary II.—Great seal broken—News of her death carried to St. Germains by a priest—Conduct of her father, and his remarks on her death—Letter she left for her husband—Duke of Devonshire's verses on her death—Burnet's eulogy—Lord Cutts' elegy, &c.—Jacobite epigrams on the queen—Sermons, funeral, and wax statue in Westminster-abbey—Anecdotes in her praise—Burnet's panegyrical epitaph.

The new prime-minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman-catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was, in 1693-4, purveyor of scandal to the princess Anne's inimical little court. He has already been mentioned in one of the satires of the day as "republic Jack Howe." Lord chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of

gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness; once, however, she forgot her caution, and gave rise to an anecdote, the tradition of which was handed down to Horace Walpole. One day the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love."—"Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard." Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptance of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite and Mrs. Lundee, a woman dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.[1] Thus was the appointment of a prime-minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury as "a charming man, wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt, the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore, The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley-house as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden-house,[2] Kensington-palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden-house for her own use, and occasionally resided with her son,[3] although

[1] Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury. See the letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, pp. 18–30.

[2] Mr. Brayley, in his Londiniana, declares that the front of Campden-house was pulled down early in the present century.

[3] This is gathered from the tract full of puerilities written by Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber. The usher's memoir has, however, thrown that light on the residences and daily lives of queen Mary and her sister for which it is vain to search history. The localities of Jenkins' narrative of small facts are often quoted as in the bedchamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne at Campden-house; likewise it preserves the fact, that she resided at Berkeley-house until she took possession of St. James's-palace.

the *entrée* at Kensington-palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley-house; these consisted of plain joints of meat, to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants as an early indication of love of war; and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him "to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II., for," her royal highness said, "it cured every kind of ague." Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the Garter, and soon afterwads sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue riband vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted Garter, which she gave the duke of Shrewsbury as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird. But it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue riband; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery

of the princess Anne: very little was known regarding its cure, or even its nature, by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke,"—a peruke for an infant born in July 1689! It was then only Easter 1694. The unfortunate child, with this enormous head, is nevertheless described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues,[1] "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour; his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full; his legs proportionable to his body made him appear very charming, turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins. "People concluded it was occasioned by the over care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured, pleasant man, would often rally them about it; and Dr. Radcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewin, his sub-governess, about it."

The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewin. The Kingston quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household: Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. "After due consultation with the prince her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements, (for no-

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 12.

thing but battles, sieges, drums, and warlike tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark, therefore, ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habiliments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him,—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the regiment of boys, which he termed his horse-guards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was, to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden-house,[1] this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now tailor Hughes had never been at Campden-house, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welshman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welsh tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins "why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother: her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welch interpreter."[1]

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 11.

It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households. These little observances conciliate and please, when national differences of language sometimes occasion mutiny and discontent.

One day, just before his uncle's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington-gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas, as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birthday, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The young duke asked the queen "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall."—"Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London,"—a true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden-house.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden-house the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 10.

to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject, until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and a deep lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added, "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders,"—meaning the urchins who formed what he called his regiments. These boy-soldiers were no slight annoyance to Kensington, for on their return homewards from drill, presuming on being the duke of Gloucester's *men*, they used to enter the houses on the road to London, and help themselves to whatever they liked,[1]—a proceeding in complete coincidence with the times, since it appears that this was only an imitation of the practices of soldiers quartered in the environs of London at the same era.

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion every time she did not contradict him,"—a hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. Her letters prove that command of countenance was her systematic study, and that she likewise anticipated the political deductions that those around her drew from the fluctuations of her spirits. Few women ever lived in such an atmosphere of bodily and mental restraint, or so sedulously calculated the effect of her words, looks, or manners, as Mary of England. Her ancestor, James I., made a remarkable clatter about an art that he fancied he had invented, called by him *king-craft*, which his constant loquacity and sociability prevented him from practising; but queen Mary, if we may judge by her own written admissions, had secretly

[1] Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester, p. 15.

reduced queen-craft to a system, and acted thereon to the last moment of her existence. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.[1] It is startling, indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood, to which, however, though much younger than William, she never attained. Whether the queen wished some filial affection to be attributed to her by lord Shrewsbury and lord Nottingham, whom she had reason to believe were in secret attached to her father, or whether her taste was justly offended by the indelicacy of the conduct of lord Halifax, it is difficult to decide Nevertheless, king William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by breaking his rude jests on her father in her presence; "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."[2] This singular warning appears to have been given by the king just before his departure to Flanders, which took place May 6th that year, by way of Margate.[3]

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes. [2] Ibid.

[3] King William was passing through Canterbury to go to Holland, when his approach excited the loyalty of a ne'er-do-well lad called Matthew Bishop, a resident there, but on the point of running away, and seeking his fortune by sea, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe. This worthy seems never to have wholly digested the dry manner in which his Dutch majesty received his zealous homage. "I gathered," he said, in his auto-biography, "all the flowers out of our own garden and several more, to adorn the High-street as he came along; and then, with some others, [boys,] ran by the side of his coach from College-yard, almost two miles, huzzaing and crying at the top of our voices, 'God bless king William!' till his majesty put his hand upon the glass, and looking upon us, said, with the most disgusting dryness, 'It is enough.'" King William could not well say less, yet contrived to offend his admirer so implacably, that he declares the news of the king's death, when it occurred, gave him sensible satisfaction. Thus were the people of England weaned from their close and familiar approximation with royalty, in which they had heretofore both delighted and

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes;[1] we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basins and ewers, and other furniture of solid silver, had been removed;[2] but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer, of any restitution from his private estates.[3]

The summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen, in the shape of lost naval battles and fruitless expeditions. Time has unveiled the mystery of these failures. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it is found, from the most incontestable documentary

given delight. The monarchs of England had formerly lived in the presence of their commonalty; the chivalric Plantagenet, the powerful Tudor, the graceful Stuart, enjoyed no high festival, no gorgeous triumph, without their people for audience.

[1] Evelyn.

[2] They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

[3] The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson, who practised it) regarding the 50,000*l.* which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dower of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the house of commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire took it for granted that the dower *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the budget of supply; but he dived not into the whole of the incidents, and was mistaken in the chronology, or he would never have attributed such payments to "Mary the daughter." There does not appear a circumstance, besides this grant of the commons, (which was *never* paid,) on which Voltaire, and the English historians who have echoed him, can found the assertion they have made.

evidence,[1] that this person betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never on any other occasion availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough had peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence. Thus the earnest desire of queen Mary to separate the Marlboroughs from her sister, was a mere act of self-defence; yet the course she pursued towards her sister excites contempt, on account of the series of low-minded petty attacks upon her, in which the spitefulness in regard to trifles strongly brings to mind the line,—

"Willing to wound, but yet to strike afraid."

One of queen Anne's historians affirms, that the queen caused the name of her sister to be omitted in the Common Prayer-book; but against this assertion we beg to offer our own particular evidence, since we well remember, at six years old, in the innocence of our heart, and without any papistical intentions, praying at church for king William, queen Mary, princess Anne, and the duke of Gloucester, out of old family Prayer-books printed in that reign.

When the news arrived in the household of the princess Anne of the disastrous defeat of Tollemache, the word went that he and his troops had been betrayed to death. "I was in waiting at Campden-house," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret-bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act. His excuses for him seem to add to the guilt. Likewise Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, where the reader may consult overpowering evidence of these treasons, and read Marlborough's letter: vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

France having posted his *arrière ban*[1] everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady governess Fitzharding came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it." From the same source it is found, that at the period of this disaster the princess Anne was on a visit with the guilty persons, the earl of Marlborough and his wife, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to which seat, belonging to lady Marlborough, she often retired for some days.

It has been mentioned, that the gossips of the circle at Berkeley-house, by the assistance of their ally, "Jack Howe," had thought proper to promulgate the fiction that the one-eyed prime-minister, Shrewsbury, was the object of queen Mary's secret preference. They actually went so far as to affirm, that if king William died, the queen would have given her hand to Shrewsbury. Such tales certainly invest the despatches that premier wrote to king William in his absence with an interest they would not otherwise possess. The sole foundation for this report is, that whenever lord Shrewsbury entered the presence of queen Mary, she was observed to tremble and turn pale,—no very certain criterion of the nature of the passion that agitated the queen, which might be fear or hope concerning the tidings, of weal or woe, he was likely to bring her on matters of high import. Assuredly, lord Shrewsbury himself had heard of these scandals, for he expresses himself with a certain degree of prudish stiffness when he mentions the queen in his despatches to her absent consort, dated August 1694. The question was, whether the fleet commanded by Russell should winter at Cadiz, or return to England? The privy council were not united in their opinions: as to the vacillation of Shrewsbury, it was almost proverbial.

"When they," he writes to king William,[2] "were so diffi-

[1] Feudal militia.

[2] Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 66.

dent, you may be sure I was much more so of *my own single;* and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and *chide me,* saying, 'that, in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but, as near as I could collect, the thoughts of the whole committee.' It is therefore in obedience to *her* commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty that every body agreed the decision should be left to admiral Russell." These words give no very brilliant idea of the abilities of Mary's assistant in government, but they illustrate some of her difficulties in eliciting the opinions of her council, and bringing them to an unanimous decision. Could queen Mary have examined their private escritoires, and opened the autograph letters which we have opened, her spirit must have failed in utter despair at witnessing their complicated treachery; and whether the intent of these double-dealing men was to betray her or her father, the disgust excited by their conduct is equal. A majority among the great body of the people, backed by the system of formidable standing armies, supported her, and the queen again steered the vessel of the state safely through all dangers; but the more the separate treasons are considered, the higher ought her abilities in government to be rated.

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters-patent for this foundation are dated October 25th, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. There was afterwards established a liberal naval school for their children. The legal instrument sets forth, "that the king and queen granted to sir John Somers, lord keeper, and other great officers of state, eight acres of their manor of Greenwich, and that capital messuage, lately built by their royal uncle, king Charles II., and still remaining unfinished, commonly called 'the palace of

Greenwich,' and several other edifices and buildings standing upon part of the aforesaid ground bounded by the Thames, and by admeasurement along that river 673 feet, to the east end of an edifice called 'the Vestry,' southward on the 'old Tiltyard' and the 'queen's garden,'[1] and westward on the 'Friar's-road,' and bounded by other lands belonging to the crown."[2]

In the subsequent confirmation of this grant by William III. in 1695, the king mentions the foundation "as a particular wish of the queen;" thus the conversion of this unfinished palace, which remained a national reproach, into an institution which is one of its glories, originated with Mary II., who, nevertheless, contributed nothing towards the endowment or support of the charity from her own purse. Something, perhaps, she meant to give, yet that part called by her name remained unfinished as late as 1752 for want of funds; and when king William endowed the hospital with the sum of 8000*l.* in 1695, that sum was taken out of the civil list, and thus was entirely the charity of the English nation.[3] No doubt, the queen would have been better pleased if she had been suffered to endow her hospital with her family spoils, than to have had the grief and shame of seeing them dispensed where they were.[4] This explanation is needful to show wherefore queen Mary, with every good-

[1] One of the landing-places at Greenwich is still called Garden-stairs. These names are almost the only vestiges that remain of the ancient palace and convent there.

[2] Halsted's History of Kent, vol. i. p. 22.

[3] An equal sum was collected from the munificence of private individuals in London. A scheme was afterwards arranged for the support of the hospital by the deduction of sixpence a-month from the wages of the seamen, a plan probably not intended by queen Mary.

[4] It is a fact scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that her husband seized upon the ancient inheritance in Ireland, her father's private property, possessions derived from Elizabeth de Burgh by her descendants through his ancestors the Mortimers, and endowed with them the infamous Elizabeth Villiers. To this woman he had granted 95,649 acres of land, the private estate of king James, valued at 25,995*l.* per annum. It is a satisfaction to find that the house of commons, some years afterwards, in the lifetime of king William, enraged at this appropriation, forced this woman to give up her spoils, and likewise tore enormous estates from the Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Ginkle, and Keppel, and ordained their restitution, with all the income pertaining to them since the 13th of February, 1687.—Toone's Chronology.

will to become a most munificent foundress, was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little intellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose.

England perhaps owed the firm establishment of her naval power to the delight which her sovereigns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took in their residence at Greenwich-palace, where they loved to dwell, with all their mighty navy anchored around them. The Tudors, and especially the Stuarts, then felt themselves monarchs of the ocean, and exulted in every gallant ship added to their navy, as the cavalier rejoices in a new battle-steed. These vessels being thus completely under the eyes of their sovereign, he and all his race took pleasure in, and became judges of those marine and colonial statistics, with which the true interests of this empire are vitally connected. The navy of England, likewise the mighty colonies founded in the intervals of peace in the seventeenth century, declined miserably for upwards of fifty years after the reigning sovereign had given up the naval palace of Greenwich. The queen, in 1694, was required by *some* persons (who were, it is supposed, king William and his Dutch favourites) to demolish all the royal structures appertaining to Greenwich-palace before she commenced the naval hospital; but her majesty had enough regard for the place to resist this proposal. "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle Charles II., as a royal reception-palace on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors; likewise the water-stairs, and approach to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park, (to this day called 'the queen's house,') which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement, telling sir Christopher Wren "that she meant him to add the four pavilions at the corners, as origi-

nally designed by Inigo.[1] With this resolution, her majesty ordered to be left a 'head-road' from the landing-place, leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a foundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around; such was "her majesty's absolute determination," to quote the words of her surveyor,[2] —such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, but on some recent affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, of the same corps, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbad with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt, in his own name, another plan. He wrote, "that he and sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess of Orange,' and *bring them* to his majesty, their father, at St. Germains."[3] As this plot was formed by noted revolutionists, employed in guarding her person, there actually existed a possibility that the daughter might have been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father. Nothing, after the success of two revolutions in one century,

[1] Life of Sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital, 1728. He was deputy-surveyor.

[2] Ibid.

[3] State-Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. p. 467, and Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, p. 74. This very clause must acquit James II. of all desire of assassinating his nephew. Two years afterwards, this strange scheme was matured by these men into an assassination-plot against William III., then a widower, who was to have been murdered when returning to London from hunting at Richmond. No less than ten gentlemen were put to death for this plot, called in history "Sir John Friend's Conspiracy." It is worthy of remark, that the leaders or executors of all the assassination-plots, in this reign and the next, had been revolutionists, or officers from William's own band of French refugees, as Grandval and Guiscard; the latter, however, is supposed not to have joined the refugee corps till after the king's death.

seemed, in fact, too wild and perilous to be undertaken by English political adventurers.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister, being the quaker-nurse of her nephew, who had been given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse, after he had been weaned; nothing, however, could satisfy her. She would be mistress over every body, and would complain of every individual to the lady governess, (Fitzharding,) who was heard to say, "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there." Lady Fitzharding soon found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishment at Campden and Berkeley-houses to her majesty. Such conduct was inconvenient to lady Fitzharding, who had undertaken the same office, but thought it safest to play a double game. The queen, in course of time, gave Mrs. Pack's husband a place in the Custom-house. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess Anne consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse retired from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the smallpox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. None of the household at Campden-house had the least idea of her danger. One morning the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?"—"No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir?" asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but I am sure she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of his women, then observed "that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse actually died just before the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household, for they said it was physi-

cally impossible that the child, or any one else, could have been informed of the fact by natural means. The young duke was taken to visit his aunt, queen Mary, next day. Perhaps her majesty had heard this marvellous tale, for she led the way to it, by asking him, "If he were sorry to hear that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject. Mrs. Atkinson succeeded the quakeress-nurse in her offices. "She was," says Lewis Jenkins, "niece to my good countrywoman, Mrs. Butt,[1] who had the honour to see how the princess Anne was fed when a child."

The issue of a new coinage engaged the attention of the queen's government in this summer. So much had the coin been debased in her reign, that good Caroluses or Jacobuses passed for thirty shillings cash. The circulation in England was greatly injured by base guineas, coined in Holland. The heads of the two regnant sovereigns were impressed on the new coins,—not like Philip and Mary looking into each other's faces, but in the more elegant manner of one profile appearing beyond the other. Philip Rotier, one of the artists patronised by James II., had positively refused to work for William and Mary. His son, Norbert Rotier, was not so scrupulous. In 1694 he was employed in designing some dies for the copper coinage and a medal, charged with the double profile, and Britannia on the reverse, when it was discovered that William's head bore an impertinent likeness to that of a satyr; and this circumstance made a great noise, and was followed by the report that James II. was concealed in Rotier's house in the Tower. Norbert Rotier, finding himself an object of suspicion, retired to France.[2]

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from

[1] This is, perhaps, the same name as *Buss*, who is mentioned in the Clarendon Diary as nurse to the princess Anne. According to Lewis Jenkins, she had the office of keeper of the privy-purse to the princess.

[2] Where he designed several medals for the chevalier St. George. He was succeeded in his office by Harris, the player, an unworthy favourite of the duchess of Cleveland, who was ignorant of the art.—Fine Arts of Great Britain, by Taylor.

Holland throughout the latter part of October and the beginning of November: he could not pass the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November: his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled safely to Kensington.[1] The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. The following passage on this head is abstracted from the scanty details preserved in the journals of the house of lords. Sir Thomas Cooke, the chairman, had sent a bribe on the part of the East-India company to the lord president of queen Mary's cabinet-council, (the marquess of Carmarthen,[2]) by sir Basil Firebrass, which gentleman further deposed, "That they found great stops in the charters, which they apprehended proceeded, sometimes from my lord Nottingham, the queen's lord chamberlain, and sometimes from others; that colonel Fitzpatrick received one thousand guineas on the same terms as the others, on condition that the charter passed; that he pretended great interest with lord Nottingham, and that he could get information from the lady Derby [mistress of the robes] how the queen's pleasure was?"[3] Lord Nottingham, the same deponent declared, "rejected a bribe of five thousand guineas indignantly." It is found that colonel Fitzpatrick died soon after the queen; no one, therefore, could ascertain whether he had been calumniated, or whether he had himself insinuated calumnies on her majesty and her mistress

[1] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 535.

[2] Formerly lord Danby, afterwards marquess of Carmarthen, then duke of Leeds. The passage is from Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739; vol. iii. p. 23.

[3] Parliamentary Debates in England, printed 1739, vol. iii. p. 23.

of the robes. All that need be said on this head is, that queen Mary, in her letters, displays no tendency to any unrighteous acquisition of the public money. The fatal illness under which her majesty succumbed immediately after the parliamentary inquiries on this head,—which commenced in the house of commons on the king's return,—at once interrupted the examination, and spared the queen the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her ministers were capable. The long-disputed bill, limiting parliaments to three years' duration, was brought in the same autumn: it did not seem more palatable to the elective king and queen than to their predecessors.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased: archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. Archbishop Tillotson had grown excessively fat and corpulent at the time of his death. Notwithstanding his florid and exuberant condition of person, his friends considered that his life had been shortened by the sorrow and dejection which his elevation had brought on him.[1] Just as archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day, to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there."—"No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him. I knew he was not there."

[1] Life of Tillotson. There were found in the possession of archbishop Tillotson numerous letters, containing the most furious threats against his life, and revilings of his character; he had endorsed these words on the packets, "I have read these letters, I thank God calmly, and may the writers forgive themselves as easily as I forgive them."

All trifles make a strong impression when connected with unexpected death: superstition is at such times very active. It will be remembered that Dr. Hooper had declared to queen Mary, that the great walnut-tree which kept the people from seeing her when she sojourned at his deanery at Canterbury, should be cut down; by a curious accident, it was felled at the very moment of Tillotson's death, who, as the story goes, had planted it with his own hand when he was dean of Canterbury.[1]

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated in its creed: this was Dr. Tennison, who was soon after raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury. The nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers; among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers. He reminded her majesty, "that Dr. Tennison had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwynne, for the lucre of fifty pounds, which that person had provided for the purpose in her will." Queen Mary showed more discomposure of countenance at this remonstrance than she ever betrayed before on any occasion. "What then!" she replied, after a pause of great confusion. "No doubt the poor woman was severely penitent, or, I am sure, by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."[2] Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman: she knew it not, or she would have urged so noble a plea. Her wishes really were, that Dr. Stillingfleet should be pro-

[1] Hooper MS.; but a walnut-tree of thirty or thirty-three years' growth could not have been a large one.

[2] Bio. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l.* per annum, which had been secured to her by James II.—Clarendon Diary, Appendix, p. 654. It is said, that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed, or queen Mary would not have entered on her defence. Nelly had left fifty pounds for her funeral sermon. Dr. Tennison's panegyric, when earning this sum, caused no little scandal on the clerical character.

moted to the primacy.[1] King William's nomination of Dr. Tennison was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman-catholics. He had been bred as a physician, and practised as such in the time of Cromwell.

The queen, for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; the king was likewise much affected by his death. Indeed, since her majesty had witnessed the primate's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. The royal pair were residing at Kensington-palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement, when the queen became seriously indisposed on the 19th of December. She took some slight remedies, and declared herself well the next day. The remedy thus mentioned was a noxious spirituous cordial, that the queen usually took in large doses when ill, against which her faithful physician, Dr. Walter Harris, affirms[2] he had vainly warned her, explaining to her that it was many degrees stronger, and more heating, than the usual strength of brandy; and that such draughts, for a person of her corpulence and sanguiferous complexion, were like to be fatal, in case of eruptive diseases. After swallowing this stimulant, it can scarcely excite surprise that her illness returned in the course of a few hours. "The next day," says Burnet,[3] "which was the 20th of December, she went abroad, but could not disguise being ill." How truly the queen anticipated the result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed,

[1] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection, 6584.

[2] Dr. Harris's Letter on Queen Mary's Case of Smallpox united with Measles. It is a warning against the heating system of treating smallpox: this salutary remonstrance saved myriads of lives afterwards. The physician attributes the fatal termination of Mary's illness to her spirituous cordial, which, against the advice of Dr. Harris, was her specific in all cases of indisposition. Once or twice previously, he says, it had nearly destroyed her: he supposes she took a double dose of it after her relapse, and thus her case was rendered utterly desperate.

[3] Burnet's MS., Harleian Coll.

if seen after she was no more." Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death! Strange contrast between an unfortunate father and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;[1] Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered, excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet, in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was exceedingly indisposed on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, some two or three days afterwards, supposed to be only the measles, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree,—Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the smallpox.[2] Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found in his printed history, as follows: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my

[1] There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

[2] Ralph's History, p. 539.

own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part but that it was universally condemned; so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician; but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called when it was too late: all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."[1] Radcliffe's mistake was, taking the smallpox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine: she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Smallpox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,[2] and therefore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley-house, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for drop-

[1] So written. Burnet's MS., Harleian, 6524.

[2] Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite: he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwillingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees. Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

sical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.[1] Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick-bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22nd of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the house of lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the consequent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.[2]

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley-house, and all the intelligence of whatever passed in either household was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade: laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment as late as Christmas-day, o.s., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, regarding how her majesty really was. The news thus gained was, however, by no means correct. "As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the smallpox, but the measles. The queen was much beloved. She had found the means of pleasing the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, the command of plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me 'what I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 105.
[2] Ralph's History, p. 535.

heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the smallpox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him 'where he learnt that expression?'—'Lewis, *you* know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!'—'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."[1]

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley-houses, the princess Anne thought it time to send a lady of her bedchamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard for her satisfaction." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bedchamber and delivered it to her majesty. A consultation took place. After some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day." Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the following formal court notation, from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess:[2]—

"MADAM,

"I am commanded by the king and queen to tell you, they desire you would let the princess know they both thank her for sending and desiring to come;

[1] Lewis Jenkins' History: Tracts, Brit. Museum.

[2] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough.

but it being thought so necessary to keep the queen as quiet as possible, hope she will defer it. I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"E. DERBY.

"P.S.—Pray, madam, present my humble duty to the princess."

The unusual civility of the postscript astonished the little court at Berkeley-house. The deductions drawn from it were prophetical of the fatal termination of the queen's illness, but not a single expression indicative of human feeling or yearning kindness towards the sufferer is recorded by lady Marlborough as falling from the princess Anne, whether such were the case or not. The politeness of lady Derby in her postscript, who had been previously remarked for her insolence to the princess, "made us conclude," observes lady Marlborough, "more than if the whole college of physicians had pronounced it, that the disease was mortal."

Many persons, and even some individuals belonging to the household of the princess, were allowed to see the queen in her sick chamber; therefore it was concluded, that deferring the proposed visit of the princess was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel in case the queen should chance to recover, while, at the same time, it left a possibility of a political reconciliation with the king in case of her majesty's death.[1] Such were the surmises and proceedings at Berkeley-house while death, every hour, approached nearer to queen Mary. The king certainly despaired of his consort's life, "for the next day, (December 26,)" says Burnet, "he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to the most tender passions. He burst into tears, and cried out aloud 'that, from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth;' adding, 'that, during their whole wedlock, he had never known one single fault in his queen. There was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though *I* [Burnet] might know as much of her as any other person did.'"

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last resolved to despatch lady

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 106.

Fitzharding to Kensington-palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not;" and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out, "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.[1] Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty was surrounded by the brothers and sisters of that lady. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms, that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bedchamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. Dr. Walter Harris, who sat up with the queen from the seventh night of her illness, in his letter extant describing her symptoms of the dreadful martyrdom she suffered, attributes these terrific eruptions to the hot doses she swallowed on the first attack of the disease. A frightful carbuncle settled just over the heart; and smallpox pustules, which he compares to the plague-spots, are mentioned by him, with other evils which the queen endured too terrible for general perusal. When these alarming indications appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her

[1] Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 107.

life. He received the intelligence with every sign of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing any thing that she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate, and that "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted food during three successive dreadful days."[1] He stifled the noise of his asthmatic cough so effectually, that the queen, now and then starting from her lethargic doze, asked "where the king was? for she did not hear his cough."[2] "When the desperate condition of her majesty," says Burnet, "became evident to all around her, archbishop Tennison told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, 'that whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.' The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said 'she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour: she had nothing then to do, but to look up to God and submit to his will.' She said 'that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;' and she gave orders to look carefully for a small escritoire she made use of that was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both." When it is remembered, that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly

[1] Inedited French MS., in the Bibliothèque du Roi, of which the above is a translation. No. 1715.

[2] True and Secret History of the Kings and Queens of England, by a Person of Honour. From the library of his royal highness the late duke of Sussex.

terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. "The day before she died," continues Burnet, "she received the sacrament: all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her,—God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth."[1] "The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something to the king, but could not go through with it. She laid silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break."[2] The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennison, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say. She lurks behind that screen; make her go away. That woman is a great disturbance to me."[3]

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware of, fancied that, instead of describing

[1] Burnet's History of His Own Times. This writer (or his interpolator) slurs over the circumstance of the queen's departure without reconciliation with her sister. Sarah of Marlborough's testimony is, we think, better deserving belief, because her words are supported by circumstantial detail and documents. She asserts "that queen Mary departed in enmity to her sister; that *no message was sent to the princess.*" Moreover, in three several versions of the queen's death among Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection, Brit. Museum, the passage does not occur; neither is the name of the princess mentioned in the course of them.

[2] Burnet. [3] Ralph, vol. ii. p. 540.

this spectre to archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures which, in these weak unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day.[1] The story, however, of the phantom-nurse that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by archbishop Tennison himself to the historian, bishop White Kennet."

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour: that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first.[2] Queen Mary breathed her last, between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1691,[3] in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.[4]

A Roman-catholic priest,[5] who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant

[1] MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, No. 1715. [2] Ibid.

[3] This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.

[4] MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi. The great seal of William and Mary represents them enthroned, sitting with an altar between them; upon it is resting the globe of sovereignty, on which they each place a hand. In the reverse, London is represented in the back-ground; but it is *old* London before the fire, for old St. Paul's is very clearly represented, and, to make the matter stranger, the monument is introduced. Mary and William are equestrian figures uncrowned; he is like a Roman emperor, in profile, while the queen turns her face full on him. Her hair is dressed high in front, and streams over the shoulder before her: she is represented wholly without ornament.

[5] Dangeau vol. iii p. 512.

to take his speediest course to St. Germains, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde-park or Kensington-gardens in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise himself remained between life and death for three days. At last he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germains, who sent, forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.[1]

The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days, but in the absence of authentic intelligence all sorts of rumours prevailed; among others, "that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead." The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13th, N.S. Madame de Sévigné mentions these circumstances in her letters, and she gives Mary II. as an instance of the transitory nature of all mundane glories. "She was," says her illustrious contemporary, "but thirty-three; she was beautiful, she was a reigning queen, and she is dead in three days. But the great news is, that the prince of Orange (William III.) is assuredly very ill; for though the malady of his wife was contagious, he never quitted her, and it is the will of God that he will not quit her long." William III., however, bore on his face marks which entirely secured him from any danger respecting the contagious malady of which his queen died; and if he was very ill at the time of her death, his malady did not arise from the smallpox.

When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude and tears, but he would not wear black for her death.[2] James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, as she was so nearly allied to the king of France, being the grand-daughter of his aunt, this

[1] An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked 1715.
[2] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

order would have appeared, although it would have been a great absurdity considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning: they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."[1] The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time, he bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father than was her husband." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once-beloved child had expired without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration," but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child, whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues by the mercenary flatterers around her. Even archbishop Tennison reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent in consideration of her religion and her country; and that, even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."[2] When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing! fatal to the deceiver and to the deceived. Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension." He declared himself "much afflicted

[1] Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512, and St. Simon, vol. i. p. 255.
[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

at her death, and more at her manner of dying;" and affirmed, "that both his children had lost all bowels of compassion for him; for the princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, now appeared to be satisfied with the prince of Orange, (William III.). Though he had used her ill, and usurped her right, yet she preferred that he should remain, rather than her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored."[1]

Archbishop Tennison delivered to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to his majesty on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.[2] True to the personal forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place; but whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger[3] of rude manners on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.

It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterestedness of conversion. For Burnet he always manifested loath-

[1] Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

[2] Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

[3] That archbishop Tennison was a personal stranger both to the king and queen, is especially noticed by Burnet. Tennison's appointment had been so recent, on the death of his predecessor, archbishop Tillotson, that when he officiated at the queen's death-bed, it was the first time he had conversed with either.

ing, which was uncontrollable,—a feeling in which, we have seen by her letters, his lost queen fully participated. Burnet, nevertheless, was among the most active of his lecturers on the subject of future good behaviour, and, with infinite self-satisfaction, notes the result. "King William began then the custom, which he has observed ever since very exactly, of going to prayers twice a-day; he entered upon very solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact Christian, and of breaking off all bad practices whatsoever. He expressed a particular regard to all the queen's inclinations and intentions. He resolved to keep up her family."[1] Such declaration need not excite astonishment: the "family" Burnet means, consisted, not of the queen's near relatives of the exiled royal house, but merely of her household servants; and if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the king afterwards grumbled excessively at paying them the pensions he had promised in the height of these his well-behaved resolutions.

"I confess," pursues Burnet, "that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions."[2] As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian contains three different copies of the queen's death from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye-witness from beginning to end, he mentions not the name of the princess therein. Indeed, the odd and maladroit manner in which that assertion is introduced into the printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words are thrust among the current events far into the year 1695; they are *à-propos* to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the

[1] Harleian MS., 6584. [2] Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection.

princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."[1]

While preparations were being made for the queen's funeral, a great number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party; and as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes sir Walter Scott,[2] "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her, at least on that occasion, the mercy of his silence. Dryden was, however, appealed to, in order to decide "which of the numerous effusions to the memory of queen Mary was the best?"—"Bad was the best," was the very natural answer of one of the classical poets of England; but being pressed to pronounce a more distinctive verdict, he said, "that the ode by the duke of Devonshire[3] was the best." Among the royal elegies were included some perpetrations in the pathetic line by the hard, sarcastic profligates, Prior, Congreve, and Swift.[4] Sir Walter Scott suspects that the ducal strains

[1] Burnet's Own Times, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwicke's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

[2] Life of Dryden.

[3] "Its memory," says sir Walter, "only survives in an almost equally obscure funeral poem to the memory of William duke of Devonshire, in which these lines occur:—

"'Twas so when the destroyer's dreadful dart
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart.
From his state helm then some short hours he stole,
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul,
Whilst his bent knees to those remains divine,
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

No wonder that sir Walter Scott suspected the merits of the Devonshire tribute, after quoting this abstract of its contents from some writer of less talent than his grace. The duke of Devonshire was, at that time, one of the state-ministers, and had always formed one among the council of nine.

[4] Swift was at that time an expectant of place and profit from William III., under the patronage of sir William Temple.

were in reality the worst, but they eluded his research. They exist at length in the Harleian collection, and prove that Dryden spoke as an honest critic, for they are far superior to the professional poetry published on the occasion. They preserve, withal, some historical allusions; thus, the queen is given the credit of tears she either shed, or feigned to shed, at her coronation, although other witnesses have recorded dark words which escaped her on that occasion against her father's life:—

"ODE BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.

"Long our divided state,
Hung in the balance of a doubtful fate;
When one bright nymph the gathering clouds dispelled,
And all the griefs of Albion healed.
Her the united land obeyed;
She knew her task, and nicely understood
To what intention kings are made,—
Not for their own, but for their people's good.
'Twas that prevailing argument alone
Determined her to fill the vacant throne,
And with sadness she beheld
A crown devolving on her head.

By the excesses of a prince misled,
When by her royal birth compelled
To what her God and what her country claimed,
Though by a servile faction blamed,
How graceful were the tears she shed!

* * * * *

When, waiting only for a wind,[1]
Against our isle the power of France was armed,
Her ruling arts in their true lustre shined,
The winds themselves were by her influence charmed;
Secure and undisturbed the scene
Of Albion seemed, and like her eyes serene.

Fatal to the fair and young,
Accursed disease! how long
Have wretched mothers mourned thy rage,
Robbed of the hope and comfort of their age?

[1] This historical allusion is to the circumstances of that king's last voyage from Holland, which are not very creditable to the once-triumphant navy of Great Britain, especially when joined to the Dutch marine force. "November, Tuesday 16, 1694. The prince of Orange [William III.] embarked to go to England; the wind beat him back twice, but he persevered, and finally sailed with a fine day. His squadron was strongly reinforced, as he had been told that Jean Bart was watching for him."—Memoirs of Dangeau. William had been waiting all the month for a passage, lest Jean Bart should intercept him.

From the unhappy lover's side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming bride?
Common disasters sorrow raise,
But Heaven's severer frowns amaze.
The queen! a word, a sound,
Of nations once the hope and firm support,
That name becomes unutterable now;
The crowds in that dejected court
Where languishing Maria lay,
Want power to ask the news they come to know:
Silent their drooping heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims the universal woe.
Even Maria's latest care,[1]
Whom winter's seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful fleets could from his glorious purpose move,
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty weight,—
The hero to the man gives way."[2]

Swift's Pindaric ode on the queen of his supposed patron exists in the Athenian Oracle: it cannot be worse. In the Life of Sir William Temple, supposed to be written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty, out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical sermon or oration, preached on occasion of her death by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Maria were given him for his theme. Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's grand-daughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons, (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own,) he falls into the following comical commendations:—

"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and *gardenage*. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance, that had airs in it that were *freer* and *nobler than what was more stiff*,

[1] William III.

[2] The elegy would extend over many pages: the necessity for brevity obliges us to present only an abstract, including all the personal allusions possible.

though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it: she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expenseful, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say, 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her.' Yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it."

"The gardenage," that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither was worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may seem not greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life that Mary II. mistook for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery on the part of her majesty, but her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches, to say nothing of matching shades of silks and threading needles, require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a-day. She looked on idleness as the great corruption of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that any thing that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours which were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought on, not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it became as much the fashion to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some to be the subject of raillery, a greater step was made than perhaps every one was aware of towards the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her; one was appointed to read to the rest; the choice was suited to the time of day and to the employment,—some book or poem that was lively as well as instructing. Few of her sex—not to say of her rank—gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts *which required more patience were not given up entirely to it.*"

This sentence is somewhat enigmatical; indeed, the whole sermon would prove a useful collection of sentences for those grammarians, who teach a clear style by the means of ex-

posing faulty instances of involved composition. The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words; therefore those words became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself. He himself has recorded, and blamed, her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall; but whether it is true that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance that would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest,—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother whose birth she had stigmatized? Nevertheless, the same strain of reasoning holds good against her encouragement of the libellous attacks of the Dutch polemical writer, Jurieu, on Mary queen of Scots. The hatred which her revolutionary policy caused her to express for her unfortunate ancestress seems the more unnatural, on account of the resemblance nature had impressed on both, insomuch that the portrait of Mary queen of Scots at Dalkeith bears as strong a likeness to her descendant, Mary II., in features, when the latter princess was about eighteen, as if she had assumed the costume of the sixteenth century, and sat to the painter. The similarity of the autographs of signature between the two Mary Stuart queens, is likewise very remarkable.

Perhaps the following odd passage in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses:—

"Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character*, which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish: like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out*, and some satisfaction at being commended, will, at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes, to all who had the honour to

approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time any thing of this sort did ever discover itself. When due acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them, (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard: they were so little desired that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse, even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits are reckoned her constant apprehensions "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people. Amidst this mass of affectation and contradiction, some traits are preserved in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted; they have, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by a person more worthy of belief than himself. This is archbishop Tennison, who says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer in her own chamber some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon, by a good man now with God, (probably archbishop Tillotson,) on this text: 'What! shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'"[1] Burnet adds, "Besides suffering none of her servants to stay about her when their attendance might endanger their own health, she was so tender of them when they fell under that justly-dreaded illness, that she would not permit them to be removed, though they happened to be lodged very near herself." Such conduct comprehended, not only the high merit of humanity, but the still more difficult duty of the self-sacrifice of personal convenience.

It does not appear, from Burnet's narrative, that any part

[1] Narrative of the Death of Queen Mary, by Dr. Tennison; printed in White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 673. The sermon is by Tillotson.

of the Greenwich or Virginian endowments were bequeathed by the queen from her personal economy,—a circumstance very needful to ascertain, when estimating the degree of virtue appertaining to royal charity. The funds came from the means of the miserable and over-taxed people, then groaning under the weight of government expenditure, increased at least thirty-fold, partly by the profligate corruption of the triumphant oligarchy, and partly by her husband's Flemish campaigns. Yet, as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the projects of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses, which otherwise would have been applied to the above worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative, it is plain that the Virginian college was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:—

"The last great project," says Burnet,[1] "that her thoughts were working on, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen, was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God. Every new hint that way was entertained by her with a lively joy; she had some discourse on that head the very day before she was taken ill. She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear, that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named, (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seem scarce to profess it). She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them, [the Virginian foundation]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, *and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,*[2] *which made it liable to objections,* but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

Burnet thinks proper to assert, that William III. had "great liking for good things," meaning religious and charitable foundations; and adds, with more veracity, "that the queen always took care to give him the largest share of the honour of those effected by her means."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the cir-

[1] Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord bishop of Sarum.

[2] This assertion proves that the queen herself was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals, they required their consorts' consent to appropriate the fruits of their *own* economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

cumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, who had been there about twenty years, and was commonly called 'king Charles II.'s lion,' sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her; "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit[1] with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea, that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette privately and discreetly to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty, on the decease of any sovereign.

Poems on the death of the queen continued to be poured out by the public press, during the extraordinary time which occurred between her demise and her funeral. One of the most singular of these elegies commences thus:[2]—

> "The great Inexorable seals his ears,
> Deaf to our cries, unmelted by our tears;
> The irrevocable *posting* mandate flies,
> Torn from three kingdoms' grasping arms, she dies!"

After upbraiding Providence with some profane rant, an allusion to the queen's tastes occurs in an apostrophe to her favourite garden at Whitehall, which a notification explains led to the privy-stairs, or private entrance, into the royal apartments of that ancient palace. As the name Privy-gardens is still retained in the vicinity of the Banqueting-house, this locality may be ascertained:—

> "And you, once royal plants, her little grove,
> 'Twixt Heaven's and William's dear divided love,
> Her contemplative walk, close by whose side
> Did the pleased Thames his silver current glide.
> * * * * *
> No opening, no unhallowed hand may draw
> The widowed curtains of her loved Nassau.
> Despair, death, horror!—oh, be strong, great heart!
> Thou'st now to play thy mightiest hero's part.
> Yes, great Nassau, the parting call was given;
> Too dire divorce! thy happier rival, Heaven,
> T' its own embrace has snatched that darling fair,
> Translated to immortal spousals there."

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[1] Life of Mary II.: 1695 [2] Ibid.

The reader is spared some rather popish apostrophes to St. Peter, the patron saint of Westminster-abbey, and the great civility he is expected to show to her defunct majesty's remains in opening, with his own hand, the portals of the holy fane to allow the sumptuous velvet hearse to pass in, and the still greater alacrity and joy with which he had admitted her beautiful spirit at the narrow gate. An imaginary monument of the most costly and enduring marble is also addressed, under the supposition that William would pay that tribute of respect to the memory of his queen.

Lord Cutts, whose headlong valour was infinitely esteemed by king William, turned poet on the solemn occasion of Mary's death. Poetry from lord Cutts was as great a miracle as "honey from the stony rock," since his qualifications have descended to posterity in a terse line of Dryden or Parnell, describing him,

> "As brave and brainless as the sword he wears."

Unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to read the monody of lord Cutts with elegiac gravity, on account of the intrusion of absurd epithets:—

> "She's gone! the beauty of our isle is fled,
> Our joy cut off, the great Maria dead;
> Tears are too mean for her, our grief should be
> Dumb as the grave, and black as destiny.
>
> Ye fields and gardens, where our sovereign walked,
> Serenely smiled, and *profitably talked*,
> Be gay no more; but wild and barren lie,
> That all your blooming sweets with hers may die,—
> Sweets that crowned love, and softened majesty.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Nor was this angel lodged in common earth,
> Her form proclaimed her mind as well as birth;
> So graceful and so lovely, ne'er was seen
> A finer woman, and more awful queen."

Lord Cutts breaks into strains of tender sympathy with the queen's mourning maids of honour, all dressed in the deepest sable:—

> "Ye gentle nymphs, that on her throne did wait,
> And helped to fill the brightness of her state;
> Whilst all in shining gold and purple dressed,
> Your beauties in the fairest light were placed."

The king is then panegyrized in very droll strains :—

"See where the glorious Nassau fainting lies,
The mighty Atlas falls, the conqueror dies!
O sir, revive! to England's help return,
Command your grief, and like a hero mourn."

But when reading these eulogiums, it is requisite to call to mind that such sentiments were not felt by all the English nation; for Mary had governed a divided people, half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the *habeas corpus* act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated, every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy Alexander Pope, being adverse to her cause :—

JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.[1]

"Here ends, notwithstanding her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes.
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife."

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs :[2]—

"Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone.
Oh, blundering Death! I do thee ban,
That took the wife and left the man.
Come, Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife;
And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have."

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, "No foreigners! no

[1] Cole's MS. Collections, vol. xxi. p. 65. [2] Ibid.

taxes!" These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.[1] Political malice likewise showed itself in another spiteful epigram:—

"On the Death of Mary II.[2]

"The queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas! we erred i' the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted, and she gone to Flanders."

Dr. Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland, roused himself from his peaceful retirement to write an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's death-bed. Ken charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting "to call queen Mary to repent, on her death-bed, of her sins towards her father." Ken reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, "of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen* at the era of the Revolution," which he does not fully explain; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that "they would compromise her salvation, without individual and complete repentance."[3]

And here it is not irrelevant to interpolate, that a few weeks before the death of queen Mary, her political jealousy had been greatly excited by the fact that Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, was regarded by the reformed catholic church of England as their primate, on account of the recent demise of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury. Mary had, therefore, molested her old pastor and almoner, nay, it may be said personal protector in her Orange court, with privy-council warrants. After her death he was dragged to be questioned before the council. Ken made his appearance in patched gaberdine; nothwithstanding his pale face and thin grey hairs, he was animated by moral courage of a high tone, and the councillors heard what they did not like.

[1] Inedited MS., Bibliothèque du Roi; likewise Warwickshire News-letter, January 10, 1694-5. [2] State Poems.

[3] The pamphlet, printed at the time, may be seen among the collections at the British Museum.

For want of other crimes, our church-of-England bishop was charged with the offence of soliciting the charity of the public, by a petition in behalf of the starving families of the nonjuring clergy. "In king James's time," said he, "there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese, who were engaged in the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe to be ill men, and void of all religion; and yet, for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known to the diocese that I visited them night and day, and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same; and yet king James, far from punishing me, *thanked* me for so doing."[1]

The dreadful eruptive disease of which the queen died did not prevent the usual process of embalming, the account of which is extant in MS., dated 29th December, 1694.

"THE BILL FOR THE *Embalment* OF THE BODY OF HER MAJESTY, BY DR. HAREL, HER MAJESTY'S APOTHECARY.

"For perfumed Sparadrape, to make Cerecloath to wrap the Body in, and to Line the Coffin; for Rich Gummes and Spices, to stuff the body; for Compound dryinge Powders perfumed, to lay in the Coffin Under the Body, and to fill up the Urne, [where the heart and viscera were enclosed]; for Indian Balsam, Rectifyed Spirrits of Wine Tinctured with Gummes and Spices, and a stronge Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin, and for all other Materialls for Embalminge the Body of the High and Mighty Princes Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

"As alsoo for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the twoo Coffines, with the perfumes for the Cambers, [chambers]; altogether 200lb. 00s. 00d.[2]

"JO. HUTTON."

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general. It is alluded to in the following MS. of the times, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization:—

"The greatest pt of this Town are p^repareing for Mourning for y^e Queen, who died y^e 27th instant ab^t 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the

[1] Ken's own Minutes of his Examination before the privy council, April 28, 1696. See Hawkins' Life of Ken, edited by J. J. Round. Mr. Palin, author of the History of the Church of England, from 1688 to 1717, has likewise edited this curious and interesting scene, with many other particulars of bishop Ken.

[2] Add. MSS., 5751, fol. 52

King is extreamly grieved and has sowned away once or twice; yesterday ye Parliament resolved *nemine Contradisente* yt an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his Matie to condole ye death of ye Q., and yt likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes agt all enemies, at home and abroad."[1]

It will be observed from this MS., that the addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. Deputations from the dissenters went up with condoling addresses to king William, to whom, almost as early as the houses of parliament, an oration was pronounced on the occasion by their great speaker, Dr. Bates, who, it may be remembered, was the deputy who proposed a union between the dissenters and the church of England at the time of queen Mary's landing and proclamation. "I well remember," says Dr. Calamy, "that upon occasion of the speech of Dr. Bates on the loss of the queen, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great prince, her consort, who so often appeared on the field of battle. I was one that endeavoured to improve that melancholy providence at Black-friars, [the place of his meeting-house,] and was pressed to print my sermon, but refused because of the number of sermons printed on that occasion."[2]

There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament being dissolved, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the house of commons were invited to follow as mourners at queen Mary's funeral, which took place, March 5th, in Westminster-abbey. The bells of every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial, service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult, if our memory holds good, had been offered to Mary queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan,—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

[1] Additional MSS., 681, p. 602; British Museum.

[2] Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 356.

The funeral procession of queen Mary was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the house of commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After the funeral, it was deposited in Westminster-abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental statue was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased. There is little doubt but that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the person for the waxen effigy. At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of queen Mary and king William. They seem to be standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arm's length, over a small altar. The figure of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her, and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together.

Queen Mary's wax effigy represents a well-proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death, for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. The costume of the queen nearly assimilates to the court dress of the present day. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet bodice of royal purple velvet, cut, not only as long as the natural waist will allow, but about an inch encroaching on the hips; thus the skirt and girdle are put on somewhat lower than the waist,—a very graceful fashion, when not too much exaggerated. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted

into the dress, made of white miniver; three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape, stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust, and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the bodice. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of guipure, or parchment-lace, depend from the straight sleeves to the wrist. The sleeves are trimmed lengthways, with strips of miniver and emerald brooches. The skirt of the robe is of purple velvet; it forms a graceful train, bordered with ermine, and trimmed at an inch distance with broad gold lace, like the bands of footmen's hats, only the gold is beautiful and finely worked. The skirt of the dress is open, and the ermine trimming is graduated to meet the ermine stomacher very elegantly; the opening of the robe shows an under-dress of very beautiful shaded lutestring, the ground of which is white, but it is enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The whole dress is very long, and falls round the feet. The throat necklace, *à-la-Sévigné*, is of large pearls, and the ear-rings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena: three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the *fontange* is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now, only a few pearls; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the other: there are no gloves. On the little pillar-shaped altar which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches. No other monument than this fragile figure was raised to Mary. She left no children, and died at enmity with all her near relatives.

It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of building a tomb for the wife he appeared to lament deeply; but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished. All the funeral memorials of Mary,

and of himself likewise, are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The perpetual gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic relics of historical customs and usages, as any thing within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the dead "barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy. For, in all probability, centuries elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and array," was otherwise than the veritable corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life, on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually pertained to the present century.[1] There were other figures in the Westminster-abbey collection in the preceding age, as we learn from some contemporary lines in allusion to the wax effigy of Charles the Second:—

> "I saw him shown for two-pence in a chest,
> Like Monk, *old Harry, Mary*,[2] and the rest;
> And if the figure answered its intent,
> In ten more years 'twould buy a monument."

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death: they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust,

[1] That of lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast as he wore it. Whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car, is another question. Lord Chatham's wax effigy, dressed in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

[2] Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap; the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head. On the reverse of one of her medals is represented a monument for her, as if in Westminster-abbey; there never was one, excepting it might be a hearse and *chapelle ardente*, which, indeed, it seems to be by the design. The queen's costume is nearly the same as that of her portrait by Kneller, in St. George's-hall, Windsor. On the death of any sovereign of Great Britain, the theatres were closed for six weeks: such was the case at the death of queen Mary,[1] whose demise at the period of sports and carnival was a serious blow to the players.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary, yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l.* per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,[2] when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained; but it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,—a good work, originally planned, if not executed, under the auspices of this queen.

The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful: like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift pertains, impeded her efforts. Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies whose birth was above their means; it was endowed with lands in England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very

[1] Colley Cibber's Life and Apology, p. 425.

[2] Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont, by the rev. W. S. Gilly, p. 277.

benevolent to this country, and, we think, contrary to English law.

All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon*, when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender *supper*, 'it being incongruous,' as she piously observed, 'to conclude a fast with a feast.'"[1] Strange indeed that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety: the whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun; nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid: the cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her and renewed the subject, telling her that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid, cannot now be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted:—

[1] Barnard's History of England, p. 534.

"THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

"To the state a prudent ruler,
To the church a nursing mother,
To the king a constant lover,
To the people the best example.
Orthodox in religion,
Moderate in opinion;
Sincere in profession,
Constant in devotion,
Ardent in affection.
A preserver of liberty,
A deliverer from popery;
A preserver from tyranny,
A preventer of slavery;
A promoter of piety,
A suppressor of immorality,
A pattern of industry.
High in the world,
Low esteem of the world,
Above fear of death,
Sure of eternal life.
What was great, good, desired in a queen,
In her late majesty was to be seen;
Thoughts to conceive it cannot be expressed,
What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen, who was so "sure of eternal life!"

END OF VOL. VII.

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